

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 171  NUMBER 6

JUNE, 1943

86th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

THE HORNET STINGS JAPAN

by MAJOR THOMAS ROBERT WHITE

APRIL 1, 1942. — Loaded sixteen B-25's (Mitchell Bombers) onto carrier *Hornet* and pulled out into the stream. Went ashore and had a fish dinner. Back to the *Hornet* and was plenty sick. Fish must have been spoiled.

April 2. — Pulled out in the morning with escorting vessels. Supposed to be going to Hawaii. The Grumman representative pulled wires to get a free trip. Imagine his surprise! We did not stop at Hawaii.

Weather stormy from the start. Zigzagged day and night. Had a hard time refueling. The third try was successful though we broke a hose. A man was washed overboard the first try and picked up by a destroyer.

Fine cooperative crew on the *Hornet*, the Medical Department especially helpful. Had a cabin to myself until one of the officers came down with the measles. Some of the boys slept in the Admiral's cabin and some in the Captain's cabin. Big poker and crap games. Gave men their final shots and studied maps of the target area. Loafed.

April 12. — Picked up the second part of the

The *Atlantic* is proud to publish portions of the diary of MAJOR THOMAS ROBERT WHITE, the flight surgeon on General Doolittle's raid on Japan. When his plane crashed he saved his surgeon's instruments, only to lose them when the rubber raft was rolled over and over by the surf. The care which Bob White took of the injured crew, the doctoring and dentistry which he performed during their long trek through China to safety, brought him the D.F.C. and the Silver Star and decorations from the Chinese government.

Task Force. Lost the 13th crossing the date line. Gassed ships and loaded bombs.

April 17. — We left part of the escort and began our run in to the target. Very rough.

April 18. — Still more than 900 miles out. An enemy surface ship about 150 feet long was sighted. We made a fast turn and manned our planes. One of our cruisers opened fire — beautiful shooting. Could not see what at, but no return fire. Planes from the carrier scouted.

I am in Plane 40-2267, the fifteenth plane to take off. We got off at 9.15 A.M. and followed Major Hilger toward Japan. Flew low and at minimum cruise. Our crew is D. G. Smith, Pilot; G. P. Williams, Copilot; Sessler, Bombardier-Navigator; Sergeant Saylor, Gunner; T. R. White, Surgeon.

Sighted several small steamers and fishing boats but apparently caused no concern. Flew south of Tokyo, saw smoke in the distance (from bombs?). Thirteen planes went to Tokyo, Osaka, and Yokohama. At 2.00 P.M. our time (1.00 P.M. Japan time) we turned into Nagoya Bay past myriads of fishing boats and many small steamers. Some of the fishing boats were gayly decorated with lots of flags. Past lighthouses and coast defense batteries without attracting any notice. The only person we bothered as we flew directly over was one fisherman who jumped into the water!

At 2.30 Japan time the Major wiggled his wings and turned right toward Nagoya, up over an island to surprise them. We continued on and then turned

Copyright 1943, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, Mass. All rights reserved.

left over the Isthmus in the direction of Osaka and Kobe.

Very pretty and interesting countryside, rice paddies terraced clear to the tops of the hills. Only airplane seen was a commercial airliner which flew by overhead. No pursuit seen though we flew by several airfields. Over the ridge to Osaka. Dense smoke haze from the "Pittsburgh of Japan." Took pictures of factories along the river. The sea breeze blew the smoke back as we approached Kobe.

At 3.15 Japan time we picked up speed and altitude and dropped our bombs (four clusters of 128 thermite bombs each — a cloud of green and black sticks) right on the target and then dove close to the water at about 300 m.p.h. Two anti-aircraft got four shots at us but all were wide misses. Took pictures the whole time, one of a new aircraft carrier under construction.

We headed out the Bay, fast and low past fortifications, again without drawing any fire. Once out to sea we took up a course parallel to the coast and throttled back to minimum cruise. Took film out of camera and sealed it in tin and put it in my pocket, which later proved most opportune. No other pictures known to be saved.

At 4.15 P.M. Japan time we sighted two pursuit planes having target practice. They didn't see us until we were even with them; then they gave chase, but a short run at maximum cruise left them hopelessly in the distance. At 4.45 we passed a formation of three Jap cruisers heading seaward, but here again no notice was taken of us! At 5.00 P.M. we passed the tip of Japan. Expected pursuit but saw none. Passed several islands, one a steaming volcano.

The weather closed in as we neared the China coast. Getting dark. Unknown shore. Overcast, so no sights could be taken. Circled several times. Motors cold and no visibility, so we landed in the water alongside an island, 11 hours and 45 minutes after take-off, or 6.00 P.M. local (Chinese) time.

Had a hard time releasing the life raft and then punctured one side. Saved my B-4 bag but lost it when raft turned over. Ship went down in eight minutes. Sessler swam ashore, we paddled. Bucked current and wind for a while, then turned with it. Nearly an hour in the cold yellow water. Dark. Rocks all around with big waves breaking over them. Turned over three times. The last time I was too tired to climb back on, so popped my life vest and swam, towing the raft. Current nearly swept us past the point but finally we made it. Climbed up nearly vertical rocks through surf. Tried to save the raft but too tired — cold and

dark and the raft was waterlogged, so I tied it to a rock.

Climbed up to top of cliff and looked for signs of life. Nearly fell over several cliffs and huddled to get warm, for we were thoroughly chilled and exhausted. Too cold and no shelter from wind and rain, so went exploring again. Saw a dim light and headed toward it. Found a haystack and a goat shed. We curled up in the straw. The owner came out with a candle and dragged us into the house, built a fire of straw on the floor, and we took off our wet clothes and got warmed up somewhat. We four went to bed in the family bed, two each way!

At first the people said they were Japanese, but finally we found a book with some English words in it and the Chinese equivalents. Then we established ourselves as Americans (Megua) and found out that they were Chinese (Chungqua). We were fed and given dry, if inhabited, clothing.

2

April 19. — Awakened early by an influx of visitors; one, a more prosperous-looking man, was evidently a leader. Soon after he left, our host came to us and told us by signs that this man and another had taken a boat, and we thought he meant that they had gone to warn the Japs. We were then in a fever of impatience to get away, so we donned our still wet clothing and after a breakfast of rice, tea, dried shrimp, and garlic greens, set off.

The first person we met was Sessler, much to our joy. He was still intact, though chilly, having spent the night in a sheltered cleft in the rocks, about two miles from where we landed. A native explained that because of a Jap gunboat in local waters we should have to wait till dark to go. Nothing for it but to go back and keep under cover.

When we got back to our host's house we found our prosperous friend there with the news that the Japanese were near. We napped and tried to dry our clothes all afternoon. About dusk five men, including our host's best friend, took us down to a small junk. After stowing us in the bottom they started to scull the boat off to sea. There was a cold drizzle and no wind. Their feet slipped several times, because of wet and slimy soles. We rowed until midnight and reached a large island. Here two men with lanterns took me by the hand and led me off through an outpost of sorts, and after an hour's walk we arrived at a farmhouse.

Inside was a local leader, who spoke some English. He told me that another of our planes had crashed

near-by and that he and his men had sent them to Free China only that evening. The flyers had apparently been badly injured. The Chinese illustrated heads cut, eyes injured, teeth knocked out, arms and legs broken. I sent a note back to the other chaps to come on, and talked nearly two hours before they arrived. I learned that five of our ships had gone over in addition to the two which crashed, and that one had circled and dropped two flares.

The other men arrived and we all went another mile to a house where we were given a mat on the earthen floor and some covers. Went to sleep almost at once.

April 20. — Spent the day under cover. The Chinese called and brought us some chicken for dinner. An educated Chinese girl came and we conversed via pencil, paper, and dictionary, writing phonetically — L for R, etc. Gave out pictures of my kids and coins to the people. Photos highly prized. Water pump wheel in house. Sanitation nonexistent.

The leader told us that we were just a very few miles from the Japs and we would make our next move that night. Five men were detailed, including his No. 1 boy. They arrived with English, Belgian, and German pistols decorated with red cords and tassels, and ancient "Russian" rifles.

In the late afternoon we got word that the Japs were coming and we split up, all going different ways. The leader and another man and I went the back way over some hills. Finally reached a canal where we all got into a boat and went for a long ride, collecting hard-boiled eggs by the way! Much shouting back and forth — the grapevine telegraph. Occasional stops for heated discussions. I noticed the extreme age of everything we saw. Carving on the ridgepoles of tiled roofs; others thatched; sluice gates of carved stone; extensive canals and terraces. Everything was just as it had been for thousands of years except for us and the guns of our companions.

We reached the end of the canal about dusk and then walked a mile to a kind of barracks where we had supper of eggs, rice, shrimp, tea, and wine. Then walked about two miles further in the dark till we came to the water again. Here we had another heated discussion and then entered an apparently abandoned house where we waited a couple of hours, evidently for the moon to set. Then we got into another small boat and after a short trip again disembarked and walked.

Finally we wound up in an old temple. The old priest had fine features, wild hair and beard, and wore a black gown. Our leader and the priest offered up prayers for us and then tested the omens via the jumping sticks three times. Once for them, once for

us, and once for Chiang Kai-shek! Then we had tea and eggs and curled up on a mat on the floor. No covers. Very cold night.

April 21. — Spent the day under cover, resting and drying out. The usual meals of eggs, tea, rice, and garlic greens. Broke open one of our iron rations for a change. Gave the priest a piece of chocolate and a cracker. He gave us some hard black Chinese candy.

About 3.00 P.M. one of the men came rushing in with the news that sixty-five Japs were looking for us and were on their way there. We hastily gathered our few belongings and went into hiding in a cave. The Chinese brought mats and a candle for us and then left us for perhaps half an hour. Then after some scuffling, which scared us plenty, five or six men came in. They all sat down between us and the door and loaded and cocked their guns, very obviously ready to die in our defense.

We felt trapped like rats and I had some of the worst moments of my life while we waited for the Japs to find us. At last the host brought us some rice and tea but I couldn't eat. The cigarette smoke got nearly intolerable. After nearly two hours we heard someone calling to us and everyone relaxed and crawled out. I was never so glad to see the light of day.

We started off while it was still quite light and walked at least eight miles around rice paddies back and forth to another building, where we had more eggs and rice, and then finally to the water and into a small junk. But we were surprised to wind up at 4.00 A.M. in a place we had not been heading for. We were later told that the Japanese were waiting at the village we had planned to go to.

Stopped at a store for tea while they rounded up someone who spoke English. We then went to the home of a fat and jovial gentleman. Typical Chinese gentry. We talked until 8.00 A.M., had a sumptuous breakfast, and washed with soap. The Chinese were always interested in the hair on our arms, legs, and chests!

Then we started off for a town, carrying our few belongings, mostly life vests and spare coats. It was good to be walking by daylight. Fascinating countryside. A couple of times we hid from airplanes, but otherwise the trip was without danger. Had a septic hand developing and operated on it with my pocketknife heated over a match. Got very hot and thirsty. Our feet were sore and blistered, the soles of our shoes cracked from drying them out over a fire. Finally arrived at a river where we boarded two small junks for ferryboats. The old boatman had a wonderful face to paint or photograph, but I had no camera. A young boy ran the other boat. They had

a small ragged standing lug sail. Long trip up river. Twice hid from planes. One passenger, probably with hypertension, had a nosebleed.

At the end of the ferry ride we had another stiff walk of fifteen li (five miles).

Magistrate gave us a royal welcome, turned out the Guard, etc. Went to local Army H.Q. and all had baths *with soap* in a small wooden tub. The Chinese don't use dry towels, so we dried on the same one used for a washcloth. They provided clean civilian shirts (*mine much too small*) and shorts. Glad to get off my lousy underwear! Had a very nice dinner and entertainment. Small girls brought us flowers, danced, and sang about the wonders of flight. The magistrate gave us each \$100 Mexican and a chicken-blood precious stone signature seal from his home province. Heard Lawson's crew had been through two days previously, given first aid, and was now in hospital.

3

April 23. — Had a gorgeous night's sleep and then breakfast. Washed our teeth for the first time since leaving the ship. Sent wires announcing our safe arrival and cabled my wife "Safe and well." [The cable never arrived.]

The magistrate loaned me his pistol, no others available.

Big mass meeting in our honor — soldiers and school children. Blew bugles (out of tune!), cheered, and sang. The magistrate and other officials made speeches. A girl made a speech in English.

Then we each made a short speech which she translated for them. We were then presented with a silk banner and adjourned for tea. A Chinese army doctor gave us some adhesive and iodine for our feet. The night before, we had inquired for cameras but were told there were none for 100 li. After tea the photographer showed up; they had wired for him, and he had come thirty-five miles on foot. He took our pictures with a big old-fashioned camera, 12 x 12, no shutter or diaphragm. Said good-bye to our friends. Couldn't give them anything. (Gave the magistrate's son my helmet.)

Sedan chairs were provided for us but we walked through town, a triumphal procession — soldiers, firecrackers, confetti, cheers and songs. We walked about five li before we stopped and got into our chairs, and the procession was still winding out of the city. Ten soldiers, five of us, interpreter, and company of soldiers. Seven chairs with four men each — \$100 for chair and four men for the trip.

Several Jap planes flew by but did not molest us

— apparently on their way to bomb a town further on. We went up a long valley. The broad stone-paved road degenerated to a single muddy track at times. Rice paddies everywhere, right up the hillsides. Pumps and bailers; scattered farming settlements; hay drying in trees. The age of everything and lack of repair noticeable. The Chinese have a saying, "*maen maen tih*," which means, "in due course." They use it as the Latins do "*Mañana*."

Just outside of town we were met by a long line of school children and their teachers bearing banners and cheering and singing. They followed us into town still cheering and singing songs about airplanes — boys and girls with hot dusty little faces. One or two who were late came running up as we went by. We went down the main street (10 feet wide) lined with shops, mostly selling food. Wonderful variety of odors! Turned off to local Army H.Q. and school.

After lunch — eggs again, pork and sausage and wine — we headed for the mountains, where bandits used to lurk. We were assured that none remained, but I noticed the soldiers kept a sharp lookout. Over an arched bridge and up a beautiful valley. The children followed us for some time, still shouting and singing. The yellowish green of the sprouting rice and the deeper green of the more mature plants made very pretty patterns. Everywhere we went people crowded around to see us. One baby crawled under my chair. Its mother yanked it out and slapped it, and it started to cry. I gave it a penny and it stopped instantly. They were all fascinated by our zippers. We saw "Victory" cigarettes everywhere. Yellow and gold colors for China, manufactured in Shanghai by Japan!

Arrived at a village at 3.15 P.M. Had chow water at the Chinese hospital while waiting for the local military commander to arrive. The Commanding Officer A.D.R. nice-looking man with a voice like H. B. Warner's.

Spent the night at Army H.Q.

April 24. — Up early, walked over to the "telegraph" with our guide. It turned out to be a very ancient field telephone. We spent nearly twenty minutes trying to tell the next town when to expect us. The "telegraph" is in an old temple. Peeked behind a partition and saw several old wooden warrior gods that made my collector's palm itch. Back for breakfast and ceremonial send-off.

Hazy to rainy. Twenty-five li and two hours to L—. Arrived at 10.00 A.M. Went to public court for conference, past ranks of boy and girl scouts, much the cleanest-looking of all the people. The town was captured by the Japs last year and held four days. Bombed eight times.

Went to hospital to stay and take care of Lawson's crew. Lawson in very poor shape with compound fracture of left knee and badly infected leg, eight front teeth knocked out and cuts about the chin and face. Davenport not too good, badly infected cuts on right leg. McClure suffering sprained or possibly fractured right shoulder and nerve injury to left arm, small infected cuts. Clever has infected cuts above left eye, scalp, and right leg, sprained right ankle, cuts on right hand. Thatcher, one small cut on head. Two Chinese doctors, father and son, looking after them.

Went to work on the boys. Wired Chungking to fly some supplies down. Found some sulfanilamide and put Lawson and Davenport on it.

The Chinese newspapers came out with news of our raid, causing much excitement. Deputations from the town, schools, and all sorts of organizations came and brought eggs (at 4 for \$1.00), cookies, oranges. The local magistrate was very helpful, furnishing all our food and a cook, who cooks "foreign" food and used to work in the Y.M.C.A. in Shanghai.

Deloused at home of Mr. X, who loaned us all clothes.

Wire from Major Hilger to pick up two men at another town. None there but two or three in the hands of the Japs, worse luck.

April 25 (one week in China). — Lawson had a bad night. Gave him two transfusions of 150 and 200 c.c. by two-syringe method, the copilot, Lieutenant Williams, donor. Syringes clogged!

All given Chinese names. I'm "Way Esong" meaning "Great and Powerful Doctor"! It rained. We had several air raid alarms. Planes apparently on the way to bomb a near-by town.

April 26. — Made a splint for Lawson's leg at Mr. X's and installed it. Very painful. Had a table made for McClure to get his arms up. Put a splint on his left hand to prevent contraction.

Had church services. Mr. X preached. The magistrate called and brought oranges. Local merchants and party officials, army and municipal officials, called and brought presents nearly priceless. Raisins, preserves, wine, grapefruit, eggs, thermos bottles, shirts, canned butter. Raisins are 2 ounces for \$1.00; sugar, brown, as there is no white, \$10.50; fresh milk, two 6-ounce cups for \$1.00; canned fruit of poor grade is \$6.00-\$10.00 a can; cod liver oil \$85.00 a bottle; quinine, 2 gr., \$1.00; matches \$2.50 a box; coarse brown salt, 7 ounces for \$1.00; canned butter, \$15.00 a can; "Foreign" candles, \$2.50 each. Toilet soap is \$10.00 a bar. Canned milk is \$46.00 a can. Emetine, \$100 an ampule, and sulfanilamide \$2.00 a tablet (.5 gm.).

April 27. — Gave Lawson an intravenous and he had a very sharp reaction. Running out of sulfanilamide.

Smith, Williams, Sessler, Saylor, and Thatcher left via chair for the next town. Sent letters with them.

April 28. — Cold and rainy. Had a fire built but felt chilly all day. Mr. X loaned me a sweater and coat. Lawson no better, so gave him chloroform and operated to improve drainage. He nearly went out under the anaesthetic.

I had a chill at night. Malaria?

We heard there are 375 missionary children at the Mission School at Chefoo, occupied by Japs. Their parents are in Free China and the Japs forbid any communication!

April 29. — Felt better. Dressed wounds, which are looking better. Went downtown shopping. Very interesting narrow streets lined with shops, mostly selling wood. Bought a thermos for \$120, sulfanilamide (twenty tablets, \$40.00). Had another chill and went to bed with quinine and a fire.

May 1. — Stopped quinine. Feeling better but have a swell drug rash. Lawson's wounds don't look so good. Put in forty dollars' worth of sulfa powder. The Chinese got us some more sulfa, thank goodness. I'm getting joint pains, probably flu!

May 2. — Rainy. Met the doctor from — Hospital. He brought a little morphine and sulfa and a blood transfusion set. Dressed the boys' wounds. I'm feeling better today but still very rheumatic. Lawson no better, darn it. Gave him a blood transfusion, Clever and McClure donors.

Bought a slick Chinese key-winder watch.

May 3. — Deputations from Chinese Air Force, Girl Guides, Hwangyen Youth Movement, and a neighboring village with about 400 eggs, cakes, sugar, oranges. We've had several thousand eggs given us already.

Had church services and went for a walk on the City Wall. Very interesting. Saw an old cannon in the wheat fields. Checked on the river for possible seaplane landing. Lawson no better. I'm afraid he'll lose that leg. Rainy. Wired for a seaplane to pick up Lawson.

May 4. — Lawson much worse. Decided to amputate. Did a high mid-thigh under spinal. Gave him 1500 c.c. blood for transfusion. A Jap plane flew over. Pretty nice day. Changed dressings. Lawson not reacting very well so far.

May 5. — Lawson much better. Very little drainage so far.

Went shopping with Mr. X and with Davenport and Clever in chairs. Mrs. X took me to see an old Taoist temple converted into a school. Too bad to

ruin the old buildings. It had a pretty moon gate and a long flight of steps.

May 6. — News of Corregidor's surrender! Visiting Chinese doctors left this morning. Lawson definitely more lucid. Changed dressings.

Davenport, McClure, and Clever in chairs, Mr. X and I on foot, went for a tour of the city. Saw a cobra. Made Mr. X a spring, repaired a safety valve, drew some fuse wire, and checked the hookup on a charger.

May 7. — Lawson better but still running some temperature. Gave him a second pint of my blood. Felt this one a bit. Other boys doing well.

May 8. — Lawson looking somewhat better in the morning, but bloody stump is infected! Durn! Changed dressings. Went for a hike with Clever up to the City Wall. Nice and clear today. Went down town with Mr. X and Dr. C to get some dentist's tools to fix Mr. S's tooth. Dentistry, watchmaking, and photography combined in China! Had a big crowd following me, much amused by the feathers in my hat. Upstairs photo studio with backdrop interiors, very un-Chinese, much cracked, patched and ragged. Feeling somewhat shaky as yet from the transfusions. Lawson much worse this evening. "Off the beam" and not eating. Gave him an intravenous and some morphine.

Had a big Chinese feast at Dr. C's — sixteen courses and six extras. Had a fine time and wonderful food. Dr. C apologized for not having anything worth eating!

May 9. — Lawson some better but stump plenty infected. Did some dentistry and put in two fillings for Mr. S. There have been several patients who wanted me to look at them, but I've explained that as a military doctor I can't take them except on consultation with Dr. C. They seem to understand and honor me for it. There is no other hospital near-by.

Had three more dentistry patients and three eye patients! Ophthalmoscopy and retinoscopy by candlelight! (One of the nurses and two older women. Dark fundi make retinoscopy difficult.)

May 11. — Lawson's temperature normal for the first time! Seems on the mend.

Clever, S., Y., and I went downtown shopping. Bought another pipe with imitation jade mouth-piece. Also some paper — \$4.00 down to \$2.00 "because I'm a famous aviator."

Bathed and shaved. Clean clothes. The red invitations to a feast arrived. Feast being given by twenty organizations. The Yuentsiang came to escort us to the feast. Had our pictures taken. Presented with banner and silver knife, fork, spoon, and napkin ring all engraved "Presented to Dr.

White in remembrance of the event of the first bombing of the country of the dwarfs, by the Chamber of Commerce." Very nice food. Didn't eat or drink as much as last time. Only nine dishes and five extras. Our cook was there officiating officiously! Shark fins, very rare and expensive, mothball candies. Had tea first at a separate table. "Welcome" spelled out in millet seed. Sugar cane and watermelon seed and water chestnuts. I borrowed Mr. X's pants and Mac's blouse with ornaments to wear. Cut Davenport's hair.

News broke that army bombers (that means US) raided Japan. Some 3000 casualties and fires burned two days.

May 14. — Five canes arrived this morning inscribed in Chinese, "A keepsake to the officers of our friends and allies of the American Air Force. The 31st Year of the Chinese Republic, the fifth month, the twelfth day (May 12, 1942). Presented by the people of the District of I —."

Did dressings and whittled a dagger. Mr. and Mrs. T, missionaries, arrived last night. Filled three teeth and dug one out for Mr. T and checked Mrs. T over. They are from China Inland Mission at H —.

Walked over to the local magistrate's office and back with Davenport and Clever. The office is in an old temple. Nice view. Signs and idols, one of a physician! Mac and Lawson both have temperatures. Durn! Poor Mac has boils. Lawson's temperature going up. Starting sulfanilamide on both of them.

May 17. — Had news that the Japs are moving up fast. Plan to get out tomorrow to be on the safe side. Wrote letters to Dr. C and the magistrate. Dr. C won't take any money for his services or expenses!

Took Lawson, Davenport, and Clever to X's for tea and supper. Checked glasses for Mrs. X and Mr. T. Mrs. X gave me some doilies for Edith, and Mr. T gave me a stamp.

News not so good. The army and the banks have already left town! Home in the rain. Have to leave tomorrow, rain or shine. Lawson stood the trip O. K. and we are all packed.

Whatever people can say about the unsanitary conditions, etc., of the Chinese, no one can ever complain about their hospitality. They are great people.

[Traveling first by sedan chair, then by ricksha, ferry, truck, and ambulance, Major White and the other survivors finally reached the Burmese border, where they were picked up by planes and started on their long way back. — THE EDITOR]

THE HOOVER FRAME OF MIND

by REBECCA WEST

1

THE young person who is forever strumming on the piano, or crooning, or crouching before the radio is not, the experts tell me, likely to become a real musician. True love of every kind practices restraint or defeats its hope of rapturous consummation. I sometimes wonder if the extent to which we read has not destroyed our power of reading. We read all the time: newspapers, advertisements, the directions on the packet, textbooks, business letters. We read so much that our eyes get blunt, they no longer see the form of sentences or the content, we peer at the nouns and guess at the trend of argument they indicate, and fabricate a picture of the book on that and what we know of the writer. Thus we build round ourselves a mental world as hypothetical and dangerous as the material world of the blind.

In England we have just now several examples of misapprehended books, the misapprehension of which is grave because they deal with grave matters. Because Professor E. H. Carr's *Conditions of Peace* is written in a sober style by a professor with Foreign Office experience, readers ignore that it is packed with errors of fact and judgment based on a thesis ultimately destructive of our human liberties.

I perceive that in America also there is a reading public that is print-drunk as pugilists are punch-drunk, book-happy as pugilists are slap-happy. For I have received a copy of *The Problems of Lasting Peace*, by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson, clothed in a wrapper spectacularly embroidered with testimonials to its merits by persons who ought to have been able to pass a sensible judgment on it. These persons must have been misled by the facts that Mr. Hoover has been President of the United States and Chairman of the Commission for Relief in Bel-

gium, and that Mr. Gibson has had a long career in the American diplomatic service. They assume that therefore the authors ought to know something about the problems of peace. They must each of them have improvised, as they read, an excellent book on the subject which was not that which Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gibson had written; for that, to a degree probably never equaled by the work of two such eminent men, is meritless.

Doubtless as a compliment to the dove of peace, the book is written chiefly in pidgin English: —

Extreme nationalism does have liabilities to peace and progress. As among individuals, there are ambitions in races for glory and for power of the race.

However, these ideas [Marxism] secured a hold on limited groups of theoretical intellectuals throughout the world, and the influence of their preachings did confuse liberal thought and add to the difficulties of representative government striving to solve the clashes within its own house. They, in some places, infected liberty by introducing government into the operation of and dictation to economic life, instead of regulating abuses by law.

We have generally adopted the expression "personal liberty" and "representative government" or "free nations" rather than the terms "Liberalism" or "democracy." These latter terms have come to be used for many purposes far from their original meanings and have often been adopted by advocates of other systems.

Sentences such as those, which are altogether too perplexing, are balanced by others which are not perplexing enough: —

The important thing in great ideological changes is the direction in which they are moving.

An all too brief and direct character sketch of Napoleon sends the inquirer empty away: —

There can be no doubt of the sheer militarism in Napoleon. His very phrases burst with war and the glory of war.

If a Channel fog wrote history, it would have

English novelist and critic, REBECCA WEST published in 1941 her magnum opus, *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, one of the great books of a troubled century. It has been well described as "a travel diary and a passionate analysis of the great crisis of contemporary man." With the same blazing intensity, she now illuminates some of the current American speculations on peace.

much the same attitude to time and the sequence of events as Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gibson:—

But in the latter part of this period — the end of the eighteenth century — a new world crisis was fermenting. Gradually, nearly 2000 years after free Greece and early Rome, there came a resurgence of the idea of the rights of the individual man. This resurgence of the freedom of men is amply indicated at Runnymede, in the Puritan Revolution, in the Declaration of Rights, in the emigrations to America, in the work of the French Encyclopedists. But it is not our purpose to discuss its growth in detail.

But a Channel fog would presumably be less biased by patriotism than Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gibson show themselves in another variation on the same theme:—

No one can doubt the challenge of liberty to all peoples during the 140 years prior to the First World War. The success of the United States stimulated and inspired the entire world with the principles of representative government and inalienable rights. The forms of representative government spread over the whole Western Hemisphere. Britain, France, the Scandinavian states, the Low Countries, Switzerland, and Italy successfully developed it.

2

THE tone of this last extract reveals the true nature of this curious volume. Mr. Hoover's term as President was in the eyes of others a tragical passage of American history, for reasons that cannot be accounted to his discredit. It was not his fault that in the autumn of his first year of office there broke on the United States a dire economic catastrophe, a slump comparable to the droughts and famines which afflict tropical lands. It was not his fault that this crisis could not be abated by a competent administrator such as he could justly claim to be, but only by a rare genius, brother to the poet and the seer, who could administer spiritual comfort to a people who, not meaning any harm, worshiped the goddess of fortune and had suddenly seen her for what she was. It is natural enough that a persistent nature like Mr. Hoover should want to reverse this undeserved failure, which had been followed by such undeserved success on the part of his opponent. Hence Mr. Gibson, a leading member of the Republican Party, has joined with Mr. Hoover to write this book as a love letter to the American electorate.

Mr. Hoover presents himself as a sober and wise person, free from the experimental rashness of Mr. Roosevelt, certain to keep America out of trouble. He wishes to write so that the reader can think, "What a superior being this is, and what a superior

being I must be to see that he is superior." To create this impression he employs many devices, some of them singularly disingenuous, but chiefly he relies on a certain terror of forthrightness which is common just now among people who are passively intelligent.

I have seen it lately among audiences at meetings where a speaker has had to allude to crimes committed by Germans against the peoples of the occupied countries. The members of the audience know quite well that the Germans have committed enormous crimes, and they may even be making great sacrifices to help in the termination of those crimes. Nevertheless a kind of wavering distress comes over them when they hear a speaker denouncing the German crime.

It is not that they believe the anti-German speaker to be wrong. This distress has no intellectual basis at all. It is, indeed, not unlike the embarrassment which pinkens persons of the class who consider it unrefined to eat onions when they hear those who are above or below them in social status express delight in that gross vegetable. Isn't there something rather coarse, rather too forthright, in saying that what the Germans have done is flatly abominable? Is it ever right to say that black is black, and white is white, without qualification?

The emotion does not last long. A normal hard-headed audience realizes soon enough that there is no subtle way of regarding the dispatch of innocent people in cattle trucks to starve on the frozen wastes of Lublin. But just for a minute the audience is uncritically abandoned to a feeling that life must not be taken straight. The temptation to forget the necessity, to stick forever at the stage of asserting one's distaste for unrefined action, is a perpetual temptation to all of us, and is not dismissed when it ought to be by people who lack vitality or have not much vitality over and above that required for their personal lives.

This lack of forthrightness Mr. Hoover continually exploits. By a wholesale sacrifice of the exact truth he tells the story of the last twenty years in Europe and the rise of Nazism and Fascism in such a way as to suggest that nobody is really deserving of blame. Nobody, according to Mr. Hoover, was entirely in the right, and that is possible; it is indeed almost certainly true. But nobody, according to Mr. Hoover, was entirely in the wrong; and that, in view of the persecution of the Jews and the martyrdom of the occupied countries, is not possible to maintain.

A smug pretension breathes from the pages. "How intelligent you and I are!" says Mr. Hoover to his readers. "How moderate, how free from the

vulgar errors to which coarser clay is liable! We are not inflamed by war fever, we have kept our heads." But the voice of Göring comes across Europe to tell them that Mr. Hoover and his readers are deluded, that immoderate moderation has its drunkenness as besotted as the drunkenness of wine. "If food is short in Europe," said Göring over the radio, "it is not we Germans who are going to starve." Black is black. The danger in which man walks is extreme, not only because evil seeketh whom it may devour, but because evil may change its habitation overnight, and only by recognizing it for what it is can we make sure that we shall not be tomorrow what the Germans are today. Our destiny is more dangerous and therefore more dignified than gentility can imagine.

3

MR. HOOVER and Mr. Gibson have set themselves the heavy task of rigging up some sort of platform on which the old-fashioned Republicans could oppose Mr. Roosevelt, and this involves finding an alternative to his anti-Axis policy which is not straight pro-Nazism. For the purpose of accomplishing this task they have found themselves able to make excessive sacrifices.

To do them justice, they would be honestly revolted by straight Nazism; but they have not hesitated to take the risk of diminishing anti-Nazi feeling to a point which might well be incompatible with the successful prosecution of the war. If I were an American, and had read this book and been persuaded by its argument, I should think myself a fool to make any sacrifice whatsoever in order to win this war. This would be emphatically true were I the kind of person who would be impressed by that section of the book in which extracts from the speeches of Woodrow Wilson and President Roosevelt are printed in parallel columns. There are innumerable people in America — more in proportion than ever were in England, and often of a dissimilar sort — who believe that the First World War was an act of pure, unprovoked folly, like getting drunk and bonneting a policeman on Boat Race night, with the difference that rioters and policemen alike knew death or injury; and that Woodrow Wilson led his countrymen into this unprofitable shambles from sheer caprice, an undertaker harlequin.

This misconception was due to a variety of causes, one of which was to the credit of those who cherished it. They hated the cruelty of war even when it left them the victors; and it is horrible to think of

what might have happened to the world had not the children of the last-born continent, energetic and healthy, felt thus. But the other causes were not so creditable.

One of the greatest disadvantages of the United States has been its premature and excessive development of satire. The satirist is necessary to the health of civilization. He is the devil's advocate who riddles with criticism persons and institutions and ideas held up to public respect, so that only the truly respectable survive; and he contrasts existing authority and its work with what would be hoped for from ideal authority. But before he can fulfill this function he must have wit and a firm conception of what deserves respect, and of how ideal authority would be constituted and would operate.

Some twist of cultural development has given the American people the tongue of the satirist. Nowhere else in the world is wit so general. But there are many, amply endowed with the first of the satirist's qualifications, who are wholly lacking in the others. Some have been born into sections of the community absorbed in industrial and financial and technical preoccupation and have never established any contact with the world of ideas. Others are immigrants or the children of immigrants who, not so lucky or adaptable as many of their kind, have forgotten their European culture and not yet attached themselves to American culture; and others are merely inert, with the terrible inertia which sometimes befalls transplanted stocks.

These satirists embarked on the established routine of their calling. They jeered at the persons and institutions and ideas held up to public respect, but did not spare those which deserved respect, because they did not know how that award is made; they attacked authority automatically, and not with inspiring references to any New Jerusalem.

Satire in America was therefore as sterilizing as a frost in a garden full of tender plants; and it followed naturally that it was greatly feared — feared to an extent not easily to be realized in this country. In the early twenties, shortly after Mr. Sinclair Lewis had published his dazzling satire on a Middle Western businessman, *Babbitt*, I traveled through the United States on a lecture tour. Often I was entertained at the homes of businessmen; and I do not think that on one of these occasions my host or hostess failed to make, with a deprecating laugh, some such remark as "I'm afraid you'll find us all terrible Babbitts here," or "Well, you know us already. Our name is Babbitt." The victim of satire, being as uncertain as the satirist of what deserves to be attacked and what to be defended, could not hit

back. He had therefore no other resort than to pass over to the satirist's side and join in the laughter.

This situation made for a mental climate of mindless cynicism which put every instinctive reaction into reverse and derided everything that happened, simply because it happened. The American participation in the First World War was bound to come off badly, for two reasons. First, a brave and efficient soldier has a traditional glory about him, and the satirist's victim hastened to divest himself of it before the satirist stripped it from him, and the President of the United States was big game, almost as big game as there could be, for those who wanted to pull down by mockery. To be the head of a great state is to be in a proud position, but it is sublime to be the head of a great state which has the intention of virtue, which has from the beginning declared that it intends to set man's destiny on a fairer course. To pretend therefore that a President of the United States had led his people into the carnage of modern warfare for no reason at all was delicious; it rubbed majesty itself down to crumbs of nonsense.

4

THIS is not to say that America was in this inferior to England. If the Americans who negotiated themselves into key positions and determined the tone and direction of society were mindless cynics, the equivalent English were mindless without being cynical, which is no real advantage. One goes down the drain just as quickly that way, but without the consolation of laughter. In any case, that age is over. It was terminated by an event and a person, or rather two persons. For universal mockery needs to be conducted in the shelter of a secure community; in danger it becomes plain that some actions are more likely to lead to safety than others, and that one cannot jeer at every movement of the will.

The slump of 1929 provoked a crisis in which the community had to pass from well-being to misery unless certain remedial adjustments were made. But it was not known yet what these adjustments had to be. Some would be effective, others would leave the people doomed. It was impossible, therefore, to take the responsibility of mocking at all adjustments as soon as they were proposed.

That broke the habit of derision and restored the practice of seeking for values; and the Roosevelts reminded America that certain values had already been established. Imperturbably President Roosevelt proclaimed that if the social economy of the

United States no longer afforded citizens the rights of life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, that economy must be altered until it did, no matter what vested interests suffered in the process. Courageously Eleanor Roosevelt, who is the satirists' meat and knows it, continued with the good works which are the classic material of satire. But the dead age has left its traces on contemporary thought, particularly among those who do not think. The ebbing tide of cynicism has left a good many tin cans and old boots on the foreshore, and among these is a persistent feeling that somehow or other America made a fool of itself by participating in the First World War.

One would have thought that history had amply justified Woodrow Wilson, since the forces he alleged were dangerous to the United States have in fact re-emerged and struck the blows he foresaw; but this feeling has no connection with reason, it is a vague shame. It is deplorable that Mr. Hoover and his supporters should, for their own political purposes, make use of this decayed stump of a political conviction; but that is what they intend to do when they print extracts from the speeches of Woodrow Wilson and President Roosevelt in parallel columns. They are attempting to suggest to the mind of the American voter that Woodrow Wilson led him into an unnecessary and unprofitable war at the behest of a cloudy and intemperate idealism, and that Franklin Roosevelt is doing the same thing a second time. In view of the assaults of Japan, this weakening of the will to fight is criminal.

The whole aim of the authors is to present the American voter with a picture of the war as a situation which ought to be left to stew in its own juice. It begins with a chapter of bogus scholarship in which, with quick ball-bearing facility, they attempt to analyze the "dynamic forces which make for peace and war." These, it appears, are seven, and the first of them is "ideologies." Needless to say, that beastly word, that philological weed, is misapplied. Mr. Hoover and his supporter mean "ideas," and a phrase from this section will show how wrong they were ever to bring that matter up: "the Divine Right of Kings — with all its armor of feudalism."

But the theory of monarchy known as the Divine Right of Kings was a product of the seventeenth century, and it differed radically from the theories of monarchy which were held in the feudal age. How could a theory which approved absolutism and depended on mystical doodledoo be held by a society which was obsessed with the idea of contract and believed that God imposed His Will on earth by the reasonable means of law? And this is about as near the mark as Mr. Hoover and his supporter ever get.

5

IT is obvious that Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gibson are in a complete fog about the past. I wish I could think that they had written the chapters in this book which deal with the last twenty years because they were in a fog about the present. These are a series of sour stories about the European peoples who had the impertinence to defeat the Germans in the First World War. The obligation that many of us have felt towards Mr. Hoover for his relief work during the last war has been discharged. We have been bitten by the hand that fed us. It appears that the cessation of hostilities brought into being a welter of stupid and contemptible new states.

And add to this the fact that the officials of every one of these new states were for the most part without experience in government. They were nearly all revolutionaries, burning with zeal for the New Order and world politics and so engrossed in that zeal that they had little time or thought for keeping the machinery of everyday life in motion.

They were such men as Masaryk and Beneš, Pashitch and Raditch; men who had studied at the universities of Paris and Berlin and Prague and Geneva, who would have looked with amazement on this illiterate and ignorant book; men who had written and spoken profoundly on various aspects of political practice and theory. Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gibson complain that the small nations disturbed the peace by their economic nationalism, which led them to erect trade barriers. There is not a word to suggest that the Danubian states were forbidden to form an economic federation by the pressure of Fascist Italy, and that the Scandinavian and Baltic states were joined in the friendliest working partnership.

There are allegations that the militarism of these new states was a threat to the other powers. Now, Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gibson cannot believe that was true. The new states had little or no heavy industry; only Poland and Czechoslovakia had any that counted, and this was not to be compared with the immense plants of Germany. The new states were poor. They could not afford to buy arms from the states which had heavy industry. Did Mr. Hoover ever lose a night's sleep for thinking with horror of the day when the white bodies of the women of Berlin would be crushed beneath the monstrous Latvian tanks? Did Mr. Gibson ever go white to the lips at some fancied picture of the Munich sky black with Yugoslav bombers? If not, how did they come to include this curious statement in this book of avowed didactic intention?

And how does it happen that Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gibson, so severe on states that are stumbling blocks to their neighbors, have hardly a word to say against Germany? This book is full of propaganda, direct and indirect, in favor of the common enemy of Great Britain and the United States. The old complaints against the Treaty of Versailles are stated — even that whine about the war-guilt clause, which must always have come hypocritically from the people which was later to invade Poland.

Few words of blame are applied to the Nazis — almost none to Mussolini, who is somehow supposed to have been a creation of France. There is nothing said about Munich; it is alleged in several passages written with an affectation of detachment that Czechoslovakia was a jerry-built state that could not have been expected to survive. (It is one of the oddities of this extraordinary volume that each of those passages contains serious inaccuracies which one would have thought Mr. Gibson would be bound to detect.) There are hints that the United Nations are really as bad as anybody else.

The hideous cruelties of blitz surprise, the sinking of seamen without compassion by submarines, the attacks upon helpless Jews, murder of hostages, *the refusal of liberal governments to allow food to their conquered allies* — all not only make a ghastly picture of barbarism, but . . .

Mr. Hoover made his name by feeding Belgium in the last war. He has recently been offering his services to perform the same task in Occupied Europe. He must know the messages that come out of the martyred countries: "Do not send us food. The Germans will get most of it. We would rather forgo what we could get." He must know the agony the decision to withhold or to limit supplies has meant to exiled governments and to the Allies, who have to make these decisions. His remark is to me wholly abominable.

6

THE paper wrapper of this book, as I have said, is covered with messages from prominent Americans who all think well of it. Some of them speak of the book's sanity, courage, nobility, and inescapable conclusions, though, in fact, there are no conclusions at all. Mr. Hoover adumbrates every possible policy and recommends none, not being sure how the cat is going to jump.

Ironically enough, the chief problem to be solved before we can have lasting peace lies in the existence of the kinds of persons who have praised *The Problems of Lasting Peace*. They are, from one point of view, commendable people. They hate the cruelty of war. They sicken at the thought of sticking a

bayonet into an enemy's belly. By that much they are on a higher moral level than those who enjoy fighting, who lick their lips when they imagine what armament can do to human flesh, who are indifferent how prosperity is won for them at a distance.

But the war haters are superior by just that much, and no more. For then they demand, without undertaking a certain onerous preliminary measure, machinery for abolishing war and ensuring peace. They want world courts, or some sort of federation, or the League of Nations with the buttons altered; and they do not pause to take the step which was indicated for us so long ago as the eighteenth century, by a reader of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre's *Project of Perpetual Peace*. "Admirable," said Cardinal Fleury, "save for one omission: I find no provision for sending missionaries to convert the hearts of princes."

Who are the princes today, in our democratic states? Ourselves. And what should be our hearts, when they are converted, when they are turned from the shortsighted aims of the flesh and seek the eternal salvation of our kind? Our hearts should become heads. For hearts by themselves cannot do the work. Generosity desires to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and in a warm daze goes on feeding and clothing the conquered Germans — until, well-nourished and well-clad, they undertake with ease the enterprise of starving and stripping their neighbors. Magnanimity, destroying root and branch its own hatred of the Germans, lovingly aids them to gratify their agelong hatred of the Slavs. Heads are needed for the pursuit of virtue — cool heads, stored with accurate information; wise heads that can form sober judgments and build on them sound working principles; heads such as could not possibly have written *The Problems of Lasting Peace*, such as would read it only to utter cries of derision. There is no hope for democracy unless we all become such aristocrats of the mind as aristocracy has never produced.

Nothing can be hoped for from a world court, or a League of Nations, or any form of federation, officered by executives whose minds are so tangled that they cannot arrange their words in grammatical order or write a coherent account of a sequence of events, who have been unable to grasp the main facts of history though under an incessant compulsion to mention them, and who are so lacking in horse sense as to be unable to gauge the relative danger values of Nazi Germany and Czechoslovakia.

Nor, supposing there was a well-officered world court or League of Nations or federation, could it operate effectively if the world public was sloppy-minded, credulous, and ready to drop any argument

at any moment to go off on a moralistic jag. It would have no firm ground on which to stand. That is the real reason for the failure of the League of Nations as we have known it. Stretching away from Geneva in every direction was an infinity of idiots, saying that Mussolini was a good man because the trains ran on time, and (that imbecility of imbecilities) "It's all the fault of the small nations."

Meanwhile the cruel and greedy, who are interested in the maintenance of those abuses which the international authority is trying to abolish, are at work; and as they work on plans which are confined within the limits of cruelty and greed instead of plans which curve out of known experience into a new time and space where there shall be no more unkindness, they impress by their swift ability. In the twinkling of a decade they have the machine which was to save the world out on the waste lot, as scrap iron. And the cause of peace itself is discredited, because those who hate war are associated in the public mind with the support of international machinery which breaks down in expensive ruin.

7

MY personal wish is for the very reverse of this program of unchanged hearts and new machinery; I should be content with a changed heart and old machinery. What — the old machinery of nationalist organization, of standing armies and navies, arsenals packed with hideous munitions, and the chitchat of diplomacy? Yes, exactly that. My preference may evoke a protest from the sort of person who has praised *The Problems of Lasting Peace*: "But look where that sort of thing has brought us." They may even particularize: "Look at Europe."

Well, let us look at Europe. Its state is really not so discreditable, considering that its primeval condition of chaos had hardly been corrected by the establishment of settled societies when the barbarian invasions began, and that they continued for over a thousand years, thus starting all the scrambles for territory and uncertainties about frontiers which idiots blame on "the small nations"; considering also that it has been the battlefield, as no other continent has on any comparable scale, where persons believing in human freedom have fought those who disbelieve in it; considering also that it has been perpetually vexed by the spirit of evil to be found wherever men are, even as the spirit of goodness, which has found its habitation sometimes in France, sometimes in Spain, sometimes in Austria, sometimes in England, sometimes in Germany.

I am sure that often and often in European history the hosts of evil have restrained their savage impulses because the other fellow's army and navy have looked too strong. I am sure that the arts of diplomacy have often and often kept the peace. Even the balance of power, a doctrine shocking to those not sure what it was or where or when it was applied, can be demonstrated to have allowed millions to complete their natural span and to die in their beds. I would trust this machinery, which has worked not too badly in the past, to serve our future with magnificence, if we who operate it would reform ourselves; if we would bend ourselves not to be gulled by politicians whom one would call mindless, were it not that their ambition must have some place to sit down; if they would remember to keep their wits about them sufficiently to perceive that Beneš is plainly not such an aggressive character as

Hitler; if they would keep the democratic faith and never forget that the soul of every man and every people must be given as much liberty as is possible without threatening the liberties of others, so that each may cultivate his unique contact with reality, his relationship with God. International affairs controlled by men and women thus sensible, thus sensitive, thus religious, must travel on the right road.

As I sit here, I am somewhat appalled by the spectacle of an English citizen assaulting the former President of the United States. But I would remind the reader that the problems Mr. Hoover discusses are bone of my bone as well as of his, and that in our common peril I believe it is my right to differ with Mr. Hoover in print as I did with Mr. Chamberlain over Munich.

WESTERN STAR

by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

INVOCATION

1

Not for the great, not for the marvelous,
 Not for the barren husbands of the gold;
 Not for the arrowmakers of the soul,
 Wasted with truth, the star-regarding wise;
 Not even for the few
 Who would not be the hunter nor the prey,
 Who stood between the eater and the meat,
 The wilderness saints, the guiltless, the absolved,
 Born out of Time, the seekers of the balm
 Where the green grass grows from the broken heart;
 But for all these, the nameless, numberless
 Seed of the field, the mortal wood and earth
 Hewn for the clearing, trampled for the floor,
 Uprooted and cast out upon the stone
 From Jamestown to Benecia.

This is their song, this is their testament,
 Carved to their likeness, speaking in their tongue
 And branded with the iron of their star.
 I say you shall remember them. I say
 When night has fallen on your loneliness
 And the deep wood beyond the ruined wall
 Seems to step forward swiftly with the dusk,
 You shall remember them. You shall not see
 Water or wheat or axe-mark on the tree
 And not remember them.
 You shall not win without remembering them,
 For they won every shadow of the moon,
 All the vast shadows, and you shall not lose
 Without a dark remembrance of their loss,
 For they lost all and none remembered them.

The *Atlantic* has long looked forward to the opportunity of publishing portions of the narrative poem on which STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT had been working for the past decade. We deeply regret that such publication must now be posthumous. Mr. Benét did not live to complete his epic, but we know that the Invocation, Prelude, and Book I (all of which will appear in his Memorial Volume in July) were in final form. Here, as in the case of *John Brown's Body*, we may stand too close to the writing to use that rare word "great." But we do know that it is "good." Mr. Benét decided not to include Part 2 in his final Invocation, but the poem will appear separately in his Memorial Volume. We print it as it was originally written.

Hear the wind
 Blow through the buffalo-grass,
 Blow over wild-grape and brier.
 This was frontier, and this,
 And this, your house, was frontier.
 There were footprints upon the hill
 And men lie buried under,
 Tamers of earth and rivers.
 They died at the end of labor,
 Forgotten is the name.

Now, in full summer, by the Eastern shore,
 Between the seamark and the roads going West,
 I call two oceans to remember them.
 I fill the hollow darkness with their names.

2

In the North are the graves of France, by the cold
 harbors
 Or scattered in the long forest like drops of wine,
 The hunters, tireless as wolves, the black-haired
 runners,
 The men of the clear, gay language, supple as willow,
 Hard as the brass of trumpets, exact as light.
 They liked good sauces and laughter, though some
 were surly.
 They brought thrift and their women with them
 and a white flag
 With a king's gold lilies upon it. They ventured far.
 Their paddles knew many lakes and many rivers.
 They died in torture, breathing the Huron fire.
 They were small in the endless wood but their axes
 sang.
 They built towns on the grey rock. They endured
 great snows.
 Their footsteps rang on the savageness of winter.
 They made good soup of strange flesh and remem-
 bered the vines of Beaune and the light, warm
 earth.
 Their seignories are still marked. They left trail and
 trace.
 The Spring and Fall of the year were their homesick
 seasons,
 For then the ships came and went. It was many
 years.
 But at last their lost France forsook them and it
 was ended,
 Ended upon the Plains of Abraham.
 It is not ended, ever,
 While the three-day snowfall whispers, while the
 red leaf falls on grey stone.

In the South, where the huge, slow river pours to
 the gulf,

Are the graves of France. They worked iron with a
 light hand.

They named the city after the older city.
 They died of the fever quickly in the white mist
 That rose from the marsh at evening. Nevertheless
 The tearose women flowered, the earth was kind,
 The dandies carried their sword-canes through nar-
 row streets,
 The black, clear coffee smelt of the lotos-leaf.
 They were little beside the great marsh and the roll-
 ing river

But they spent their grace and their music against
 the night,
 Echoing and diminishing in the forest
 Alien and wild and pathless, dimming all candles,
 Heavy with odors, the spectre waiting beyond,
 While the lustres gleamed and the laughter chimed
 like the lustres

And the fever-cart moved on to the sandy graves.
 At the last, the Corsican sold them and it was ended,
 Ended with pen and cannon and sunken flag.
 It is not ended, ever,
 While the black mud sucks in the marshes, while the
 gardens bloom yearlong.

In the South and the West and the South are the
 graves of Spain,
 The proud fantastics, the horsemen of the great
 saddles,
 The iron-plated seekers of gold and youth.
 They fought men in feather-armor. They survived
 The dolorous night and conquered. They tore each
 other.

For gold or gloomy honor and yet survived.
 They cast grave, beautiful bells. They loved sun
 and scarlets.

Their bits were well-chased and cruel in the soft
 mouth.

The dark-eyed women aged early in the cool cham-
 bers

Where they were guarded like seed-corn from the
 white noon.

They danced and their dancing glittered with a dark
 fire.

They were male, their bodies were fluent as stretch-
 ing lions.

There were many children in the house of the sun.
 Their passion and their arrogance were carved
 In olivewood, smoked by the flame of many candles.
 Tomorrow was as good as today to them.
 Proverbs were good and love like a burning wound
 And horses and the punctilio of death.

And, always, at the back of the mind, they heard,
 In peace or anger, the beating of the slow drops

On the dark, stained wood of the Cross, the old,
ghostly sorrow,
Forever restless, never quite stanch'd or stilled.
These people made slaves and ground the meal in
the stones
For God or treasure. Nevertheless, they were lords.
These people had much fate and met it with passion.
They were little among the high plains and the tall
mountains

But they spent their hunger and passed. It is many
years
Since the long rifles broke them. It has gone by.
It is lost like the cracked bells of forgotten missions.
It is drowned in the green where the sunken plate-
ships lie.
It is not ended, ever,
While the yucca grows in the waste, while the
changed blood runs in the heart.

There is no ground from the East Sea to the West
Where the men called English lie not. There is no
ground
From the cold sea to the hot where they have not
left their graves,
And the four winds blow on the graves of dark Gael
and ruddy Gael.

The wide North wheatfields know who served the
rich land
Like frost-giants plowing, homesick for the far
saaters.
They know what the blonde women brought in
their painted chests.
The red barns of Pennsylvania knew men like oxen,
The tulips of Hudson's valley remember men,
The smokes of that calm, long Fall are their pipe-
smoke, blowing.
The Jew has been spilt on the city-stones like
water . . .

Everywhere lies the land.
Everywhere walk the red spirits of the land.
Everywhere the land is still vast. There are trees
uncut and waste fields.

Everywhere they came, from the settled, known
Dust oversea where the one grave crowds the other.
The sun marched West and they came. The sea
ran West and they came.

THERE was a wind over England, and it blew.
(Have you heard the news of Virginia?)
A west wind blowing, the wind of a western star,

To gather men's lives like pollen and cast them
forth,
Blowing in hedge and highway and seaport town,
Whirling dead leaf and living, but always blowing,
A salt wind, a sea wind, a wind from the world's
end,
From the coasts that have new, wild names, from
the huge unknown.

Gather them now, the pollen and the wheat,
The hardy sailors, staring at the new shore,
Ready to smell the spices that are not there,
The great sea-wolves that looted the pride of Spain
And riddled the Grand Armada and sunk it deep,
The men whose ships were the terriers of the sea,
Drake and Fenner and Grenville and all the rest,
Hawkins, the slaver, High Admiral of England,
Sailing his ship *The Jesus* to black-faced lands,
And Raleigh, with his fatal and gilded dream.
Gather the dedicate of the Northwest Passage,
The seekers of the false loadstone, drowned in the
dark.

(It must be there. We know that it must be there.
We lost three ships out of four but it must be there.
Our Admiral believed it unto the end.)
(There was a wind over England and it blew.)
There is ice to the North and Spain has the golden
mines,
But, in between, there are wonders. Have we not
seen?

A fair, fresh land — yea, an earthly Paradise.
We touched at the shore. We gathered up sassa-
fras.
And the savages came smiling with little gifts,
A gentle people and comely. We saw the pearls.
There were baskets full of the pearls in every hut.
We saw the sand of the rivers bright with gold.
Yet, being few, we departed. But next year —
For we questioned their king, a sober and stately
prince,

And he swears that beyond the mountains —
Gather them up.
("Have you seen the live Indian at the 'Rose and
Crown'?

He drinks strong ale like a Christian and knows
his name.
Nay, this is the honest Indian. The one before
Was nought but a blackamoor with a painted face
And hath since avouched it, sore to his keeper's
shame.")

Gather them up, the sailors and adventurers,
Gather the credulous
Who looked for nutmeg-trees on the Kennebec,
Bold-hearted children of the youth of England,
And saw the Triton swimming in Casco Bay.

("Fortune my foe! 'Tis but one marvel more!
We will believe them all, believe them all!")
And with them, gather the others, the seemly men,
The merchants, trading with Muscovy and Ind,
Grave in their gowns of velvet, worshipful sirs,
And passionate as schoolgirls in their ire,
The gamblers, dicing for twenty times the stake.
("Have you heard the news from Virginia, have you
heard?

I have a small adventure with the Levant,
And that should profit — but this hath a nobler
sound,

Nobler and worthier and more excellent.

O, the fine great mountains of gold! Have you heard
the news?

Nay, I'm not to be coney-catched with the first
wild tale

But Whittington sold his cat for a thousand pound,
As we read, and am I a lesser man than he?

Oh, hear Bow bells ring out for merchantmen,

Turn again, Whittington,

Turn again, Whittington,

Thrice Lord Mayor of London!")

Gather the other gamblers, the hungry lords,
The splendid, casual peacocks of the court,
Greedy as cuckoos, bold as kingfishers,
The men with the little beards and the reckless
eyes

Who shine and go to the Tower and shine again,
Or die on the headsman's block with their hands
stretched out

And a last fine phrase in the mouth.

("Have you heard the news from Virginia? Have
you heard?

The Earl hath a hand in the venture — God bring
him shame!

He came all hufty-tufty into the hall,

A very pious Aeneas in taffety,

Trussed up to discover marvels — and yet, and yet,
Getting is got by getting — we know the saw —

And the old fox would not bark without sure advice.
Were there half the gold that he talks of — nay but
half

I could pull down Cullingdon Manor and build
anew.

I'd have boxwood walks and gods out of Italy
And a masque with Hercules come out of a cloud
— Nay, Jason rather — there is matter in Jason —
I'll do it, though I venture two hundred pound.
Have you heard the news from Virginia?")

Gather them up, the bright and drowning stars,
And with them gather, too,
The clay, the iron, and the knotted rope,

The disinherited, the dispossessed,
The hinds of the midland, eaten by the squire's
sheep,

The outcast yeomen, driven to tramp the roads,
The sturdy beggars, roving from town to town,
Workless, hopeless, harried by law and State,
The men who lived on nettles in Merry England,
The men of the blackened years

When dog's meat was a dainty in Lincolnshire,
(Have you heard the news from Virginia?)

The poor, the restless, the striving, the broken
knights,

The cast-off soldiers, bitter as their own scars,
The younger sons without office or hope of land,
Glover and cooper, mercer and cordwainer.

("Have you heard the news from Virginia? Have
you heard?

Wat swears he'll go, for the gold lies heaped on the
ground

And Ralph, the hatter, is ready as any man.

I keep my shop but my shop doth not keep me.

Shall I give such chances the go-by and walk the
roads?

I am no hind to scratch in the earth for bread.

Nay, a stocking-weaver I, and of good repute

Though lately dogged by mischances. They'll need
such men.

Have you heard the news from Virginia?")

Gather the waifs of the London parishes,

The half-starved boys, the sparrows of London
streets,

The ones we caught before they could cut a purse,
And bind them out and send them across the sea.

(They will live or die but at least we are rid of them.
We'll pick the likeliest ones. Boy, what's your
name?

Good lad. You sail in *The Fortune*. The fool looks
mazed.

Well, give him a wash and see he is fitted out.

We'll settle his master later.")

O, spread the news,

The news of golden Virginia across the sea,
And let it sink in the hearts of the strange, plain
men

Already at odds with government and church,
The men who read their Bibles late in the night,
Dissenter and nonconformist and Puritan,
Let it go to Scrooby and stop at the pesthouse
there,

Let it go to the little meeting at Austerfield.

(We must worship God as we choose. We must
worship God

Though King and law and bishop stand in the way.
It is far, in the North, and they will not touch us
here,

Yet I hear they mean to harry the sheep of God
And His elect must be steadfast. I hear a sound
Like the first faint roll of thunder, but it is far.
It is very far away.)

SIR THOMAS SMYTH, in his house in Philpot Lane,
— The great, sage merchant with the golden hand,
Honored by kings, trading with half the world —
Sat with a map before him and stared at it.
There was a ragged coast upon the map.
True-drawn or false? 'Twas what one never knew,
Never until the men had voyaged there
And then not surely — but it haunted him
And had for nearly twenty years by now,
The old dream of Virginia, Raleigh's dream.
"And Raleigh's in the Tower and sits still,
Who used to strike a ball with kings and queens.
Fool, to fall out of favor with the King!
But he's the same, and still will be the same,
The boy Apollo, greedy as the grave,
Restless as fire, vain as a popinjay,
And hateful as the adder to his foes;
A sort of demi-dragon of the Queen's,
(She kept such) that would spit out fire and smoke,
Great plans, smart verses, idiot policies,
And all together, with such arrogance,
Such fine bravado, such mad lust for gold,
It seemed, at times, he shook the 'stablished world
And dazzled like a comet in men's eyes.
Well, comets are soon done.

Had he but sense,
He could have fixed himself upon the sky
Like a new constellation — and is lost
With his Guianas, in a little smoke,
The smoke of drunk tobacco, the grey ash.
Nay, I'll not weep for him — and yet, and yet,
'Twas greatly planned, the scheme at Roanoke,
Might have succeeded — 'tis the chance we take —
And ended in disaster and despair
And a bankrupt patent.

Well, we bought it up,
The patent that he never should have had,
Thought of it, pondered, put the thing aside,
And now it stirs — years later, many years —
Breathes — aye — like something that has lain
asleep.

A chrysalis we shut within a box,
Forgot and turned aside from — and it stirs —
And, with it, something stirs in me as well.

I have much honor. I have gotten gold.
And, would they found a company to trade
For unicorns with double-headed men,

They'd come to me for backing — I can hear
them —

'Sir Thomas Smyth, liveth in Philpot Lane —
Aye, the great merchant — known in Lombardy,
In Muscovy and Ind and the Levant —'
And so they come, flies of a summer's day,
Bold captains, doughty swindlers, sharp-nosed lords,
And so I listen, since it is my trade,
Turn some aside, break some, 'stablish a few,
Build here, tear down there, make them serve my
will,
And buy up bankrupt patents at a price,
For that's my trade as well — but that's not all.
The pride of it is seeing something stir
That you thought long forgotten. And it stirs.

Now, take the map. The map is what we know
And it means nothing. I've seen many maps,
Talked to a thousand seamen, in my time,
And, in the end, there is but this to say,
One ventures as one ventures.

Here it is,
The ragged coast — the coast that no one knows.
How far the lands march inland?

No one knows.
Is there a Northwest Passage to the East?
Is there Cathay beyond? Can Englishmen
Live there and plant and breed there?

No one knows.
And yet, I know this much. It must be tried.

My one man's life hath seen this England grow
Into a giant from a stripling boy
Who fenced about him with a wooden sword
And prattled of his grandsire's wars with France
— The long, the ruinous wars that sucked us dry,
Wars of the Roses, nightmare, endless wars,
Wars with the French, and beaten at the end —
Then we turned seaward. Then the trumpets blew.
And, suddenly, after the bloodshot night
Of Mary, and the gropings in the dark,
There were new men, new ships and a new world.

And yet, how did we dare, how did we dare!
How did we dare to play such bowls with Spain?
She loomed above us like a thundercloud.
How did we dare to send our sailors out
Beyond all maps? How do we dare to seize
The commerce of barbaric Muscovy,
The unimaginable trade of Ind?
I should know well, having some part in it,
And I look backwards on it, and I see
A grave young madman in a sober dress
Who, each day, plans impossibilities
And, every evening, sees without surprise

The punctual, fresh miracle come true.
 And such were all of us, under the Queen,
 And, though she lodged me in the Tower once
 (I wonder is it damp where Raleigh lies?)
 Why, that is what might hap to any man,
 And she was older, then. Had she been younger
 Or I less wary, she'd have had my head.
 I felt it teeter on my neck of nights,
 And sometimes still, I hear the scrannel voice
 'Thomas Smyth, Thomas Smyth,
 By God, I'll lodge you fitly, Thomas Smyth!'
 Well, she had Essex' head. I was his man.
 And yet, for all the heading, she made England.

She made it — but 'tis now the hour strikes
 Whether we shall be small again or great.
 O, knights and lords and broken gentlemen,
 Sailors most bold — I'll buy you for a farthing,
 And set you broiling under Eastern suns,
 Bed you with scorpions and have you flayed
 By savages in woodlands thick and dark,
 But I will have my will, my merchant's will,
 And see we keep the commerces we've won,
 Nay, spread them, spread them like a giant's net
 Over waste oceans and fantastic seas
 Till there is not a seaport in the world
 That does not know the clinking name of England.

All for the money — yet that is not all.

The Raleighs must come first — I know the
 Raleighs.
 The gold must lure men on — I know the gold.
 That is not all.

If that were all and all,
 Why should I dawdle here above a map,
 At forty-eight, scheming for half a world?
 Am I not Governor of the India Company,
 Knighted, adventurer in West and East,
 First merchant and prime mover of my years?
 Why should I risk — and yet, I know I will.
 I know it must be tried.

Now to the plans and the new charter here.
 The Plymouth Company's for Sagadahoc,
 But we of London look more southerly
 And may be right or wrong — one cannot know.
 And, sooth to say,
 Charter itself's a cumbrous piece of work,
 But I'll not move too rapidly at first
 (I have learned that). I'll sit there, at the Council,
 Be grave and stroke my chin and watch their eyes,
 The reverend signior, the portly man,

One can learn much by watching a man's eyes,
 And, if the first attempt succeeds — 'tis well —
 If not — and that is where the Raleighs fail —
 There will be janglings and accusations,
 (Good Lord, have I not seen them in my time?)
 Scapegoats and empty purses and the rest,
 And then a grave man, moving quietly,
 Civil at need and thrusting when he must,
 Might get the matter safe in his own hands.
 Yea, a laborious man, a housekeeper,
 No ruffler, but a merchant in a gown
 Who mends the gear the wastrel flung away.
 We'll steer by that — and wait — and see — and
 wait —
 And it will be great labor — but we'll wait.

The ships they warrant sound. As for the men,
 They've a good man in Newport — a sound man —
 Gosnold is staunch — I'm glad that we've a Percy —
 Then there's my talking namesake, young John
 Smith,

Full as an egg of wild-moustachioed tales,
 Hot-tempered — aye — I'll warrant quarrelsome,
 And yet a man to make his mark or hang.
 I care but little which if he does service.
 Wingfield — related with my lord Southampton
 And brings some influence — Kendall, a rogue,
 But bold enough — why boggle at a rogue?
 Aye, they're not badly chosen for the game.
 We'll give them such instructions as we may —
 As, not to settle in a fever swamp,
 But on some healthy island in a stream
 That's deep enough for fitting anchorage,
 Not too thick-wooded, either.

And they'll be
 Governed by a strong rule, yet Englishmen
 With Englishmen their rights, not serfs or slaves,
 And that is reasonable and is well
 And we shall see.

I mean to plant, my friends,
 Although, perhaps, you do not know it yet.
 I mean to plant, my colleagues of the Company,
 Not to spend treasure and the lives of men
 In one fool's foray for a pot of gold.
 I am the sea and not the shooting-star,
 The vise and not the rapier. And I come,
 Slowly by turn and turn unto mine ends,
 Squeezing out gold where others found no gold
 And building on the wrecks of ruined dreams,
 Because I have the labor and the skill.
 Because I saw it twenty years ago.

Now, in God's name, let them go forth to sea!"

(To be continued)

THE UNIMAGINED AMERICA

by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

I

THE proposition can be put as follows: that the American future is in issue in our time as it has been in issue only twice before; that in so far as the determination of the American future depends upon the American people, it depends upon their power to imagine such a future as they want and can believe in; that they have not imagined such a future, but seem rather to be unable or unwilling to consider what they wish their lives to be; that this failure of imagination will affect our victory in this war and may, indeed, lose us our victory.

I think it will not be questioned that the American future is in issue. There are some, I know, who do not wish to think so. There are some who would like to suppress the future for the duration of the war and to forbid the people to discuss it. They are noisy but not numerous. The great majority of the American people understand very well that this war is not a war only, but an end and a beginning — an end to things known and a beginning of things unknown. We have smelled the wind in the streets that changes weather. We know that whatever the world will be when the war ends, the world will be different.

There is hardly a meeting of three men in earnestness that does not say so. The talk about war aims, about peace aims, about post-war plans, is talk, at bottom, about nothing else but this. It is not the formal negotiation of a treaty of peace which concerns us, but the human negotiation of our personal lives: not the determination of the frontiers or the ratification of the international agreements, but the actual and present world that men will live in when the war ends.

It will not be too seriously questioned either, I

believe, that the determination of the American future in this time of change depends, in so far as it depends upon ourselves, upon our power to imagine such a future as we can believe in. There is, it is true, a theory that the future of any society depends very little on the purposes of men themselves — that their systems of industry and economics determine what they must become.

That theory has not appealed to Americans. We remember that a hundred and sixty-seven years ago, at another moment of decision in our history, our predecessors did imagine such a future as they could believe in, and that the image they conceived had consequences. We remember also that after another war, a war that many living men took part in, we left the future to the laws of economics to construct. And we recall that future: it is now our past. We recall a future that should have been peace and freedom and became the radio, the automobile, and the depression of 1929.

There may be some who would like to repeat that future with cheap planes in the place of the automobile, and plastics succeeding refrigerators. There may be some, but not many. Most of us have learned the lesson once for all. Most of us know now that you do not fight a war for the privilege of buying things and then not buying them — for the privilege of becoming the world's most numerous consumers and thereafter the world's most numerous unemployed. Most of us know now that if you leave your future to the markets and the manufacturers to plan, you will get the future that the markets and the manufacturers can think of. And we know that future. Planes instead of cars, plastics instead of radios — we know it all. We know it and have lived it, and we don't propose, I think, to live it through again.

Nevertheless, — and this is the strange and contradictory heart of our dilemma, — nevertheless, we are apparently not willing to propose our future for ourselves. We are unwilling or we are unable to

IN ARCHIBALD MACLEISH are blended to an extraordinary degree the talents of poet and administrator. In this latter capacity he has delivered some of the most stirring addresses of our time, as his new book, *A Time to Act*, gives witness. This present paper is based on his Charter Day address at the University of California.

commit the act of the imagination for ourselves — to say for ourselves what we mean our lives to be. We know, if we know anything, that the disaster of 1929 was a failure not of wealth but of will, and not of will so much as of the purpose of the will. Starvation in the midst of plenty is not a paradox. It is a declaration of moral and intellectual bankruptcy. For if the means to cure the ill exist and are not used, the failure is a failure of decision, an inability to choose. And yet, in all our present talk of change, there is no talk of choice, no talk of affirmative purpose — none, to be blunt, of a people's dream of its future, a people's vision of the future it proposes to create.

There is, it is true, a deep, unreasoning conviction in the minds of people here, as in the minds of people elsewhere, that this war, whatever was true of wars before, *must* have consequences — that anything that costs in life and suffering what this war is costing *must* purchase, not merely an end to itself, but something else, something admirable, something of human worth and human significance. It is a profoundly held conviction and one that neither the superior wisdom of wise men nor the cheapening cynicism of cynical men can dispose of. Those indeed who try to silence that conviction, or to laugh it off, or trick it, will end certainly where the cynical and the wise who fool with the terrible sincerity of the people have always ended. The people of the world *believe* that all the anguish of this generation cannot go for nothing. They believe it in spite of the lessons of history. They believe it in spite of the last war and the war before that and the war before that one.

But their belief is the passive belief of powerful hope, not the active belief of determined purpose. All our talk is of the world we should avoid and of the ways we should avoid it — how to police our enemies, how to disarm the aggressors, how to avoid unemployment, how to escape the errors of the peace we made before. At the worst we talk like fortune-tellers of the dangers we foresee. At the best we talk like lawyers of devices — ways and means.

We debate bitterly whether business should do it or government should do it, but what it is that government should do or that private business should do, we do not even ask. We argue whether to do it by air, and, if so, on what conditions; we consider the question whether to do it at home or to do it abroad, but what we propose to do by the use of the air or at home or wherever, we have not said — what we propose to do in terms of men, of men's lives, of human realities. Never at any point

or by any mouth have we talked as a virile and creative people talks in its moments of decision — as men, for example, talked in Philadelphia in a certain summer when they pledged their sacred honor, and their lives.

Our silence on these things, moreover, is not merely silence. We are not all of us mute and dumb. We have words to say. But the words are contemptuous words. We are shamefaced and self-conscious when we hear the talk of purposes — of our purpose as a nation, of our purpose to construct the greatness of this nation. The word itself and the whole conception of "planning" distress us. We think of ourselves — some of us anyway think of ourselves — as a practical, hard-headed people who aren't taken in by utopias, who can't be fooled by the talk about better worlds, who know too much for talk like that — a people famous for salt, ironical, practical, hard good-sense who can't be bamboozled with talk about dreams and visions.

2

IT is a strange and curious picture of Americans. If ever a people had behind them a tradition of great purposes, tremendous dreams, the people of America have that tradition. There is not one of us, there is not a child in this Republic, who does not know the story. The whole history of our continent is a history of the imagination. Men imagined land beyond the sea and found it. Men imagined the forests, the great plains, the rivers, the mountains — and found these plains, these mountains. No force of terror, no pressure of population, drove our ancestors across this continent. They came, as the great explorers crossed the Atlantic, because of the imagination of their minds — because they imagined a better, a more beautiful, a freer, happier world; because they were men not only of courage, not only of strength and hardiness, but of warm and vivid desire; because they desired; because they had the power to desire.

And what was true of the continent was true of the Republic we created. Because our forefathers were able to conceive a free man's government, they were able to create it. Because those who lived before us in this nation were able to imagine a new thing, a thing unheard of in the world before, a thing the skeptical and tired men who did not trust in dreams had not been able to imagine, they erected on this continent the first free nation — the first society in which mankind was to be free at last.

The courage of the Declaration of Independence

is a far greater courage than the bravery of those who risked their necks to sign it. The courage of the Declaration of Independence is the courage of the act of the imagination. Jefferson's document is not a call to revolution only. Jefferson's document is an image of a life, a plan of life, a dream — indeed a dream. And yet there were men as careful of their own respect, as hardheaded, as practical, as eager to be thought so, as any now in public life, who signed that Declaration for the world to look at.

The *truth* is that the tradition of imagination is behind us as behind no people in the history of the world. But our right to live as we imagine men should live is not a right drawn from tradition only. There are nations of the earth in which the act of the imagination would be an act *in* the imagination only — an action of escape. But not with us.

We have, and we know we have, the abundant means to bring our boldest dreams to pass — to create for ourselves whatever world we have the courage to desire. We have the metal and the men to take this country down, if we please to take it down, and to build it again as we please to build it. We have the tools and the skill and the intelligence to take our cities apart and to put them together, to lead our roads and rivers where we please to lead them, to build our houses where we want our houses, to brighten the air, to clean the wind, to live as men in this Republic, free men, should be living. We have the power and the courage and the resources of good-will and decency and common understanding — a long experience of decency and common understanding — to enable us to live, not in this continent alone but in the world, as citizens in common of the world, with many others.

We have the power and the courage and the resources of experience to create a nation such as men have never seen. And, more than that, we have the moment of creation in our hands. Our forefathers, when they came to the New England valleys or the Appalachian meadows, girdled the trees and dragged the roots into fences and built themselves shelters and, so roughly sheltered, farmed the land for their necessities. Then, later, when there were means to do it, when there was time, when the occasion offered, they burned the tangled roots and rebuilt their fences and their houses — but rebuilt them with a difference: rebuilt them as villages, as neighborhoods; rebuilt them with those lovely streets, those schools, those churches which still speak of their conception of the world they wanted. When the means offered, when the time offered, men created, on the clearings of the early

useful farms, the towns that made New England and the Alleghenies.

Now is the time for the re-creation, the rebuilding, not of the villages and towns but of a nation. Now is the time to consider that the trees are down, that the land has been broken, that the means are available and the continent itself must be rebuilt. Our necessities have been accomplished as men have always accomplished their necessities — with wastefulness, with ugliness, with cruelty, as well as with the food of harvests. Our necessities have been accomplished with the roots of the broken trees along the fences, the rough shelters, the lonely lives. Now is the time to build the continent itself — to take down and to rebuild; and not the houses and the cities only, but the life itself, raising upon the ready land the brotherhood that can employ it and delight in it and use it as a people such as ours should use it.

We stand at the moment of the building of great lives, for the war's end and our victory in the war will throw that moment and the means before us. But to seize the moment and the means we must agree, as men in those New England valleys were agreed, upon the world we mean to bring about. We must agree upon the image of that world.

3

AND this precisely is the thing we have not done and seem incapable of doing. Neither in these years of war nor in the years before them; never since America became a land of wealth, a country of abundance, a nation which could bring its dreams to pass; never since the industrialization of the continent and the opening of its vast American resources of men and ore and grain and cloth and cattle — never have we considered as a people what we meant to be, what we desired.

When we speak of our ideal conception of ourselves, we speak still in terms of the agricultural and sparsely settled nation Thomas Jefferson and his contemporaries had in mind. The ideal landscape of America which Jefferson painted hangs unaltered in the American imagination — a clean, small landscape with its isolated figures, its pleasant barns, its self-reliant rooftrees, its horizons clear of the smoke and the fumes of cities, its air still, its frontiers protected by month-wide oceans, year-wide wildernesses. No later hand has touched it, except Lincoln's maybe, deepening the shadow, widening the sky, broadening the acreage of the name of freedom, giving the parts a wholeness that in brighter, sharper light they lacked. For fifty

years and longer it has been a landscape of a world that no man living could expect to see except behind him, a landscape no Americans could bring to being, a dream — but of the past, and not the future.

And yet we keep this image in our minds. This, and not the world beyond us, is the world we turn to: the lost, nostalgic image of a world that was the future to a generation dead a hundred years. No other image has been made to take its place. No one has dreamed a new American dream of the new America — the industrial nation of the huge machines, the limitless earth, the vast and skillful population, the mountains of copper and iron, the mile-long plants, the delicate laboratories, the tremendous dams. No one has imagined this America — what its life should be; what life it should lead with its great wealth and the tools in its hands and the men to employ them.

The plants and the factories and their products have been celebrated often enough — perhaps too often. The statistics have been added up. The camera has held its mirror to the great machines. But the central question we have never asked. What are they *for*, these plants and products, these statistics? *What are they for in terms of a nation of men* — in Jefferson's terms? What is the ideal landscape of this new America? What are we trying to become, to bring about? What is our dream of ourselves as a great people? What would we be if we could: what would our lives be? And how will we use this skill, this wealth, this power to create those lives?

What is demanded of us in this time of change, what our whole history and our present need demand of us, is that we find the answers to these questions — that we consider what we wish this new America to be. For what we wish to be we can become.

And if we cannot wish — we shall become that also.

4

THERE are men, it is true, who believe there are no answers. There are men, and among the wisest of our time, who do not believe that an image of this new America can be conceived — who do not believe in a world of plenty; do not believe in it with their hearts whatever their senses tell them; do not believe that the lives of men can be good lives in the industrialized society which alone makes plenty possible.

Judge Learned Hand spoke not for Mr. Justice Brandeis alone, but for many others, when he summarized the Justice's position as resting on

the strong belief that "most of our positive ills have directly resulted from great size. With it has indeed come the magic of modern communication and quick transport; but out of these has come the sinister apparatus of mass suggestion and mass production. . . . The herd is regaining its ancient and evil primacy. . . . These many inventions are a step backward . . . our security has actually diminished as our demands have become more exacting: our comforts we purchase at the cost of a softer fiber, a feebler will, and an infantile suggestibility."

And in the concluding sentences of his noble tribute to the great Justice, Judge Hand used words which many of the best of his contemporaries would speak after him without the alteration of a syllable: "You may build your Towers of Babel to the clouds; you may contrive ingeniously to circumvent Nature by devices beyond even the understanding of all but a handful; you may provide endless distractions to escape the tedium of your barren lives; you may rummage the whole planet for your ease and comfort. It shall avail you nothing; the more you struggle the more deeply you will be enmeshed."

They are eloquent words and noble words. They respond to a strong strain in the American character. But are they necessarily and inevitably true? Is it inevitable that men who contrive ingeniously to circumvent nature should live tedious and barren lives and fall into the fatness of the spirit we, as well as Justice Brandeis, have seen and hated? Is it inconceivable that men should achieve a life with the machines as disciplined and honorable and as free as the life that Jefferson believed they could achieve with mules and oxen? Is it certain that the human spirit can survive and flourish only in a world where need and hardship drive with stinging whips?

Is the fault with the machines or with ourselves? Is it because we have automobiles to ride in, because we can purchase certain commodities easily, because our presses can turn out tons of printed paper in a day, that our fiber is soft, our will feeble, our suggestibility infantile? Or is it because we do not use these things as we should use them — because we have not made them serve our moral purpose as a people, but only contribute to our private comfort as their owners?

Is the whole question indeed not a question of ourselves instead of our devices? Is it not for us to *say* how these devices, these inventions, should be used? Does their use not rest upon the purpose of their use? And does the purpose not depend upon our power to conceive the purpose — our power as

a people to conceive the purpose of the tools we use; our power as a people to conceive and to imagine?

A hundred and fifty years ago de Crèvecoeur asked a famous question¹ which has echoes now: "What then is the American, this new man?" But what then *is* he? What then is he now? A man incapable of the act of the imagination or a man to whom it is native and natural? A man to dare the dream of plenty with all its risks and dangers, or a man to hold to the old nostalgic landscape with the simple virtues safely forced upon him by the necessary self-denial?

A man who has the courage — or the foolishness perhaps — to think a nation may have physical abundance and still retain, or still not lose, its soul? Or a man to accept the shamefaced verdict of the twenty years just past and return to the discipline of want and hunger?

A man who has the hardihood or the courage to believe that the machines which have enslaved his fathers will make his children free — free as no human beings in the world have yet known freedom; free of the twisting miseries and hungers; free to become themselves? Or a man to reject the hope of that enfranchised freedom and to seek his independence in the ancient narrow circle of his old dependence on himself?

Which of these two men is the American? We should have said a while ago we knew. We should have said the American character was self-evident: A restless man. A great builder and maker and shaper, a man delighting in size and height and dimensions: the world's tallest; the town's biggest. A man never satisfied — never — with anything: his house or the town where his grandfather settled or his father's profession or even his own, for that matter. An inveterate voyager and changer and finder. A man naturally hopeful; a believing man, believing that things progress, that things get forwarder. A skillful man with contraptions of one kind and another — machines, engines, various devices: familiar with all of them. A man of certain unquestioned convictions — of a strong, natural attachment to certain ideas and to certain ideals. But first of all and foremost of all a restless man and a believing man, a builder and changer of things and of nations.

We should have said, a generation back, there was no possible doubt or question of the will and

power of this nation to propose the kind of future for itself which would employ the means of plenty for a human purpose. We should have said the principal characteristic of the American people was a confidence in the future and themselves — confidence that the future was the thing they'd make it. I cannot think, for myself, we have so changed that we do not believe this now. I cannot believe we are so changed that we'll let ourselves go with the drag and the current of history — that we'll let the future happen to us as the future happens to chips on a river or sheep in a blizzard; that we'll let the peace make us: not us the peace. I cannot believe we have so changed that we do not believe in ourselves and the future.

And yet we have not done what must be done if we believe the future is the thing we'll make it. We have not named that future.

And the time is short.

It is many years since Matthew Arnold saw his generation standing between two worlds, one dead, the other waiting to be born. Our time is still the time between these worlds; and the wars we suffer, the disasters, the uneasiness, are natural to the time we live in like the continuing and violent storms that drive the days between the seasons. We shall not have peace in truth, peace for our lives, peace for the purposes of our lives, until the world we wait for has been born. But it will not be born until we recognize it, until we shape it with our expectation and our hope. The new worlds do not bring themselves to being. Men's minds, when they are ready for them, find them. The labor and the longing must be ours.

They must be ours as men and also — and this is the truth our generation in this country must accept — as Americans. For the future is America's to make. It is not our future, as a few Americans have asked us to believe, to master or exploit. It is not an American future for some vast imperial enterprise, some huge dominion of the earth or sky. And yet it is our future. It is ours to shape. It is ours to shape, not because we have many planes or great numbers of ships or rich industrial resources but for a different reason: because we have the power as a people to conceive so great a future as mankind must now conceive — because we have behind us a tradition of imagination in the people.

But because we have the power we have also a responsibility to use the power. While there still is time.

¹ Arthur Schlesinger has an interesting discussion of de Crèvecoeur's question in the *American Historical Review*, January, 1943.

AVE ATQUE VALE

A. W.

by BOOTH TARKINGTON

ONLY three times during the nineteen years that I knew Alexander Woolcott did he speak to me of anybody so dislikingly that I'm now able to recall the incidents. Almost every year he came to visit me, often more than once and sometimes staying longer than a week; always he was in a condition of radiant enthusiasm over somebody or over some magnificent thing somebody had done.

He was catholic; the focus of his admiration might be a book, a play, a painting, a philanthropy, a college, or an orphan child, or an octogenarian lady or a fugitive Colonel or a miraculous dog or a Vermont cook or an eloquent scientist. All these were delightful marvels that in passionate generosity he wished to share with his friends. To make living pictures of them before you, he strained the language and exhausted himself with tensest acting. He struggled for supreme phrases — hushing his voice to utter them as if almost in awe, himself, of their great meaning.

Not long ago he seemed to become aware that he'd whispered "Incredible!" "Incredibly beautiful!" "Incredibly enchanting!" "Incredibly fantastic!" perhaps too often for good effect; he substituted "Fabulous!" instead. He didn't love, he adored. The water of his New England lake was all sapphires and diamonds for him.

His life seemed a kind of rapture, his own kind. He was forever building up his own world about him, forever nimbly adding new brilliancies to its gay color, forever seeking new means to describe its incomparably sparkling charms so that everybody to whom he talked might at least partly live in it with him.

He saw people as "characters" — concentratedly Woolcott characters — and he collected them as hungrily and triumphantly as some connoisseurs collect objects of art. His own character was a part of his collection and amused him profoundly. Sometimes it staggered him a little, too; for he never knew into what it might not carry him. The field of inaction and rest was the only place to which it could never lead him.

Burdened with ills of the flesh, he made them a comedy, and, like a Prince on a Progress scattering largesse, tossed gold about him sweepingly. Once he came here, to Indianapolis, had a thousand dollars for an hour's talk and gave part of it to The Seeing Eye and the rest to a local school of which he knew nothing except that some good people were struggling to maintain it.

He had the air of living in public privately, insisted upon being accepted as himself rather than as a mere celebrity; and upon the platform or before a microphone, or even to some extent upon the stage, he was still confidentially himself, as if inviting his audience to be as humanly intimate with him as he was with it. Thus people who knew him in only his public capacities really knew him pretty well and so, in multitudes, would now miss and mourn him much as his friends do. He had no aloofness; on the contrary, desiring to be no mystery himself, he sought to find and disclose the heart of every mystery that other people were. Probably this is the reason that he took such long delight in Miss Lizzie Borden and was always enchanted by intricate crime, whether it was real or only in the books.

Sometimes — always in nervous haste, I think — he verbally snubbed people. Nevertheless, in what he felt for all but comparatively a few of the human beings he encountered in his passage to that bourne whence no traveler returns, Abou ben Adhem had little on him.

. . . He had such unction in living, such love of life and such buoyant ecstasy in the very life he led that only death itself, and never the imminent threat of it, could change him. It is easy to fancy him now waking a little confusedly in the undiscovered country; then promptly finding himself and at once hastening to find others — to seek out Mr. Justice Holmes and tell him all about Dr. Eckstein, to discover Mrs. Fiske and tell her all about Mrs. Roosevelt. I think he would look up Mr. and Mrs. Borden and ask them exactly how much they remember about what happened to them; but perhaps, and almost before doing anything else, I think, he would rush to Alice Duer Miller, who would know nearly everything, to inquire where Charles Dickens lives.

The dean of American novelists, BOOTH TARKINGTON, pays this affectionate tribute to his friend of many years, Alexander Woolcott.

» Our Anglo-American relations are now, as Walter Lippmann says, so deeply engaged that "they cannot be severed." But they must be clarified.

SUSPICIONS OLD AND NEW

by ANDRE VISSON

1

BRITISH-AMERICAN solidarity is the cornerstone of the United Nations. This solidarity cannot be questioned as far as the winning of the war is concerned. But it does not exclude occasional differences in regard to the strategy to be employed, and it certainly does not exclude differences in conceptions of the post-war world.

It is the strength of the democracies that allows them to reveal their frictions and divergencies, even in wartime. A frank discussion of these frictions is often the most adequate if not the only means of dispelling misunderstandings which, if accumulated in private, might lead to mistrust.

Those frictions are, moreover, regularly exploited by Axis propaganda, which desperately tries to poison British-American relations.

A study of German short-wave broadcasts to the United States and Great Britain reveals what the German experts in psychology believe to be the most vulnerable points on the British-American front. They are:—

1. The traditional charge of rival imperialisms.
2. The insistence on mutual economic exploitation.
3. The disagreement over war strategy and political policies.
4. The disunity in the military command.
5. The reiteration to Americans that "Britain will fight to the last American soldier," and the reiteration to the British that Britain's exposed position marks it as "America's aircraft carrier."

These same points are pressed in German domestic broadcasts. To bolster the German morale,

ANDRÉ VISSON, who acts as a referee of the Anglo-American differences, is a European with an extensive knowledge of the international scene. Born in Russia, educated in Switzerland, France, and England, he is today the Washington correspondent for *Time* magazine and the author of a syndicated column which deals each week with the "inside problems" of the United Nations. From May, 1942, to January, 1943, he served on the Planning Board of the OWL.

Dr. Goebbels is doing his best to overemphasize British-American "disunity."

These are the points he stresses:—

1. American criticisms of British policy in India.
2. American-British rivalry for the control of North Africa.
3. Disturbances allegedly caused by the American troops in Britain.
4. Frictions which arise around Lend-Lease and the negotiations of the war debts.
5. Questions about which people—the British or the Americans—pay more taxes, build more ships, and so on.

Despite his skill and experience, Dr. Goebbels has not succeeded in compromising British-American unity. It would be erroneous, however, to ignore this propaganda completely, since it consistently seeks to aggravate mutual prejudices and to exploit all actual or potential sources of friction and contradiction between the two countries.

Some people doubt if it is wise for the democracies to bring such suspicions into public discussion. I believe, however, that a free and frank discussion of America's complaints in relation to Britain, and of Britain's complaints in relation to America, can only strengthen British-American solidarity.

2

American Complaints

Different surveys of American public opinion have shown that about 25 per cent of Americans can be described as more or less unfriendly towards Britain. Within this minority is the hatred which has been fostered for generations among the Irish-Americans. This vociferous minority breaks out in one or another of the following charges:—

1. Britain is imperialistic and has developed an unprogressive colonial system, which it seeks to preserve after the war.

The British Empire is to be judged by the British policy in India. The fact that the natives in Malaya and in Burma did not fight on the British side is evidence of the failure of the British colonial policy.

2. Britain has not yet pulled its weight in the war. Britain keeps its troops at home and wants America to win the war for it. (The advance of the British Eighth Army in North Africa has somewhat tempered this complaint.)

3. The sum of \$6,353,143,000 (out of the total Lend-Lease sum of \$8,252,733,000) allotted to Great Britain and the British Empire is a great drain on American resources and is involving America increasingly in "Britain's war."

This problem of Britain's lion-share in the Lend-Lease is confused with its failure to pay its debts in the last war.

4. The traditional prejudice against the British, their aristocratic society and their "old school ties." They are accused of being superior, condescending, Machiavellian.

5. Britain cannot be trusted to coöperate in the post-war world. Its aims are said to be "selfish and imperialistic." Its bankers and industrialists are expected to resume their fight against their American competitors on the world markets. British diplomats are supposed to outsmart their American colleagues.

3

The British Reply

1. Americans accuse us of being imperialistic. They say that our Empire is "unprogressive," but Australia, Canada, Eire, New Zealand, and South Africa represent the largest federation of free peoples in the modern world. The Dominions are in no sense subject to Great Britain. Australia, Canada, and New Zealand entered the war voluntarily. Eire voluntarily stayed out. We surrendered the Iraq mandate in 1930. We recognized Egypt as an independent sovereign state in 1922. We agreed upon certain reservations regarding our military and naval forces in Egypt in 1932.

Americans point out that the natives in Malaya and in Burma did not fight on our side, while the Philippines fought on theirs. But the Philippines had almost five centuries of Christian civilization and the Malaysians are profoundly Oriental and profoundly pacifist in the Oriental sense. It is our fault that we did not develop in them the feeling of responsibility. But if we had organized a regular native army in Malaya, we should have been attacked at home by the Church, the liberals, and the pacifists.

Americans reproach us for our policy in India. It

is unfair to judge our imperialism by our treatment of India. It is as difficult for Americans to appreciate the Indian problem as it is for us to understand the Negro problem in the United States.

2. About their war effort, the British say: —

We entered the war as unprepared as the United States, and had an isolationist sentiment, just as America did.

After Dunkirk we had less than one armored division with which to defend ourselves.

We sent troops to Libya and Abyssinia, nevertheless, and if the assistance we gave to the Greeks was not sufficient, it at least helped to buy invaluable time for the Russians.

For a year and a half the British Navy, single-handed, patrolled and kept free 125 million square miles of water. Even today this navy carries the major burden of convoys from the United States to Russia and to the Far East. We provided the bulk of the transports and the naval escorts for the North African campaign.

The Royal Air Force has materially weakened the German war production and civilian morale, thus indirectly assisting Russia.

British troops in Britain are expeditionary forces training for the invasion of Europe.

We marshaled our manpower to such an extent that only three millions (including children, sick, crippled, and aged) are now not engaged in some form of national service.

3. To the complaint that they get the lion's share of Lend-Lease, the British answer: —

The transfers made under Lend-Lease are not commercial loans. They are contributions of material to a common pool with which a common war is being waged. After Mr. Stettinius's report, there is hardly anyone who can consider Lend-Lease as a one-way proposition.

British purchases in the United States amounted to cash payment of over \$7,000,000,000, thus far exceeding the value of goods exported up to November, 1942, under Lend-Lease agreement.

4. To the complaint about their "ossified social system" the British retort: —

Britain is now a land of "fierce and urgent economic democracy. . . . Ideas thought radical in America appear conservative in England." (The words come from an American, Allan Nevins.)

They justify their claims to social progress by the following record: —

a) Trade-unions were recognized by the Trade Union Act in 1871. (In the United States they were recognized in 1933.)

- b) National old age pensions were provided for in 1908. (In 1935 in the United States.)
- c) National Health Insurance began in 1911.
- d) National unemployment insurance began in 1912. (In 1935 in the United States.)
- e) Maternity and welfare of children under five became a national public service in 1918. (In 1935 in the United States.)
- f) More than one third of the total number of houses in Britain today were built between 1918 and 1939.
- g) About 85 per cent of the purchasing power in England is now in the hands of those earning less than \$4000 a year.
- h) The income tax has been raised to a standard of 50 per cent plus a surtax which at the highest rate brings the total income tax to 97 per cent. The income tax starts at \$440 a year. Only 80 persons enjoy a net income of \$25,000 a year (compared to 7000 in 1939).
- i) Social security is carried one step further in the recommendations of the Beveridge Report.

4

DOUBT about British sincerity in post-war world coöperation constitutes *the most serious American complaint*. It is actually the crucial point of British-American relations. All the traditional prejudices and all the inevitable frictions between the two peoples who have had to adjust their individual efforts for a common aim could not compromise or affect British-American solidarity as far as the winning of the war is concerned. The two nations are determined to employ all their energies and resources for that purpose.

American doubts about British sincerity in the shaping of the post-war world are the more serious because the British answer that they have, on their side, exactly the same doubts about American sincerity — or capacity, some of them say, to continue in post-war times the coöperation established during the trying years of the war.

There is considerable anxiety in London over the possible outcome of the 1944 Presidential election. Mr. Eden, during his recent visit, listened attentively to Administration views and was no less eager to discover what the Republicans' stand might be on international affairs. The British have a vivid remembrance of the American withdrawal after the last war. They interpret the Republican gains in the last Congressional elections as the indication of a possible "isolationist reaction." They express their apprehensions lest big business

dominate America's foreign policy after the war. Naturally, it is the Labor Party which is especially worried about this big-business domination. But the Conservatives also share these anxieties — they are afraid that American big business will emerge in the post-war world much stronger than British big business.

In the United States many Americans are wondering whether British big-business interests will not try after the war to revive the "liberal, benevolent" imperialism of Cecil Rhodes or even to resume, with a new vigor, the shrewd economic competition which, in 1920, resulted in the complete elimination by the Royal Dutch-Shell trust of the American oil interests in the Near East.

The British stress that their uncertainty about America's post-war coöperation obliges them to provide all possible economic assurances. They explain that this uncertainty is also responsible for their desire to tighten and consolidate their coöperation with Russia.

The American public would feel much happier about the British if the latter would, for example, announce the abandonment of their bases in the Far East (Hong Kong and Singapore). The British answer that they would gladly augment American satisfaction in this way if the United States could guarantee its coöperation in the establishment of international world-wide security.

They say that if the American diplomats resent the continued British attempts to play their traditional part of "go-between" between the United States and other foreign powers (as has happened recently in relations with the Fighting French, with the Near Eastern peoples, and with Russia), it is mainly because, unable to obtain from the United States any definite guarantees on post-war coöperation, they feel that they must improve their own diplomatic positions throughout the world. They do not always say it, but they believe that their centuries-old experience in international affairs entitles them to play this part, not only for their own benefit, but also for that of the United States.

In answer to the American apprehensions about the British economic and trade policy after the war, they point out that when they accepted the idea of America as "Democracy's Arsenal," and later the Lend-Lease agreement, they exposed themselves to a very great danger. America, which sends "tools" for the victory in ever increasing quantities, will necessarily emerge after the war with a much more powerful industry to compete with the British in the markets of the world.

As to Lend-Lease, the British feel that it might enable the United States to impose a number of

crippling obligations upon them after the war. They fear that the United States may demand repayment in commodities (tin and rubber) or in territories (more naval and air bases) or in the control of the sea or the airways.

The comments which Mrs. Clare Booth Luce's speech on air control after the war provoked in Britain are an excellent illustration of the British state of mind. The British are continually apprehensive that the Americans might constitute, in the post-war world, a very serious competition not only for their merchant marine but also for their air-transport lines.

There is no doubt, on the other hand, that the Americans intend to get for themselves after this war the places they feel entitled to in the world markets. No American will understand why, for instance, the British should keep the monopoly of Lloyd's reinsurance transactions.

5

ANY comparison of British and American complaints reveals that both countries are particularly concerned about the post-war era.

The Empire is for the English the geographical solution of their economy. It was the prosperity created by imperial markets which allowed Britain to increase her population fivefold during the last century. Loss of these markets without economic compensation would ruin England. The British complain that certain Americans seem unable to realize that if Britain is going to survive at all as a great power after the war, then the Empire — in some form or other — will have to survive with it. The British are apprehensive that "idealist" America will force them to make many political and especially economic sacrifices, and that then an "isolationist" America may arise which will refuse to consider these sacrifices and to assure Britain of the necessary American support.

The main American complaint is that the British are too slow to make those concessions which the Americans consider necessary in India, in the Near East, and in the Far East. The main American apprehension is that after the war British trade interests will dominate British foreign policy.

Sir Philip Sassoon said that he believed in a British-American economic marriage, with South America as the "wedding ring." But there are American skeptics who wonder whether Latin America might not become a ground for economic divorce.

The British themselves emphasize that Britain

is a country with a large importing surplus. As a result of its imports the countries which furnish it with necessary materials have a supply of British currency which incites them to become British customers. The United States, on the other hand, is a country with a large export surplus. Therefore there is a shortage of American currency in world markets. After this war, there is a risk that sterling will be still more widely offered, while the United States dollar will become even more scarce. It is obvious that it will not be very easy to coördinate British and American trade and financial interests. Yet such a coördination is vital to both nations.

Conferences on food and currencies, to be followed by others on metals, oil, and communications, are supposed to assure after the war the coördination of American and British economies, which has been established for the duration by such coöperative bodies as the Combined Food Board, the Combined Shipping Adjustment Board, and other agencies.

The real problems of British-American relations, as we have seen, concern post-war coöperation. The British want to be assured that the Americans will coöperate with them for international security and for the creation of a free but coördinated trade which would enable Britain to maintain its standard of living.

The Americans expect the British statesmen to reassure them that if the old imperialism is gone, a new Anglo-American ideal is being created out of the present international chaos — an ideal which will express all that is best in the traditions common to England and America.

An intelligent and courageous Englishman, Mr. Geoffrey Crowther, wrote: "The American people have to learn the responsibilities of their strength; the British people have to learn the limitations of their weakness."

A witty and equally intelligent American diplomat found, on the other hand, this excellent formula to explain the chaos which preceded this war: "In the years between the two wars," he said, "the British knew what they wanted and knew how to get it. But they always wanted the wrong things. We, however, could not get what we wanted, because we did not know what we wanted."

This time let us hope that the British will want the "right things" and that the Americans not only will know what they want, but will know how to get it. Once America realizes "the responsibilities of its strength," it will be able to make the best possible use of its power in order to promote liberty and justice in world affairs — for its own benefit and for the benefit of all other free nations.

OLD ENGLAND MY EYE!

A Middle Westerner's View

by ARTHUR KUDNER

1

IT HAD been nearly ten years since I was last in England. I carried with me, besides the fifty-five pounds of baggage allowed on the Clipper, some notions of Britain that probably would have checked pretty closely with your own. You know: the old lion at bay, game, gallant, but creaking in every imperial joint, head "bloody but unbowed," and all that.

Three or four days after landing, was my imagination red!

The first sight to dispel any such notion is the look on the faces of the people. That pulls your gaze from the blitz-scarred background in a hurry. It's no spent, martyred, or dogged look, let alone a desperate one. It's a young, confident, eagerly cheerful look. These people are more cheerful than we are. The only other look vying with cheerfulness in their faces is one of kindly solicitude for you.

This is no mere facial mask. It runs through their pulses and right down to their heels. Your ears verify it. You hear it in the brisker cadence of their step. If they strolled or strode at an average seventy-five or so to the minute in the old days, they must be clicking off an easy hundred or better now. They're going somewhere, on business. They have things to do, every one. They know what those things are, and how to do them.

This is not to say that the people of Britain have brushed off the memory of the blitz with a gay "so what." No people could do that. No people of spirit could want to.

A Middle Westerner who recently visited England as a member of the Harriman Mission, ARTHUR KUDNER is a native of Michigan who has seen in his life and at close hand the complete build-up of our motor industry. Born in Lapeer in 1890, he began life as a cub reporter on his father's newspaper. From a metropolitan newspaper career he gravitated to advertising and is today the head of the large concern which bears his name. But always he has followed with intimacy and knowledge the work of such men as Kettering, Sloan, Knudsen, Litchfield, and Cur-tice. When he looks at England, he does so with the eyes of a Middle Westerner.

What seems to have happened is that recollection of the agonies and anxieties they have borne — before Dunkirk and after, through the bombings and fires, during the long aching time they stood alone — comes filtered to them now through recollection also of "their finest hour." They took all there was to take. Braced to the crisis, they withstood it. They struck bottom. There was nowhere to go but up. They enjoy going up, and are delighted at having company on the way.

There are other things than memory to remind them. There are the battered, scorched, pitted façades of the buildings, mile after drab mile of them. There are the windowless walls, and the emptinesses where buildings once stood. There are the tidied-up wastes and rubble, the blast walls, shorings, sandbags, the "static water" stored in cellars open to the sky. There is the great bleak area — a setting big as Akron, say — where St. Paul's stands vast in lonely splendor; a setting now nothing but gritty ruin, hammered level to ruddy dust. There are the maimed and the dead.

But the people stand out from all this like a bright penny in a grimy hand. In uniform or out, in village, city, or countryside, they and their purposeful activities feature and dominate the scene. They have had more than their faces lifted in recent months. They have had their hearts lifted. Perhaps being thirty miles from the enemy instead of three thousand, and getting steadily closer, has had something to do with that. Whatever it is, these British folks are putting their backs into the war with a single-mindedness and competence not even dimly comprehended by most of us here at home.

I had a chance to see this firsthand. On my own, and at times of my own selection, I made inspection visits to a string of British munitions factories and shipyards. Out of the variety of impressions gained from this kibitzing, four high-lighted themselves as of special interest.

The first I have already mentioned: the undistracted wholeheartedness with which the British people are devoting themselves to the needs, tasks, and duties of the war.

The second is that, in a measure not hitherto remarked, the widespread utilization of unskilled and untrained workers, and particularly of "green" female workers, hangs on American manufacturing techniques stemming from our type of machine production.

The third is that the morale of British workers, male and female, and of the people of the plant towns generally, is well into the "second wind" stage and, barring catastrophe, doubtless will continue both cheerful and lasting.

The fourth is that, in British thinking and doing, this is indeed a "people's war," and it is plain that in the almost universal training being given boys and girls, not only in producing war materials but in mercantile pursuits, Britain is accumulating as a by-product an asset of incalculable value for the years to come.

2

THE plants I picked out to visit varied sharply in size, kind, and method. Some were representative of the most modern techniques. Some were working new automatic machines alongside reconditioned or adapted old ones. Some were specialized plants recently built, designed solely for their current purpose. Some were small "family firms" typical of thousands in the country.

Others were converted plants, and showed it, their production lines cluttered and cramped by special need, their sweep choked, and their supervision complicated by interior blast walls. Some were so-called "shadow plants"; some were "dispersal plants." Some worked thousands, some only a few score hands. Despite such variations, all contributed to the impressions I have cited.

No one can visit these factories, see the mood of the people in them, and miss the feeling of settled, confident purpose, the not-to-be-altered resolve, the sense of dedication that pervades them all. These men and women are working to win. They are set to win and expect to win. They waste no energy on speculating *when* the war will end; their whole concern is to make sure *how* it will end. Even so, there was almost a "home stretch" buoyance to be detected in the air.

This is not the "patient endurance" of which Vice President Wallace speaks, in linking British indomitability with what he described as the courage and intelligence of the Russians and the military

might of the United States. This is a fresh dynamism, new to England. I suspect it flows from the new strain and segment of workers, the so-called "green" help, particularly women, who are turning in so remarkable a job.

Much has been said of the great work these factory women and girls are doing. Yet far more remains to be said and needs saying. They rise in the dark in their chill, plain rooms, line up in the dark for their transport, spend as much as two hours in the dark during winter days getting to and from work, mind the machines or the testing or inspection benches all day long under artificial light, emerge again in the dark, and yet find it in their hearts to smile and sing at their tasks.

They're young, most of them, in their early twenties or below. You see them in training, far younger some of them, along with the younger boys, many of whom stand perched on boxes to reach up to the machines. And the factories are by no means the only area of effort fed and quickened by their deft hands and nimble brains.

An old business friend, head of one of the largest retail food chains in Britain, gave me this light on the picture. "Each of our stores," he said, "averages some tens of thousands of transactions every week. What with the combing out of manpower, we now have only one older man in each store — a man unfit for industrial or military use. The real job is done by the kids. They've taken over, and what they've done has amazed us. They handle all the details of the business, the complications of the point rationing system and all that, and never miss a trick."

That's the way it is. You can multiply the instances indefinitely. Girls on the assembly lines, boys in the planes, girls in the buses and lorries, boys manning the ships, girls on the land, boys serving the guns, girls in the home guards, boys running the shops. Old England my eye!

It seems clear that the tremendous contribution the women of Britain are now able to make to munitions production is in great part made possible by the spread of American manufacturing techniques. The key to this is, of course, the breaking down of the job into small components suitable for machines to handle.

Unskilled operatives can be quickly and adequately trained for this specialized work, and the narrower the specialization the simpler the training. It is a long task to make an all-round mechanic — too long for the pace and urgency of modern war. But the "small piece" technique makes it possible to recruit raw help in great numbers and to get it

quickly into productive activity. Relatively few hands need longer training as fitters, tool setters, and such.

I am told women like the machine job. Certainly those I saw seemed to. They are well adapted temperamentally, their foremen say, to the work. They like, rather than resent, the repetitive unvarying action the machine imposes. The men operatives are different. They chafe under the routine, like to shift operations and to wander about the plant occasionally.

We have a general conviction on this side that British men workers have no instinct for our type of machine operation — “no mechanical sense” is the accustomed phrase. How accurate that is I cannot judge. But it is clear that British girls and women are introducing an unanticipated factor which may one day compel our consideration. That is the “newcomer enthusiasm” they bring to the machine and its possibilities — a production stimulant we have largely lost.

3

THE youth, the deftness, the will, the earnestness these folks pour into their country's endeavor, are helped along by many an example of catch-as-catch-can psychology. The veteran superintendent of a big ordnance works making naval cannon was saying how much and how swiftly his personnel had had to be expanded to meet the demands of the war. Once he knew his men as he knew his own family; it is different now.

“But as we walked through the plant,” I said, “it seemed to me these people knew you, felt a common aim with you. If most of these folks are new, how did you manage that?”

His eyes twinkled. “Ah, that took some doing,” he said. “I worried a lot about us all feeling strange. So one morning I cut the biggest rose I could find in my garden and brought it in. I showed it to two or three of the old hands and offered to bet that no one around the works could grow as fine a rose as that.

“‘Can't we now!’ they came back. And next morning they showed up each with a bigger rose. The morning after, a couple of dozen chaps showed up with prize roses, some of them new men. The story soon got around that a lot of the boys had taken the old man's measure on rose growing. We weren't so much strangers after that.”

Again, a peacetime maker of gramophone motors who is now breaking production records on anti-aircraft shells and getting the kick of his life out of it offered this one. His plant is a slapdash affair, steel

roofs and paper walls. He employs about 85 per cent girls. The whole place was pulsing like a conga band, but his machines glistened like clean watches, and his parts rejections were down almost to zero.

“Our first plant was in London,” he said, “and during the bombings we got somewhat cuffed about. Naturally, our folks got jittery and kept to the shelters a lot. I couldn't blame them, even though production went 'way down. But I had a son at school in Wales, in a pretty safe area, so I asked him to come home. The next time things started popping, I walked into the shelter and told our people about it. I said I didn't know what they were going to do, but that my son and I were going back to work in the plant, blitz or no blitz.

“Well, they told me off all right. They said I certainly wasn't going back alone, and nearly knocked me over hustling back to their places. Soon after that the plant got one direct and was demolished. I wangled together a lot of trucks and buses, moved the whole bunch up here, got 'em quartered, and found a building — not much good, but good enough. Here we are, hot at it.” I learned later that this makeshift layout is one of the most efficient in Britain.

It takes other turns, this impulse for teamwork in the interest of getting things done. I was prowling around on some night tours, talking with second-shift workers. In this, a converted motorcar plant, the shelters were under the floors. I looked into a couple of them and asked one of the workmen if they used them much.

“Not any more,” he said. “We used to get down there with every alarm. But we found we couldn't get any production that way, starting and stopping. So we proposed that we elect some of our own fellows to do the roof-watching — fellows we knew and trusted. They're up there now. If Jerry comes over, we pay no attention. The sirens can go and the guns can go; we keep working. But if he does come close enough to put us in danger, our boys will send us out of reach in time. That's between us; management and the government have nothing to do with it.”

This arrangement, I am told, prevails throughout Britain. It is a single sample of the attitude by which the rank and file of people are making this in truth their war. There are many such indications. They touch everything from production to food, from “austerity,” which has to do with all the things you can do without, to “security,” which has to do with all the things you might know but mustn't say.

The pressure in these matters comes less from the government than from the people themselves. They know what the score is, good or bad. It's their show;

they do the working and the paying and the dying, and they realize it. So they project, ponder, protest, adjust, and support the official programs, understanding them to be in their interest and behalf.

Food is a good example. For more than a century Britain has imported most of what she eats. That costs lives and ships on the sea, these days, not to mention what it would cost on land if the supplies failed to come through. So rationing is rigid and exact. The people are all for this. They know the necessity. They applaud the good administration the program has had, and cooperate with it. They turn in with stern satisfaction the wasters or the careless, and the courts do the rest. The papers carry many a story like that of the man fined for feeding his dog a spare slice of bread, or of the woman fined for scattering crumbs to birds.

4

THEY'RE not fooling, the people of Britain. They're dead serious about their war. So if a factory hand repeatedly reports late, or is needlessly absent, or coasts indifferently on the job, his mates, feeling he is letting them down, handle that, and turn him in, too. The same with the use of cars or petrol. Necessity is the yardstick. And if a man stops off at a movie, and to do so drives seventy yards off his specified route to get to a parking lot, he gets a summons and a fine — or the newspaper in which I read that was misinformed.

The result is, Britain is doing a formidable much with what by our accustomed standards would be a disquieting little. Production is high, the quality of output good. Morale is steady and cheerful, well founded on works instead of words. Food is not scarce. The most and best of what is available goes to factory canteens or to like places for the workers who need it most. It is plentiful for all nutritional needs. To my taste, some foods are even too plentiful. Brussels sprouts, for example, fall squarely in that category.

Detectable everywhere is a marrow-deep yearning, past prayer and not yet daring to be hope, to be one with the people of America in understanding and aspiration, in comradeship without end. They are profoundly grateful for what is. They have a heartfelt sense of what might be.

I suppose no American with all his buttons likes to think of his country in the role of Santa Claus or a patsy to the others. Uncle Sap — the gibe hurts to the quick. Like most of us, I knew little more about Lend-Lease and its operations than the

powder-puff and false-teeth feature yarns in the papers, and they weren't reassuring. Of course we had to pull our weight in what was everybody's scuffle, but the suspicion hovered that the arrangement resembled that of the promoter who proposed a trip to Europe, he to furnish the ocean and the other fellow the ship.

You don't have to be in England long to feel contrite about thoughts like that. You can't talk to our fellows who work with the British on the needs of our troops or airmen and not wish you had never thought like that at all. When they tell you the kind of cooperation they get, night and day, in the air or on the ground, in whatever quarter asked, at whatever inconvenience or sacrifice, you get ashamed that all of us are not more informed and less voluble.

This reciprocal aid was greatest when the need was most acute. As our production rises, as shipping facilities expand, as the full tide of our war-making comes to flood, this ratio will of course go down. Let us not then forget that when the going was toughest, Britain did her first-rate utmost alike by Russia and by us, and that it was out of all proportion to her relative productive power and her own requirements.

5

ONE day this war will end. What will become then of the vast energies now enmeshed, the purposes now pooled, the duties now shared, the hopes now joined between this up-and-coming England and our own unprecedentedly powerful land? Certainly I don't know. But if future peace in the world depends upon collaborative action chiefly between these two peoples, I think I do know one or two things.

One is that epithets like "isolationist" and "interventionist" are meaningless, and have nothing to do with the question. Another is that when, with peace, the let-down comes, it will be too late to supply any effective answer. Another is that attempts to cement the two peoples together simply by talk and good intentions will fail. Another is that *only an undertaking of a size and character to excite the imagination, the moral perception, and the practical sense of the two peoples* can get anywhere.

Ortega y Gasset has a sage comment on this. He has pointed out that groups come together and stay together for definite reasons. "They have a community of intentions, of desires, of great common usefulness. They do not live together in order to be together. They live together in order to do something together."

What, conceivably, do the people of America and the people of England want to do together? That's easy; they want to win this war and to erase the threat of the next one. They want to profit from the lesson of the last peace, which is that after the war you cannot "go back" to where you were and yet escape the consequences of repeating the conditions which brought war on.

After all, what's wrong with going ahead? It means believing in the future, certainly. I must confess I do believe in it, especially since it is the only parcel of time left to us. And I believe that if as a people we so will, we shall stand at the war's end in a time as clearly marking the past from a well-nigh boundless future as the day on which Columbus sailed from Genoa.

Much of the promise of this future lies within our own borders. More of it lies outside, if we want to lift our sights. There's plenty to be done, in whatever quarter of the world you care to name. Where you find that, you find also the great chance for the serviceable, the diligent, and the bold.

Suppose, to go adventuring for a moment, Britain and the United States set about making common cause with China in her aims for development. It need not be China; it could be South America or Russia, or wherever humankind has aspirations, wherever exposure to the possibilities of better and happier living would create wants and the need to create the means of satisfying them.

Britain and America could work together in such a field to mutual benefit, and keep on working together. In the main the talents of the two countries are less competitive than complementary. British genius is for the development of export markets, American for the development of domestic. Each has much to learn from the other for the service of a world in which there can be ample room for all.

Britain lives by export. We talk spacioously about our own international trade. It is a mouth-filling subject, but in discussing it we often forget one thing. That is, in peacetime the average annual volume of our week-end motor tourist business, our hot-dog industry so to speak, runs more than twice the average annual volume of our exports as recorded over a considerable period of years.

Coming back to our prospect in China, if there is where it turns out to be. We might jointly supply, scrupulously on a pay-out and not on a gouge-out basis, the engineering, funds, technicians, equipment, supervisors, training, to help her help herself. Her great east-to-west rivers from time immemorial have periodically jumped their banks, bringing famine, waste, and death to her people. Why should

she not throw great hydroelectric dams across these truant rivers, use the power to operate needed transportation lines north and south, opening her great ore reserves to feed the heavy industries her possibilities and security demand?

The long-range objective would be to lift not only the incomes and living standards of China's millions, but in their turn those of the additional millions of other people in the Asiatic area that she might one day serve. That is no little undertaking, but surely the time for little undertakings is past. Even partial accomplishment would pretty well dispose of worries about future markets, or capacity employment, for everyone concerned. It would provide new frontiers founded on desires and needs, far less limited than any founded on geography.

You fear we can't compete in such markets? Perhaps not. If we can't, we had better face that now. We had better get ourselves technologically hot and bothered and think our way to a plane of efficiency where we can. Ultimately we can't get by on any other basis.

You may say all this oversimplifies the matter. Of course it does. All consequential projects have to be oversimplified at the outset — whether you contemplate revolution, matrimony, going in business for yourself, or an epochal invention. The point remains: if you want constructive collaboration between our people and the people of Britain, give them some task of challenging magnitude like this to do and they'll work together, advance together, stay together.

They will then make real what has been called the century of the common man and, what is equally important, of the uncommon man also. Without the latter and his works the common man won't get far. Beat your breast about him all you like; he never has.

In the old West, in the days when the fidelity of a comrade might well mean life or death on the trail, the plainsmen had a saying about the man who did not falter before peril. They said simply, "He'll do to take along."

We are fighting a grievous and terrible war alongside Britain and have every chance now to see just how she measures up. Judging by what I saw in England, she can be counted on to do her full part with magnificent vigor and valor. Assuming that we do not wish to stand alone amid the shifting forces and hazards of an unpredictable world in times to come, we ought to ask ourselves if she will do to take along. We must settle now if she is our kind of partner.

Do you know of a better one?

THE GREAT DECEPTION

by ROBERT RICHARDS

1

ONCE there was a town in South Carolina that did not like John C. Calhoun. Its people hated him. They named the rats in their barns after him, and took double pleasure in the shooting.

They said, "He's another one from the hills. He'll fade. Yes, give him time and he'll fade."

There can be no purpose in revealing this town's location, because even today there are people in South Carolina who might do it harm speaking harshly of Mr. Calhoun, but it is safe to say it lies near the heart of the state; not too near the sea for some, yet not too far for others.

Of course, as always in America, there was at least one man who disagreed with the others. There was one in this town who loved Calhoun — and he was but a simple tailor.

It is to the credit of these normally intolerant people that they did not ride this tailor from town on a rail. They did not even break the windows of his shop, or allow their larger boys to twist his thin arms as they passed him on the street. For one thing he was a good tailor, — the best to be had at the price, they said, — and for another they loved him.

They loved him because he had come into this town an orphan. He had grown, as the sparrow grows, from door to door, — eating here and sleeping there, — until the feeling became permanent that here was the ward of every man; here was the town's responsibility.

Because of this, because he was almost a foster son, they went into his shop to argue with him.

"Look, Tom Howard," they said. "You're a good fellow, but you're wrong. Just as wrong as you can be."

Cross-legged Tom would pull a stitch here, or miss a stitch there, staring at his visitors with wide-open eyes. "Why?" he asked.

"You shouldn't admire this John Calhoun," they told him. "He isn't the man you believe him to be, Tom. If you really knew him, you would laugh. He looks like a scarecrow, with knots for hands and string for hair. You shouldn't go about telling people you like this Calhoun. It won't help you along, or butter your bread."

Then Tom Howard would pucker his lips into a slow smile, looking at Calhoun's picture on the wall, studying the gaunt face and angry eyes. "Well, sir, he ain't much to look at, but he's about the dangerous man in the state," Tom always said.

Some people called the tailor ungrateful, asking: "What else can you expect from vagrant stock?" They worried aloud, discussing it among themselves. They worried about Tom Howard's influence with the little people of the town: the people who did not say much, and did not own much beyond a few barren acres, but who held a ballot in their hands.

"One rotten apple in a barrel, you know," the anxious ones said. There was always the fear that John C. Calhoun might carry this town, might tuck its votes into his pocket some dark night — like a watch and chain — on his way to Washington. "When that happens, we'll be laughed from the state," they said. "If it happens, you can blame Tom Howard."

Others, Josh Greene among them, said, "No, our Tom is all right. He won't influence any man's vote. We'll bring him around."

Josh Greene owned a plantation that covered more ground than most small farmers walk over in a lifetime. It was Josh who later changed his mind

A Kentuckian, now in his twenty-eighth year, ROBERT RICHARDS was educated in the high school and state college at Memphis, Tennessee. He broke into print as a cub reporter on the *Memphis Press-Scimitar*, spent two years in the sports department, three years at the copy desk, and has now been called to the New York headquarters of the United Press, where he is being trained as a war correspondent. His earlier stories and his first novel, *I Can Lick Seven*, have appeared under the *Atlantic* imprint.

and did a terrible thing to poor Tom Howard, but that's getting the hounds ahead of the fox. This South Carolina gamecock drank his whiskey from the keg, balancing it high on his shoulder, and some said he chased tavern women too much, but he was a thinking man.

Josh said, "This Tom of ours came into the world with nothing, and so did this John C. Calhoun — at least, with almost nothing. It isn't far from natural then that Tom should like the man, but we'll cure him of it in time. We'll make this politician look silly, and Tom Howard will be the first to see it."

2

AS TIME passed and Calhoun became more famous, — with people calling him Mr. Calhoun, or the great Calhoun, even when he wasn't present, — it looked as if the town could never make Tom Howard recant. There was no chance to prove this thing to him, or so it seemed. Of course, that was before Tom fell in love.

After he fell, after he told Josh Greene about it, things were different. Josh said, "This is what I've been waiting for."

It began one night in Tom Howard's shop. Josh Greene was there, tapping the floor with his silver-mounted stick, as were several of Tom's other friends. There are those who claim little Tom tried to match Josh, glass for glass, and, being of shorter stature, filled up faster.

Tom Howard said, "There's a girl around here I'm going to marry."

"A girl?" asked Josh Greene, putting aside his liquor, not trusting his ears.

"Yes," said Tom. "A redhead, Mr. Greene, the likes of which you have never seen. I've passed her house in my buggy and I've looked at her and she has looked at me. I tell you, sir, I'll marry that girl."

Tom Howard did not tell it all; he wasn't drunk enough for that. He didn't tell how once she had laughed when his little mare shied at a loose stone in the road, and how the sound of it quickened his blood and sat beside him on the wagon seat all the way home.

He was thinking of this, and other things, when Josh Greene said, "Why, Tom, you're thirty if you're a day. You're thirty, man, and never kissed a woman — any woman. How can you expect to marry one?"

"I can with your help," said Tom. "They say you know women like a book, Mr. Greene. They say you've read all the pages."

Being a generous man, a kindhearted man, Josh Greene almost said, "Tell me what you wish, Tom. I'll help." He almost spoke, but caught the words behind his lips. No, it was true what the others had said, it had been true for some time — Tom Howard was swinging votes within the town to John Calhoun. It wasn't that Tom asked for them, or campaigned for them, but the little people followed him. "That Tom knows what he's about," they said.

The vote had grown so rapidly that Calhoun, himself, was coming into the town. He was to stand on Tom Howard's porch, overlooking the market place, and he was to speak to those who had voted for him. It is said his friends warned Calhoun against this visit but he had replied, "I'll win this town over. I'll stop this thing."

So Josh Greene, being a thinking man, held his liquor and held his tongue — the better to use his wits.

"Will you help me?" asked Tom.

Josh told his friends later the idea came to him unbidden, as great thoughts often come. He reached out and there it was, like a coat, ready to be worn.

"I could help you, Tom, but that right belongs to another man," Josh said.

"To whom?" asked Tom Howard.

"To John Calhoun," replied Josh. "He'll be in town tomorrow. He wouldn't be coming if it were not for you. Surely a man like this Calhoun will jump at the chance to repay such a debt. He'll want the chance. Ask him to visit the girl's home, talk shop with her father or pinch the cheeks of her mother, and put in a good word for you. Then you go along later, Tom. You can go driving behind my best pair of bays, and she'll be glad. She'll welcome you as the friend of Mr. Calhoun."

"I'll do it," said Tom, dropping his glass.

Josh Greene felt more than liquor when he stumbled home that night. His wife, accustomed to his ways, did not listen when Josh muttered, "I have the old boy now. He'll cut Tom Howard off, like a rotten limb. He'll say, 'Don't bother me with such things, you fool.' He'll turn his back on Tom, and ruin himself in this man's town."

The next morning Tom's friends told him of this thing he had planned. They came to him with damp cloths for his head, and they whispered, "My, Tom, you're in for it now."

And Tom Howard realized the weight of what they said. He did not know this redhead: how could he ask the help of John Calhoun? He had never spoken to the girl. She lived at the fork of the road, six miles east of town, and sometimes she had stood at her fence as he passed — only once had she noticed him, and that was to laugh at his mare.

Someone said, "Old John C. is settin' on the porch, Tom, looking big and great. Will you ask him?"

"No," replied Tom. "I'll not ask him."

3

THEY say when John Calhoun started talking that day his voice floated up and down the street like a hummingbird and the folks who hated him, the rich ones of the town, took their children by the hand and slipped away home. The wild-haired man had a way of speaking that got under their skins and started them thinking: "Why, he's not so bad. He sounds like a right smart man."

When they realized he was pulling them to him, as he stood there with half-shut eyes, they turned and ran. "He'll not keep me from hating him," they said.

Josh Greene was one who stayed. Josh had a mind built of iron, and he never listened closely when anyone else was talking. He stood there thinking about Tom Howard and the girl, and he told himself, "Let this Calhoun talk, but he'll trip himself sooner or later."

It happened quickly, when it happened. It came from the ground and slapped Josh Greene in the face, and twisted the innards of excited Tom Howard. One minute John C. Calhoun was talking, and the crowd stood on its toes. The next minute he had finished, with his listeners waiting for the wonderful sounds to die, and he turned on Tom Howard, asking, "Well, where does this girl live?"

They say old John C. smiled when he asked this; at least, there was a crack in his face resembling a smile. He rubbed his hands together as if he were enjoying the joke he was about to play on the town. Try to trap him, like an old fool, would they? Try to trap the great Calhoun?

"Come, now, where does she live?"

Tom Howard told him, as best he could. Tom did not know what else to do — here was the great man asking questions, demanding answers. "It's six miles away, sir," he said. "You haven't the time to go out there."

While he talked, Tom Howard asked himself, "Who betrayed me? Who told him about the girl?"

As if anyone had to tell the great Calhoun.

They say Mr. Calhoun licked his lips, blinked his eyes, and three women fainted, falling upon the splintered floor of Tom Howard's porch. They say old Calhoun waved his big hat over the women's faces, one at a time, and told a small boy not to be frightened and cry. Then the women opened their

eyes, climbed to their feet, and Calhoun said, "A woman's place is in the home."

Yet he did not neglect Tom Howard, not for a minute. He turned back to Tom after the women had fled. "If I want to do a thing, I've always got the time," he said, his deep eyes shining.

The crowd fell back before the fire in his stare; it was plain to see the great man suspected someone was trying to trick him. Josh Greene dropped his silver-mounted stick, they say, and forgot to retrieve it. Later folks claimed they would have liked to have seen Dan'l Webster around that day because Mr. Calhoun was in a determined mood and might have chewed him up — without pepper or salt.

"Say the word, Tom," said Calhoun, bragging a bit for the crowd's sake, — he always loved a crowd, — "and I'll bring her home tonight for you to wed."

"Oh, no," said Tom. "Just talk enough, sir, so she'll be glad to see me."

Then John C. Calhoun climbed into his fancy buggy — they said his wife liked it better than he did — and was off down the road with the dust climbing the winds behind him. Try to trick him, would they? Try to play games with the great Calhoun?

Those nearest Tom Howard said, "My, Tom, you're lucky to have such a friend."

But Josh Greene spoke to no one: he saddled his black stallion and was off after the flying buggy. "Where is he going?" people asked, but none knew. No one ever knew much about this Josh.

It was not until later that the town discovered the evil thing in Josh's mind. When he returned, when he realized what he had done to Tom Howard, Josh was ashamed and they claim he downed an entire barrel of whiskey in a single night. "Orphan, or no orphan, it had to be done," Josh said.

He had remembered what others had forgotten, or did not know. Josh Greene owned land at the crossroads where the redhead lived, and he knew there was a house on the left and another on the right — the redhead lived on the left, while a dark-haired girl lived on the right.

4

NOW this red-haired girl was as pretty as a flash of September sun and men flocked to her like bears to a honey tree, but she had a temper as quick as her eyes were bright, and there were neighbors who said: "You wait and see, there'll be a killing over her some dark night."

The black-haired girl was as pretty and quiet as

new spring rain, and when she sat in her yard — with the wind on her face — none of the men stopped to say, “Hello.” They never looked, they never saw her sitting there. They hunted the sparkle of the redheaded girl.

Josh took a short cut across fields, crashing through woods and leaping fences. Galloping and puffing, he reached the crossroads and tied his horse back from the road. Then Josh smeared dirt on his hands and dirt on his face. He smashed his soft hat’s crown with a bang of his fist, pulling it over his eyes. Then he leaned on a fence rail beside the road, chewing a bit of stubble.

The great Calhoun came tearing down the road, driving his team like a man with a fury and using his whip as if his horses were two Congressmen from Massachusetts. He almost passed Josh Greene, but he didn’t. He pulled up, after skidding ten or twelve yards, and yelled over his shoulder, “D’you know of a pretty girl living hereabouts?”

“I might,” said Josh Greene.

The man in the buggy frowned. “I’m John Calhoun,” he said.

“Be you?”

“I am.”

“Oh,” said Josh, removing his hat and scratching his head. “If that be the case, I might as well tell you — she lives in the house at the right of the road.”

“Fine,” said Calhoun, turning to his reins. “Fine, and thank you.” He flipped a piece of silver into the air and Josh Greene caught it — and laughed aloud. It was plain to see, Josh told himself, that poor Tom Howard had been too excited to mention red hair.

Two days passed before John Calhoun returned, riding in his painted buggy. He climbed down, grinning like a cat with a bird in its teeth, and said, “All right, Tom, she’s waiting — if you’re lad enough to take her.”

Little Tom trembled: “You told her about me?”

“I told her.”

“And she wants to meet me?”

John Calhoun clapped his hands, and his eyebrows flapped in the wind. “Didn’t I say it?”

Josh Greene, standing across the street, felt the tears slip down his face — and he yearned for another drink as he watched the poor orphan, Tom Howard. Josh was never a mean man, and this trick he had played hurt deep within him. It hurt and hurt, despite the whiskey he had consumed. “I’m sorry, Tom,” he said, without moving his lips, “but it was the only way to get him.”

Others were shocked when Josh told them what

he had done. “That’s being mighty hard on an orphan boy, Josh,” they said. “He might never recover.”

They were remembering that Tom Howard was their orphan, the town’s orphan, and he had never had a love before. He had never kissed a girl, looked deeply into her eyes, or held her hand. “It’ll lick old Calhoun in this town,” they said, “but it’ll break our Tom. It’ll split him up the middle, like a ripe peach in the sun.”

As for Tom Howard, he hurried home to dress in his Sunday best. He returned in polished boots, his neatest pants, and started along the road.

“Take my buggy,” said Calhoun.

“No, I’ll walk,” said Tom. He would not take the buggy of the great man. He would go to meet her on foot. He would walk up to her house, as if it were his own idea, and say, “Hello.”

Tom Howard walked with a light heart and a loud whistle, kicking his heels high. He stepped along, like a man after a double brandy, and his head bumped the sky.

They say John C. Calhoun stood staring after Tom, shaking his head and grinning. They say old Calhoun was happy that afternoon. Later he sat on Tom’s porch in a crippled rocking chair, and folks admitted — to look at him — you’d never know he was such a hell raiser.

All this time, Josh Greene squatted in his cellar, getting drunker and drunker, and even his best friends said, “My, Josh, you’re a mean man.”

5

IT WAS dusk when Tom Howard reached the neighborhood of the two white houses — one on the right, and one on the left. When he was almost there, in sight of the roof-tops, he passed a dark-haired girl on the road. The girl smiled and said, “Hello.”

“Hello,” said Tom, but he kept walking. Black hair was pretty, and black hair was fine, but he wanted to see that redhead. He wanted to know if she was beside her fence waiting for him.

Tom had almost reached her house, the one on the left, when two men stepped from behind a bush. “What d’you want?”

“Me? I’m calling on a girl,” said Tom.

“What girl?”

“I’ll not tell you that.”

“A redheaded girl?”

“Yes, a redheaded girl.”

Both of the men pressed against him. “We’re her brothers, see? We don’t want any fancy callers

from the village. We don't like village men. You better run."

And Tom Howard ran.

John Calhoun was angry when he heard about it. "I'll go back and talk to that girl," he said. "Things are going from bad to worse in Washington, they tell me, but just the same I'll take the time."

Tom Howard waited with heavy heart, and Calhoun returned almost before he had left. "Just as I thought," he said. "That must have been two jealous suitors trying to trick you, lad. I talked to the girl, and she has no brothers. You go back to see her again."

Josh Greene watched Tom walking down the road, humming as he went, and Josh put his head between his hands. "It'll kill him when he learns the truth," said Josh. "It'll kill him to lose the girl and his faith in old Calhoun at the same time."

"Well, do something about it," his friends told him.

But Josh looked at the great Calhoun, slowly rocking on Tom Howard's porch, thinking about the things he had to do, — perhaps to this town, — and Josh replied, "No. Let him go."

No one bothered Tom Howard, no one appeared to challenge his right to walk along the road, and it wasn't long until he saw the redheaded girl. She was standing by the fence, just as she had stood the day she had laughed when his little mare danced. "It's as Mr. Calhoun said," Tom told himself. "There she is — waiting for me."

Tom slipped inside the yard and approached her. He did not know what to say, even if she spoke first. His lips were caught in knots. She saw him coming through the gloom. She saw him and asked, "What d'you want?"

"Well," said Tom. "Well —"

There was a lamp in the back of the house. A door opened, and a man stood in the yard. "Did I hear you having trouble, honey?"

"There's a man here, Pa," said the redhead. "A strange man."

Tom Howard ran; he leaped the fence without brushing its top rail and pumped off down the road.

Josh Greene saw him running in the moonlight, and Josh said: "Here it comes — here's the busted heart."

"I'll settle this," said John Calhoun, beating his knuckles against the arm of the chair.

"He's licked," said Josh. "He'll never take this town."

They rode off together early the next day, the great man and the orphan. They rode merrily enough until they neared the crossroads, and Calhoun turned toward the house on the right.

"Oh," said Tom, and he looked to the left.

That was the end of the dream, right in the middle of a Wednesday morning, and everyone knew it. That is, everyone knew it but John Calhoun. It was the finish of things for the little tailor.

Those who had slipped through the fields and trailed the fancy buggy came back and told how it happened. "I'm real sorry," said Josh, as he listened.

"But you ruined Calhoun in this town, Josh."

"Calhoun, hell," said Greene, sadly resting his weight on a liquor barrel. "I've trampled on an orphan boy."

Poor Tom Howard was gone for two weeks after that; off he had driven down the road, and never returned. There were folks in town, Josh Greene among them, who worried about it. "We might do well to search the creek for his body," they said.

"Not the creek," others insisted. "Look on the limb of a tree. They always use a limb."

Then Tom Howard came home — and with his bride.

Josh Greene, when he sobered up, was angry about it. After she had disappeared into the house, he collared the tailor: "Why, Tom, this one's hair is black. She was a redhead — you said."

But Tom Howard grinned: "No, her hair is black."

Later he told them something else. Mr. Calhoun had long since made off to Washington, but Tom whispered it just the same.

"Hell, you can't waste a great man's time," he said.

» The Liberal Arts have necessarily been minimized in our military training. How shall we bring them back when the war is over?

BRING BACK THE LIBERAL ARTS

by E. K. RAND

1

WE ALL applaud those patriotic presidents of colleges who, under the spur of the emergency, are turning their institutions into training schools. Liberal Education, though retiring discreetly for the moment, is expected to return with a new vigor, arm in arm with Victory. But should our boys, who are fighting for freedom, have no chance to fortify themselves with those studies that prepare men to be free? Psychological preparation has been employed as a deadly weapon by our enemy. We reckon ill if we neglect it in fighting down their tyranny.

In the political and social realm, the leaders of our government and those of Great Britain and many private groups are working quietly on plans ensuring the welfare of the world after the war. We shall not secure the unconditional surrender of our enemies and then assemble to debate the next step, only to be bogged in endless argument and ultimate frustration. We are thinking out that next step now. We are thinking mainly in political and economic terms. So far so good. But sound government and decent relations in society at home and abroad and in world trade must rest on the firm base of right ideals and right education. By this I mean a liberal education. And what, pray, is that?

The essence of a liberal education, like many another good thing, was invented by Plato and the Greeks and developed by Cicero and the Romans. The liberal arts, *artes liberales*, were those appropriate for a free man — not only socially free, but free in mind. They were also the *artes humanae*, those that developed the essential faculties of man as man. That is what humanism means to Cicero. In his time the number of the Arts was not precisely fixed, though they comprised at least the sacred

seven that later ages knew as the Trivium of Grammar, Rhetoric, and Dialectic, and the Quadrivium of Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy, and Music.

Cicero speaks of “the arts that are called liberal and noble — geometry, music, the knowledge of literature and poetry, and the subjects that treat the science of nature, human character and customs, and public affairs.” Grammar meant not merely the elements of a language, but “a study of the poets, a knowledge of history, an interpretation of words and the right intonation in delivery.” Rhetoric, a byword and a hissing, at least in our Eastern colleges at the present time, involved a most minute training for the orator in the art of argument, of literary composition, and of public speaking; it was indispensable for the courtroom and the Senate, in both of which an element of the theater prevailed. The crown of the liberal program was Philosophy, “the mother of the Arts.” “The theory and the practice of all the Arts that point out the right way of life are embraced in the study of philosophy.” The philosopher is defined as “one who seeks to know the inner force, the nature and the causes of all things human and divine, and to comprehend and to follow the whole right way of living.”

Why did this broad system of education last down the ages? How would it enliven us today, if only we would free it from the mummy swathes which we have woven about it?

First we see in the ancient program the germ of many if not most of the subjects that are offered in college today. Grammar and rhetoric are liberal and elastic disciplines. Science is not restricted to astronomy but includes any inquiry into the evolution of natural phenomena — for that is what Cicero’s term *de naturis rerum* implies. Philosophy gathers under its wings not only theology and psychology but economics, sociology, and all the adventures of a truth-seeking mind. This wealth of material naturally was subdivided in the course of time. The ancient tree of learning did not fail to

One of the most beloved classicists and teachers of our time, E. K. RAND has recently retired from his post at Harvard after a professorship which began under President Eliot. Now he reminds us, as did Paul Shorey twenty years ago, that we must not surrender our most precious heritage while we are in the heat of winning the war.

grow; it put forth new branches and new fruit. We have made the mistake of not allowing the learner to see the tree for the branches; and we boost him into some upper branch to make his little nest there.

The ancient plan was adaptable. As we follow its course down the centuries we note that while its essence remains the same, its contents were adjusted to the intellectual temper of the different ages. Thus in the thirteenth century, when the recovery of the real Aristotle gave a fresh impulse to speculative thought, the longing to harmonize ancient philosophy and Christian teaching became the ruling passion of the age, and received a comprehensive and ultimate treatment in the work of St. Thomas Aquinas. There was a battle between Dialectic and Literature, between Paris and Orléans, and yet the Arts remained as the basis of education. In the Renaissance, when the full wealth of Greek literature was again revealed and scholasticism quietly faded into the background and experimental science by slow stages came into its own, the Arts were still the starting point for the new advance. Similarly in the new colony on Massachusetts Bay, Harvard College was founded not primarily as a divinity school, but as a house of humanism, brought over from the elder Cambridge because it was indispensable for pastors and statesmen alike. The Arts made the world safe for Puritanism.

The program of the Arts was adaptable, but it preserved its integrity. It marched down the centuries like a Roman legion, conquering chaos with order. Cicero in more than one place dwells on that "common bond" that binds together those "noble and liberal" arts that form the human way of life. This truth, as he declares, had been proclaimed by Plato. In our day there has been a fatal tendency to speak of "the humanities," meaning literature, art, music, and philosophy, as a field dissociate from science; that would be news — unwelcome and un-understandable news — to Plato and Cicero and Virgil. Let us hope that it is a passing phase. Speaking before the New York Academy of Public Education, President Conant emphasized the interrelation that exists, and that ought to be more clearly recognized, between science and the political and social organization of a nation. That is a move in the right direction. In *A Fighting Faith*, Mr. Conant glances back at the Harvard of President Dunster's days as a period that may seem "as remote as pre-historic man. Yet viewed from another angle, the long interval of time appears to vanish." So it does if that backward glance is extended to the civilization of the Greeks and the Romans. That common experience which our students in college now crave

existed then both in education and in national life. What has chronology to do with the perennial values?

2

THERE are several misconceptions of this ancient program of the Arts, of which our colleges preserve only the title today. One is that it represented the *omne scibile*, all that was known and all that could be known. We look back with an amused condescension at the supposed complacency of the doctors of the Middle Ages or the A.B.'s of Colonial times, who carried away with them all learning in one small sheepskin. No fancy could be more grotesque. Not all the Classical authors were read, but a selection from the best. Not all history was scanned. Not all that was known, or thought to be known, about the natural world was squeezed into a nutshell.

To the Middle Ages the allegorical interpretation of the world and all that is therein was a science that occupied many minds. So did astrology, which was not all superstition but rather the "higher" astronomy, in that it did not merely describe the firmament but traced the laws governing the relations of the heavenly bodies to our corporeal "humors." The world of Chaucer, as John Livingston Lowes has delightfully shown in his book on that poet, was quite as complex intellectually as our own. There are plenty of novelties with which we must bother our heads nowadays, but, thank God, there are as many more that we no longer have to know. And yet, though the science of one age may later seem quaint, it once was science; and here we may cite another golden little book, Henry Osborn Taylor's *Fact: the Romance of Mind*.

The purpose of education was a matter for constant debate in the Harvard Commencement theses of the first century of the College's existence. Not once is the idea expressed that the Arts embraced all knowledge. Instead it is declared that their object is to train the mind to think, and the tongue to speak — not so bad for the seventeenth century, and not an unworthy goal for education today.

Another misconception is that the Classics — in the familiar cliché — acted as a "strangle-hold" on education. They were indeed an integral part of the plan of the Arts, but they were not the whole plan. They furnished the foundation for grammar, history, literature, and rhetoric, and with mathematics and science and logic led up to the final year, in which the formal teaching of them disappeared; philosophy then had the controlling hand and garnered the fruits from all the various fields.

Science survived the Classics in the Senior year, for its spirit of free inquiry was the life of philosophy. Rhetoric survived them, for the training of the tongue to speak followed the Senior till his parting day.

It is exciting to compare the programs of study in the years preceding the advent of the Elective System under President Eliot and to note how the ancient program, true in its outlines to its seventeenth-century model, gained constantly in richness and variety. In 1820, Seniors at Harvard studied mathematics and chemistry, astronomy, political economy, political, moral, and intellectual philosophy, declamation, forensics, and themes. In 1830, optics, mineralogy, and anatomy replaced chemistry, which had figured in the Junior year. Modern languages have made their appearance, and one of the textbooks is *Rawle on the Constitution of the United States*. The learning of the past was focused on the present.

One of the minds subjected to the "strangle-hold of the Classics" was that of Oliver Wendell Holmes, a member of the Harvard Class of 1829. He therefore lived through the very regime at which we have just glanced. The Classics deeply impressed him; they became part of his mental make-up. But he never complains of their claws about his throat. He found friends and playmates among the old authors, of whom Horace, obviously, was dearest to his heart.

The quality of Holmes's wit was akin to that of Horace. His poem on "Contentment" in the *Autocrat* is a burlesque of Horatian sentiment that Horace would have enjoyed, since he had a similar inability to take himself too seriously. Holmes was a member of that club of English-speaking writers — Fielding and Lamb and Thackeray and Austin Dobson and various contributors to *Punch* from Thackeray's day to this — which Horace, as its founder, was pleased invisibly to attend. Holmes remained faithful to Horace to the end. In a letter to John Osborne Sargent, written a few years before his death, Holmes objected to "the screeching rhymsters" and "clamorous essayists" of the day; he called for "something always by me, calm, settled beyond cavilling criticism, — a cool, clear draught of Falernian that has been somewhere near two thousand years in the cellar."

It has been charged that the old-fashioned education in which the Classics "dominated" was aristocratic, intended for young gentlemen "born to the purple." Let the great unwashed keep out! Of course the Arts produced aristocrats. Initiates into this most select of clubs made friends with Homer

and Plato and Sophocles and Thucydides and Virgil and Cicero and Horace and Tacitus and through them to others of the Four Hundred of literature and art and music and science all down the centuries. Did not such an experience indicate an advance in the hierarchy of values? Had not the members of such a society climbed to the topmost class? But the ancients, no less than good Catholics or great people of any generation, condemned *superbia* as the most deadly, and the most comical, of the seven deadly sins.

In his introduction to Sargent's *Horatian Echoes*, Oliver Wendell Holmes calls Horace, among other pleasant titles, "a refined, genial, clear-sighted, thoroughbred Roman gentleman." In a copy of that book possessed by Harvard College Library, some higher critic, in the spirit of the teetotaler who emended Holmes's "Convivial Ode," has scratched out "thoroughbred Roman gentleman" and substituted "son of a freedman." And so he was — and so he was not. He began most humbly; his father had once been a slave. But thanks to his merits, his geniality, and the lessons he had received from his father, Horace made his way quickly to the topmost level of society. He was the intimate friend of his patron Maecenas, he was well-nigh a brother to Virgil, the foremost poet of the day, and with these two he gave sound counsel, in the form of a "mirror of the prince," to Augustus, the ruler of the Roman state. Augustus begged him to become his confidential secretary. But Horace preferred his independence. He had indeed become a "thoroughbred Roman gentleman," aristocratic in his tastes and his conduct; but he had no relish for the enslaving round of social conventions to which nobility was subject.

Had he the choice to live his life over again, Horace declares, he would select no other parents than those that gave him birth. Horace never forgot his debt to that good father who gave his all that his boy might have a fair start in life. Horace's varied poetry is a monument "more lasting than bronze" of a career of advancement in which a democratic and humane spirit went hand in hand with aristocratic achievement. Our country is by no means unique in opening free pathways from log cabin to White House. Imperial Rome can still give lessons in social mobility.

3

WHY did the ancient program of the Liberal Arts break down when it ran full tilt against the Elective System? The new idea did not spring full-armed from President Eliot's brain; it came forth from new

conditions at his bidding. He built on tendencies that had been slowly and surely forming in the decades preceding his regime. The ancient tree of learning had become top-heavy with numerous new branches. The modern languages of Europe, each with a noble literature, clamored for more room. Science had begun to unfold in astounding inventions and new specialties. Changes in society and industry enriched and broadened the economic field. Philosophy, once the summation of the Arts, now seemed more like an observer of the stream of scientific progress, too swift for its control. Not all these developments were in their vigor when President Eliot wrote his famous article in the *Atlantic* in 1869, but the start had been made and he foresaw the outcome.

His remedy was to upset the hierarchy of the Arts and to put all academic subjects on a democratic level. Free field and no favor. Let the best art win. *Liberté, égalité — fraternité?* They are brothers in the common search for truth, but each pursues its own path. They do not make up a harmonious team as before. With the subjects required for admission to college virtually unchanged, the Arts in their incipient stages still flourished in the schools, and some of the old prescriptions still lingered in the college; even in the nineties we still had "Forensics" in the Junior year, though that was but the ghost of ancient Rhetoric.

Those of us who were in college in those days had no doubt that we were enjoying a liberal education. We were free to wander in whatever field invited. Freedom was President Eliot's watchword. We felt that despite the diversity in the feast of learning that tempted us to different dishes, we were sitting at the same table. Besides those courses to which we flocked by order, there were some that attracted most of us by the magic of the teacher's name. It was the golden age of Harvard Indifference, Horace's *admirari*, both terms susceptible of comical misinterpretations, and both meaning the same thing — not snobbishness, but independence flavored with Socratic irony. Moreover, since a good foundation, if not the full program of the Arts, had been provided in the schools, we came into the Freshman Class after a common experience, though gained in different places. We all presented the same certificates of sound tests duly passed. We all had earned the badge of Harvard.

In one respect the Elective System weakened the student's initiative. Under the old regime the Classics did not sit heavily on the modern languages, as though they were upstarts, *novi homines*, whom the old families sought to teach their place. Holmes, for instance, studied French and Italian

and some Spanish at college before, in his beloved Paris and his worshiped Rome, two of these languages became living tongues to him. The acquisition of Latin was of course a great help. Acquaintance with the Classical masterpieces led naturally to a wider and more intelligent reading of the modern literatures, including our own. Shakespeare was not available in a course, but he was not proscribed.

Besides all this, lads of any intellectual curiosity had always devoured books and did not cease to read outside their courses. James Russell Lowell, when wearied with Conic Sections, turned to Aeschylus; and those who were balked by Aeschylus could seek refuge in Shakespeare. Such diversions did not disappear under the Elective System, but they were progressively on a lower plane. For it follows by a law of nature that the more authors you put into courses, the fewer will be left to lead us into temptation. How can Congreve guide us down the primrose path when he becomes the subject of English 543, "with some consideration of his sources and his influence"? A new kind of strangle-hold resulted. The college catalogue with its plethoric outlay of courses, swelling from year to year, became a sacred *Summa Academica*, the very sight of which inculcated in Freshmen the awesome dogma that, like the Koran, the Catalogue contains all knowledge and that any apparent information without its covers is but pale illusion and that therefore the only way to know anything is to take a course in it. Some of us were inhibited by the very bounties of the banquet from devising menus of our own.

There were other and more serious faults in the Elective System — overspecialization and the opposite vice of hunting the pleasant paths of least resistance. These defects were remedied by President Lowell's no less great reform. His plan of Concentration and Distribution, with its designation of four essential fields which all must enter, was to this extent a return to the old program of the Arts. But since these fields were themselves divided into numerous plots, the very portion of the new system that was intended to give breadth and general interest to the special or concentrated part ensured it for the individual rather than for the group. And when at the beginning of President Conant's administration the Faculty took the pith out of Distribution, only the fields of Concentration had real significance; that meant, as we have seen, the training of specialists in this or that. Only those who had chosen the same field enjoyed the common life. One of those evils of the Elective System at which President Lowell had aimed had become intensified. Under President Eliot one might specialize; now one

must. No more roaming and feasting of the soul with rare adventure.

I am no foe of specialization — in its place; it is the life of science and progress. But a general and common and liberal program must precede it. It should be recognized that, ever since the Elective System came in, education at Harvard and the other colleges that adopted the Elective System has been a cross between our ancestral English college and the German university. Indeed President Eliot was credited with making a German university out of our provincial college. His great, indubitable achievement was to establish the Graduate School, following in the wake of Johns Hopkins. The Graduate School has flourished and added enormously to the international prestige of Harvard. The benefit for Harvard College is more dubious. In Germany, as in France, an introductory school, *Gymnasium* or *lycée*, had furnished an excellent liberal training, to which our high school could hardly pretend. What it had offered might be continued in college — or it might not.

Moreover, at the end of the past century, a step was taken that led to the dissolution of that common experience which Freshmen in the college had shared in the schools. The entering wedge was the abolishment of Greek as a prescribed subject for admission. It became optional. Old-fashioned masters might descant on the glory that was Greece, but clear-eyed youngsters, backed by practical parents, to whom "Greek had done no good," asked simply, "Do I have to?" The only answer was, "No, you do not."

Into the gap rushed easier and broader subjects, supposed to be more immediately related to American life and to success in the struggle for existence. With the softening of admission requirements in other ways and with the growing tendency to accept the certificates of the schools, the schools began to develop their own programs. Entrance Latin has gone the way of Greek in most of the colleges except Harvard and the Catholic institutions. In some regions of our country, mathematics and foreign languages have proved quite as vulnerable. Here is another breach in the fortress of the Arts, through which new subjects penetrate the schools. Many colleges have found it expedient to introduce elementary Greek and now are beginning to add elementary Latin. There is still a chance for a Classical education within the colleges, though with far less of the distance traversed at the end of the Senior year. In short, the colleges now have taken on courses that belong to the schools, and the schools have developed courses that belong in the colleges. This is a part of our present chaos in education.

4

THE remedy consists in devising a program of courses that will ensure a common experience in liberal studies. That means, to my way of thinking, a return to the Liberal Arts. It is a pity that instead of a revolution, like the Elective System, the Arts were not continued in that evolution which we have noted in their agelong course. However, no tears over shed milk. The present moment may be even more auspicious than that which President Eliot faced. For we are brought sharply face to face with the necessity of reform by the exigencies of the present war. The plan must be thought out by school and college working in conjunction for a common end.

We might at least begin with the subjects formerly required for admission to college and keep to them for our framework. They are Greek, Latin, mathematics, science, French, German, history, English. I will leave the experts to determine the necessary constituents of each of these subjects. They might be attuned to the pupil's abilities and his rational desires. But not one of them should be omitted, and examinations should be set in them all. There are of course exceptional cases of young geniuses in mathematics whose heads seem impervious to Greek and Latin, or Classical prodigies who can do nothing in geometry but translate *pons asinorum*. The Committees on Admission in colleges should deal wisely with such cases or at least admit the exceptions as special students. But for the vast majority the rules should be maintained.

I have no quarrel with principals of schools for making their programs attractive and practical and up-to-date; that is what the Liberal Arts, if presented by good teachers, have always been. But with the restoration of Greek and the new emphasis on the other tough subjects, Latin and mathematics and science, some of the innovations are bound to go. We need first of all those uncompromising disciplines which distinguish right from wrong, fact from fancy, Yes from No. A wave of theory has gone over our country — happily it seems now to be subsiding — in favor of "child-centered" education. Protagoras must yield to the new humanism, or puerism. Not man but the child is the measure of all things. The teacher becomes his tailor, fitting him with a mental suit of clothes. Of course

"Great reverence is due the boy."

No modern said that, but old Juvenal, though not in behalf of a child-centered education.

Maxima debetur puero reverentia,

a precept given by Juvenal to those immoral parents who should consider what their children think of them, may be pertinently quoted against the advocates of a child-centered scheme.

The boy has dignity. He is alive to the failings of his master, but is ready to follow him through thick and thin if the master too is human. Boys do not like to be guinea pigs, even ideal guinea pigs. They want to learn and they will learn if they see that the master knows what is what, will stand no nonsense, and yet acts towards them as man to man, as boy to boy, as father to son. They will bow to a kindly authority.

Now the old-time disciplines help to produce just that relation between teacher and pupil. There is no nonsense about Greek and Latin or mathematics or science. You either get it or you don't. The inclination of the young mind is not to pamper itself with the idea that it is original and that its first duty is self-expression before it has something to express. The seeds of originality are within it, and every time that those seeds bear fruit, the master should not fail to commend and stimulate. But the first task is to understand. Says Mr. Santayana, one of the most critical minds that ever visited our shores: "My happiness lay in understanding the ancients (or thinking I understood them) rather than in contradicting them." Humility is the beginning of wisdom; the meek shall inherit the earth.

5

IT is often said that a year or two of Greek or Latin is time wasted, because the beauties of Greek and Latin literature cannot be revealed in that time. That is all wrong. Just one year of Greek or Latin may be made a revelation, a turning point in life. I will not rehearse the familiar arguments for studying those so-called dead languages. Their life leaps forth if they are entrusted to the proper hands. When George Lyman Kittredge taught Latin at Exeter, boys stood on their chairs in eagerness to show they had the right answer.

I had not the good luck to be one of Kittredge's boys, but something similar I did see in Paris not many years ago — in fact it was the best teaching I have ever seen. It was at a famous school for girls, the Collège de Sévigné. The subject was elementary Latin. The teacher was a young woman fair-and-twenty. Her pretty face, her gay smile, the exquisite taste of her simple dress, were prepossessing; and, as Meredith has it, "And she was

French." She also could teach. The class numbered between forty and fifty — too many according to what we generally are told. She managed them. There were no dull eyes or yawning mouths in that room. There she sat in graceful majesty, as though she were presiding over an assembly of philosophers. On the questions she propounded — is it dative or ablative? why is the subjunctive used? — hung the grave issues of life. When some unfortunate stammered the wrong answer, a score of lips cried "Aw!" and hands were, not raised, but shot out at the teacher by those who had it right.

That is the beginning. Bit by bit the delicacies of the Latin language will unfold — its imperial brevity, its art of effecting nice emphases and climax by the position of its inflected forms, its sweetness and sonorous music. When President Neilson in a recent article speaks of the illogical and "indeterminate" character of Cicero's Latin, really he must have some other language in mind, unless the Printer's Devil has played him an uncommonly diabolical trick.

Now the textbook used in that French class was simple; no cluttering pictures to distract the mind or tempt the pencil to further decoration; just Latin; and that's enough. Even in the first year, some extracts might have the flavors of great literature. No lengthy exposition will descant on them and trail them in the dust. A word here, a word there, will show that the teacher detected their quality too, and being well-read in all the authors, he will promise his pupils now and then some of the good things they have in store. With such a year behind him, even if the pupil has no chance for more, he will be able, when driven by Milton to Virgil or by Chaucer to Ovid in later days, to track out with the help of a translation the secrets of the original, which no translation alone could have shown him.

But enough of details. One thing I would make clear. Though school and college should cooperate in a common plan, it is essential that the school, while leading up to college, should preserve the integrity of its own program. It is a stage in the ascent, but it likewise marks a finished achievement, in which it takes a rightful pride. No less than the college, it is a stepping-off place into life. Along with the liberal studies, it may retain the high diversions of art and music and pictured talks on ancient or modern life that it offers now; but these are diversions and not the educational backbone.

Above all, the schools are better fitted to solve a problem that most American colleges have apparently abandoned as insoluble — the place of religion in education. For Catholic institutions,

whether schools or colleges, there is no problem; each day dawns with Holy Mass. In most other schools attendance is required at morning chapel. In Protestant colleges, save for the two or three who are gathered in religion's name, few students are taught to feel that religion is an intimate part of their training; still less, that learning will be most fruitful if it consecrates its fruits at the Altar.

6

Now let us be audacious, in case I have not already been audacious enough. The program of the Liberal Arts is not completed in the schools. College remains, and here two years suffice to round that program out. There will be a slaughter of various elementary courses, which will become the prerogative of the schools. No harm in that — they often are better taught in the schools than in the colleges. The second of the two years, like the last year in the Colonial college or in Oxford Greats, will be devoted mainly to modern history and philosophy or science — something modern for one to survey in the light of the past.

Harvard's degree of *Scientiae Baccalaureus*, that nightmare of logicians, which Dean Briggs once defined as an ignorance of Latin, will expire of itself when Latin is no more ignored. There will be a tombstone with the inscription:—

Hic jacet S.B. mortuus tandem et sepultus.

That will suffice for eulogy. Furthermore there will be no more concentration in specialties, since a liberal education will have been concentrated in the Arts. Is there any reason why at the end of these two years the student may not be granted his A.B.? None whatever. President Hutchins is right, though his survey courses are all wrong. The degree at the end of two years would lead at once to the Law School or the Medical or any of the graduate schools. Two years of a man's preparation would thus be spared. Yes, and two years more. For the schools would have recovered those two lost years in American education by beginning two years earlier; a student would receive his A.B. at the age of eighteen. And the Arts would be fortified, come peace, come war; a liberal education would always precede induction.

This means the disruption of college? By no means. The four years of the present program would remain, but the last two would now be crowned with the Master of Arts, an ancient Colonial degree given long before the Graduate School came into sight. It would be a real degree, as it is not now. Now it is

absorbed incidentally on the way to the Ph.D. When the Arts are restored, it would be given for concentration in a special field just as the A.B. is awarded at Harvard now, but for a more intelligent kind of concentration on the background of a liberal education that deserves the name.

Would the College Class, bulwark of the colleges, be disrupted? Perish the thought. I am not pleading for a classless college. Supposing that the great reform should commend itself to the governing boards of our colleges *instantly*, a lad who enters, let us say, in the fall of 1948 would be a member of the Class of 1952. Though he would win his A.B. in 1950, he might have the award postponed till 1952, whether he stayed to win his A.M. or, by grim necessity, went elsewhere. I call it grim necessity, since he would thus forfeit the high prize offered by those last years. For then he would gain a grip on the history of human achievement that would serve him well in business or in any of the professions or in the scholarly investigations of the Graduate School.

A word on the war. We need not consider the proposal that a number of students of high grade be selected to pursue a liberal education and study the future make-up of the world while their less gifted friends are fighting to save our country in the jungles of New Guinea or the sands of North Africa. First let us know the sort of liberal education this would be. I am arguing not merely for the preservation of the liberal education that we have, but for the return of the Liberal Arts. If that can be brought about, all students would be liberally educated at the draft age. They would be especially well prepared to face the new problems ahead by knowing what Plato and Aristotle and Thucydides and Cicero and Livy and many more had had to say on the same or similar questions. For in many ways the modern world is mirrored in antiquity. And neither our colleges nor our schools would have to shut up shop or turn into training camps before the draft age. And the Muses would have emerged from the *selva oscura*.

Does all this seem wild fancy? Think it over. It needs to be thought out. Many a devoted specialist will have put large-sized question marks along the margins of this paper, especially in its closing section. Let us have his doubts and queries. Above all, let some schoolmaster demonstrate that it is perfectly possible (or impossible) to begin the secondary school course two years earlier. We must begin with the foundation and build up, not with the roof and build down.

Setting back the hands of the clock, gentle reader? No, winding it up.

ART AND MRS. WILLOUGHBY

by MARY ELIZABETH PLUMMER

1

FOR some time, Mrs. Peter Willoughby had been trying to kindle in her young an interest in paintings. Each Friday afternoon, she either took Peter and Joyce to a museum or sat down with her children at home to look at books containing pictures of pictures. Her role on these occasions was that of guide, interpreter, and barker at the doors of the temple of Art.

The effect on the children seemed to be negligible, but Mrs. Willoughby was learning a great deal. She was seeing things in pictures which she never saw there before. Joyce and Peter had a gift for spying little people and animals far in the background, and demanding what these minor figures on distant lakes or hills were doing. Mrs. Willoughby was required to spin great tales about where they had come from and where they were going. For these expositions, she drew freely on her imagination, and sometimes was deeply impressed with her own ingenuity.

They had trudged through three wings of the Metropolitan Museum — expeditions which involved going to the Central Park Zoo first, because it was on the way, and gazing at big black yaks and complacent llamas until Mrs. Willoughby felt stupefied. Joyce always had to buy a balloon in the Park, and the balloon then had to be checked in the Museum coatroom, where it hung, floating straight up from a hook, until she jubilantly returned to claim it.

One of our favorite heroines, Mrs. Peter Willoughby, made her debut in the *Atlantic* over a year ago. Since then we have published five stories about her activities in New York City — stories which satirize the high resolve and the unsuspected humor of those earnest Americans who are trying to do a little bit of everything in these hectic days.

Mrs. Willoughby's creator, MARY ELIZABETH PLUMMER, hails from Indiana. She came to Manhattan fresh and impressionable, and the fashions, the good intentions, and the effervescent impulses which she catches are not confined to the feminine world of Park Avenue and Sutton Place.

In their sessions at home with the great masters, Joyce and Peter inquired into the ways of man and beast, and also of the Deity. Once Mrs. Willoughby became greatly involved in the Garden of Eden. In addition to Adam and Eve, there were some animals in the picture, and she had to give a dissertation on the life habits of the pheasant and the kangaroo.

There also was a man's head in a cloud over the garden. Mrs. Willoughby was not sure whether this was God or not. Nevertheless, she endeavored to explain.

"God came over the garden in a cloud," she said authoritatively.

"How did He get in the cloud?" asked Joyce.

"With God, all things are possible," said Mrs. Willoughby, turning a page.

The next page contained a picture of a painting by Breughel the Elder, of three men lying under a table spread beneath a tree. Obviously the men had eaten and drunk to excess. Joyce and Peter were fascinated.

There were large, round cakes and casseroles on the table, and off to one side a roast pig was running about with a slice out of his back and a carving knife under his skin. There also was a boiled egg with a spoon in it, and the egg was running around on three legs.

"Do eggs have legs?" asked Joyce, marveling.

"It is a dream," said Mrs. Willoughby. "The men are dreaming of a great dinner."

The children started chanting, "Eggs have legs," and the rhyme made Mrs. Willoughby's life miserable for a while.

Finally Peter's interest returned to the picture. "Somebody ate part of the pig," he said. "How can it run?"

"It is a dream," repeated Mrs. Willoughby doggedly. She wished the artist had omitted these phenomena.

2

AS RELAXATION from such strenuous duties, Mrs. Willoughby often went alone to her favorite museum, the Frick mansion on Upper Fifth Avenue. It contained many lady portraits — “Lady Innes,” by Gainsborough, in an aquamarine gown, holding up one pink rose; “Lady Skipwith,” by Sir Joshua Reynolds, with roses on her bosom, and plumes and blue ribbons on her hat; “Lady Hamilton,” by Romney, smiling tenderly and holding her little dog.

There were hangings of gray damask and ashes-of-roses velvet, pale, soft rugs, a fountain that splashed in the distance, and an organ that sometimes played. Bronze and ormolu clocks ticked softly under some of the pictures.

From the world of taxis and doormen, of babies and nursemaids bound for the Park, Mrs. Willoughby would walk into this quiet world of complete harmony.

Rather wistfully, she would look at the pictures which had been painted for Madame de Pompadour: “The Charms of Spring,” “The Pleasures of Summer,” “The Delights of Autumn,” “The Amusements of Winter,” and at the panels called “The Romance of Love and Youth,” which had been painted for Madame du Barry. There were a couple of French needlepoint chairs which had some connection with Madame de Maintenon, and in the library there was a leather-bound book about Madame Récamier.

Mrs. Willoughby felt that it was her particular discovery that many things in this collection pertained to interesting, historic women. Mentally she grouped all these portraits and books together, and formed for her own pleasure a museum within a museum: The Mrs. Peter Willoughby Gallery of Lovely Ladies.

One Friday afternoon in spring, when Central Park was showing its first green, Mrs. Willoughby decided to take her children to her beloved museum.

They appeared at the doors of the Frick Collection smartly turned out in matching gabardines, Joyce with a feather in her cap. Immediately, the expedition hit an obstacle. Children under ten were not admitted, under the rules.

“Even with a parent?” asked Mrs. Willoughby.

“Even with a parent,” said the turnstile attendant.

Mrs. Willoughby explained that they had come from a great distance — from Sutton Place South, twenty blocks away; that her children were seriously interested in art, and, moreover, were very

quiet and good. Also small for their age. She thought about how, if they didn’t get in, they would have to go back to Central Park and visit the yaks. She looked so persuasive that the attendant finally made an exception, inasmuch as it was a quiet afternoon and the children were students.

Mrs. Willoughby smiled gratefully and went in with her children. With the first picture they confronted, she found herself back in the Garden of Eden. It was Albrecht Dürer’s “Adam and Eve.”

“Why are they wearing leaves?” asked Joyce in a ringing tone.

The guard in the room looked at Joyce with a Gothic expression. Mrs. Willoughby decided to give her fig-leaf lecture elsewhere.

“Notice the animals in the picture,” she said enticingly.

The picture was a rich field for a natural history discussion. The serpent was coiled on a limb near Eve. There was a parrot on a limb overhead — “Or perhaps it is a parakeet,” explained Mrs. Willoughby. There was a cow with large horns lying in the background.

“This is the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog,” remarked young Peter. He then spied on the tall cliffs in the background a tiny antelope — or perhaps it was a goat — getting ready to jump. They speculated for a while on this animal’s motive.

In the foreground were a rabbit — or perhaps a squirrel — and a mouse — or was it a mouse? They argued about whether the beast with its tail curled around Eve’s right foot was a cat or a lynx or something else. Mrs. Willoughby began to think she might as well have gone to the Zoo after all.

She had a fleeting thought that the head of Dürer’s Eve looked a little like a picture she once saw of Percy Bysshe Shelley — or perhaps she merely imagined the resemblance. At the same time Peter commented, “Eve was a large woman.”

Mrs. Willoughby felt that the whole discussion had been undistinguished. They passed on to another picture. It was a Rubens study of three women, with cherubs hovering about. The women were in a reclining position.

“What are they doing?” asked Peter.

“I really don’t know,” said Mrs. Willoughby.

“Thinking,” said Joyce, with an air of certainty.

“Perhaps,” said Mrs. Willoughby.

3

THEIR little procession straggled into Mrs. Willoughby’s favorite room, where the carpet and the

paneled walls were soft gray-green. She never was sure whether it was green or gray, because the light seemed to change it. It was a perfect background for the paintings. The tree branches in Central Park made a pattern through the windows, and there was another pattern of trees in a big gray-green Corot on one wall. The marble tops of the French buffets and the heavy brocade draperies were gray-green too; and there were silver-gilt wine coolers under some of the pictures, with clusters of grapes on them. As Mrs. Willoughby and her children came in, a bronze clock with a flower garland and two fat cherubs on it struck one musical note for the half hour.

She hoped that her children would exclaim over all this beauty, but they said nothing. Joyce went to a big circular table, with a mirror-like dark wood surface, and started looking at her own reflection in it.

"Who are those people?" asked Peter, looking up at a Romney portrait of Lady Warwick and her children.

"They are British people," said Mrs. Willoughby. She glanced in the catalogue she had brought along, and read that the Countess of Warwick's first name was Henrietta, and that she was born in 1760. She had married the Earl of Warwick in 1776. It was her husband's second marriage.

Mrs. Willoughby realized that this would not be of consummate interest to Peter. "It is a British countess," she told him. "The little boy, her son, was a nobleman."

"Her son has bangs, sort of," said young Peter with contempt. "His hair is bobbed, and he has on a silly collar like a girl's. . . . He was a stupe," Peter added.

Mrs. Willoughby pointed out that the fashions in little boys' clothes in the day in which the picture was painted — which was many years ago — had nothing to do with the quality of the painting; but Peter was not to be won over.

She found herself admiring Lady Warwick's satin gown, but not caring much for the coiffure, which was rather wind-blown, and also noting that Lady Warwick's little daughter's dress was cut too low for a child so young. She thought, "My children always cause me to see irrelevant things in pictures."

"Look at the fine painting of the red chair the Countess is sitting in," said Mrs. Willoughby.

Peter made a disdainful noise, as if to say he didn't think it was anything special.

They crossed to a portrait of the Ladies Bligh over the mantel — the two sisters, sitting on the grass, in their summery light dresses. The picture

was one in Mrs. Willoughby's Gallery of Lovely Ladies.

"The little boats are having a race," said Peter.

Mrs. Willoughby looked at him with surprise, and then back at the picture. Yes, there were some little indistinct shapes in it, far back at one side, that might indeed be boats. She never had noticed them before.

"The women are British ladies," she told Joyce. "Do you think this is a pleasing picture?"

"One of the women hasn't any shoes on," Joyce objected.

Mrs. Willoughby looked. A small part of one foot showed beneath the long dress of one of the sisters.

"It is a light shoe," said Mrs. Willoughby.

"She is barefoot," said Joyce.

Mrs. Willoughby searched in the catalogue for a line on the ladies' footgear, but couldn't find it. She propelled her party to the Corot painting, "The Lake," and pointed out the cows in it. Peter raised the question of whether there were only three cows, or whether there wasn't another lurking in the shadow.

Mrs. Willoughby and the children stood away at all angles and peered at the picture, to see whether they could detect another cow.

Off in the court, the fountain splashed. The Museum organ started to play.

"I wish we could go somewhere and eat something," said Joyce.

"We'll hurry," said Mrs. Willoughby.

They streaked through several rooms, into the library, and Mrs. Willoughby paused in front of a picture.

"I wanted you to see this picture that the artist Gainsborough painted of Lady Innes," she said. "Gainsborough was a very great painter."

"The woman's first name was Sarah," added Mrs. Willoughby. "She lived in England, in Ipswich."

They stood looking up at Lady Innes merrily holding her one pink rose — with her low-cut blue gown showing her perfect white neck, and with the lace frills falling from her sleeves.

Mrs. Willoughby listened to the small, exquisite tick of the ormolu clock under the picture and thought, "What difference does it make? There she is, in her youth and beauty."

She was almost at the point of telling her children about her Gallery of Lovely Ladies, and how Lady Innes was in it, and Lady Hamilton, and those ladies whom Sir Joshua Reynolds painted, in their wide, creamy gowns, with all their ribbons and plumes, but Peter interrupted her thoughts.

"Ipswich, Ipswich!" he exclaimed loudly, liking the sound of this word. He started chanting it, and

prancing in rhythm, and Joyce tried to imitate him. A guard came up and requested the Willoughbys to leave.

4

THEY went to Rumpelmayer's for tea. The sun was low as they walked down past the park. The children marched sedately by Mrs. Willoughby's side. A sadness had come over the day. The towers on Central Park West were veiled in a bluish haze, and looked like the towers of another city. Down Fifth Avenue, flags were flying, looking like a 1918 war poster, Mrs. Willoughby thought, and something like a painting she had seen of the flag-hung Champs Élysées in Paris.

In Rumpelmayer's she ordered tea for herself, and for the children *Gugelhof*, a Viennese cake with raisins in it. She sat sipping her tea and looking at the little napkins, which said on them, "London, Paris, the Riviera," and listening to the subdued chatter in French at the next table.

Everything deepened her melancholy. She tried to analyze it. It had something to do with wartime and something to do with art. She thought, "I wanted my children to see beautiful things in these times. I tried to show them things I love." She had thought that they, being her children, would

love them too. But they didn't. They were too young. They weren't going to love them for years yet. Maybe never in the way that she did.

It had something to do, too, with the way Lady Innes, on canvas, could defy the clock ticking near her — Lady Innes, with her indestructible half-smile. What Gainsborough was going to paint Mrs. Peter Willoughby in her prime? She sipped her tea and thought, "Mrs. Peter Willoughby Beside a Bowl of White Lilacs."

"Well, how did you like the Museum?" Mrs. Willoughby asked her children.

"Pretty well," said Peter.

Joyce continued steadfastly eating her *Gugelhof*.

"Maybe some day one of you will create a beautiful picture," said Mrs. Willoughby optimistically.

Joyce opened her pocketbook. "I made a picture," she said. "I was going to give it to you for your birthday, but here it is."

The crayon drawing on white paper had the awkward authenticity of all art by the very young.

Mrs. Willoughby looked at it. "Why! It's a picture of me!" she said. There were clouds around the head, like the one in the Garden of Eden picture, and from one of the clouds emerged a trumpet, which said, "I love you."

It was obvious that, in the mind of the artist, the subject was very beautiful.



FLY-FISHERMAN IN WARTIME

by LEONARD BACON

SHALL I ever see it, the Queen's River
With the Hathaway pitches riffling down?
Or is it lost to me now and forever,
Where the laurel whitened, the hackle was brown?

Perhaps my grandson may cast his fly
Where the straight bronze current spews at the turn.
Luck to his fishing! Light to his eye!
Strength to his wrist! And the wit to learn!

I was not wise, and my thought was simple,
Quick to be read by a hasty reader.
May he know more, where the eddies dimple,
Than I when I darted the dry-fly leader.

May he know, as I knew, the hard drops pounding
That hammered the black pool silver-white,
Pan's shout through the summer squall resounding,
And the trout that struck in the thunderlight.

HOW PEACEFUL ARE THE IRISH?

by HUGH O'NEILL HENCKEN

I

DISCUSSION of Ireland and its problems notoriously produces more heat than light, but I shall try to limit myself to shedding light. Since Irish matters arouse such conflicting emotions in so many people, I can only presume that my objective and intermediate position will satisfy no one.

You may well wonder how I am going to take such a position when I say that my forebears were rock-ribbed Orangemen who hated everything Irish and who never spoke the word Catholic above a whisper. I was reared on the famous six-word history of Ireland, "pagan era, Christian era, De Valera." But my experience in working in Ireland for Harvard under the auspices of the Free State Government and the Government of Northern Ireland brought me to a very different point of view.

Americans who are as fond of England as I am are likely to think of the Irish as just a bad kind of British. But when you cross the Irish Sea to Ireland, you arrive in just as foreign a country as when you cross the English Channel to France. If the Irish language were spoken everywhere, the visitor would find himself up against a tongue as remote as Russian — a circumstance that would bring home to him that Ireland is indeed a very foreign country to the Anglo-Saxon.

Present-day problems in Ireland, which I shall reach in a moment, in Section 2, cannot be fully understood without brief indulgence in one of that country's favorite diversions, digging up the past. In early times there came into Ireland many powerful settlers from Britain, the last of whom were the

Scotch Protestants who settled in Ulster in 1609. These newcomers never succeeded in making the Irish into British, and there developed two separate and independent cultures in Ireland: the one an indigenous culture Catholic in faith; and the other a foreign culture, British in origin and Protestant in religion.

In 1912 the Asquith Government satisfied the Irish Nationalists by laying before Parliament a modest Home Rule bill giving Ireland about as much self-government as an American state possesses. But the Ulster Unionists, descendants of the Scotch Protestant settlers, were so disturbed that under their leader, Sir Edward Carson, they raised an irregular armed force and illegally imported arms from Germany to rebel against an act of the British Parliament in which they were represented. But the outbreak of the last war shelved the matter.

The withholding of Home Rule was a bitter disappointment in Ireland, and on Easter Monday, 1916, the Irish Republic was proclaimed in Dublin. This was an essentially tragic affair: tragic because the Irish leaders believed that a German victory over England would ensure an independent Ireland; and tragic because, after the brave resistance of the 1500 poorly armed troops of the Republic was overcome, their leaders were shot and, as George Bernard Shaw remarked, canonized. Mr. De Valera's death sentence was commuted because he was then an American citizen. At that time some 50,000 Irishmen were killed fighting for England against Germany, and it is notable that, since there was no conscription in Ireland in the last war, they were all volunteers.

In December, 1918, a general election was held in the United Kingdom, and in this Irishmen then voted like all other British subjects. But nearly all the Irish seats were won by candidates pledged to an independent Irish Republic. These members, instead of going to Westminster, re-established the Irish Republic in Dublin, complete with law courts, a parliament, a cabinet, and a president (Mr. De

HUGH O'NEILL HENCKEN tells us that his ancestors were "rock-ribbed Orangemen who hated everything Irish." But his name (plus his native ability) is still an open sesame on the Green Isle, as he proved during the five years — 1932 through 1936 — when he directed the Harvard Archaeological Expedition which brought to light such fascinating material about the old country. Dr. Hencken, who is now Curator of European Archaeology in the Peabody Museum at Harvard, is a graduate of Princeton who took his M.A. and Ph.D. at Cambridge University, England, and who has been honored with a D.Litt. from the National University of Ireland.

Valera), and backed by a formidable guerrilla force, the Irish Republican Army.

In 1920 the British tried to come to terms with Mr. De Valera's government by passing the Government of Ireland Act which revived the Home Rule idea, but to prevent further trouble from Carson and the Ulster Unionists, it divided Ireland into two subordinate states, Northern Ireland and Southern Ireland. The Unionists took this means of escaping from their southern neighbors and straightway set up their provincial government in Belfast, but the rest of Ireland, inspired by the memory of the leaders of Easter Monday, clung to the Sinn Féin idea of complete independence.

The next year Lloyd George retreated to a more far-reaching compromise. Instead of independence, Southern Ireland should accept the status of a dominion of the British Commonwealth. This was agreed to by the majority in Ireland, and the Irish Free State came into being. But a large minority preferred civil war to abandoning complete independence. In this the Free State Army split off from the old Irish Republican Army. Eventually the breach was sufficiently healed to allow Mr. De Valera and his followers to take their seats in the parliament of the Free State. But the Irish Republican Army — or I.R.A. — continued as an underground organization that believed in achieving Irish independence by force, and opposed Mr. De Valera, who was now completely converted to peaceful means.

When, in 1932, an election made Mr. De Valera prime minister of the Free State, he embarked on a program of economic and political independence. His efforts at economic self-sufficiency and social improvement greatly increased employment and raised the standard of living from the really appalling level at which I found it when I first began employing Irish labor, in the year in which Mr. De Valera took office.

Also Mr. De Valera persuaded the Chamberlain Government — against the advice of Churchill — to hand back to Ireland the ports of Berehaven, Cobh, and Lough Swilly, which had been retained by England because they had been so useful in combating German submarines. This example of Chamberlain appeasement worked to the extent that it greatly reduced the hostility of the Irish to England at a very critical time. In the same year, 1937, the Free State adopted a new constitution and a new name, Eire.

Eire technically includes the North, which is considered as temporarily occupied by a foreign power. Also the governor-general of the Free State, who

represented the King like the governors-general of the other states of the British Commonwealth, was replaced by an elected president, who represents the Irish people and not the Crown. The relationship of Eire to the British Commonwealth is described as one of external association — a phrase not too easily comprehended. In London, Eire is regarded as a dominion, but it is better not to refer to this in Dublin. At any rate, London did not oppose the Irish government in making these constitutional changes. One of the few connecting links between the two countries is that Irish diplomats bear letters of credence signed by the King. Also British diplomats and consuls transact the business of Eire in places where there is no Irish representative.

This is as far as Mr. De Valera cares to go at present in the direction of an Irish Republic. He recognizes as clearly as anybody that political and economic independence are relative things, especially for small states with slender resources. After all, England takes 90 per cent of Ireland's exports. The bulk of Irish savings is invested in England, and the Irish pound is tied to the pound sterling. In recent years Mr. De Valera's policy has been to develop good relations with England.

2

SO MUCH for Ireland itself. Of its problems, I shall touch on three: the North, the ports, and neutrality.

As for the North, the Irish refer to this situation as partition, comparable to the historic partition of Poland. The trouble is the same that dogged all boundary-making twenty years ago. Wherever you put a boundary, some people always come out on the wrong side. There is also the economic difficulty of separating a large city from its hinterland. This resulted in Ireland, as elsewhere, in increasing the number of people on the wrong side of the line. What was more, it separated agricultural Eire from its only industrial district.

The present situation in Northern Ireland, which is much smaller than the old province of Ulster, is something like this. The population falls into two groups. One consists of the descendants of the Scotch Protestant settlers whose culture is British in origin and whose politics are Unionist. That is, they wish to remain a part of the United Kingdom. The other consists of the indigenous Catholic inhabitants, whose culture is Irish and whose politics are Nationalist. That is, they wish to be a part of Eire. Many make the mistake of thinking that the difference in religion is the basic one. But the fundamental difference is not religious but cultural, and

of course religion is only one element in a people's cultural heritage. The political difference between the Unionists and the Nationalists springs directly from divergent cultural heritages in general and not from religion in particular.

The province of Northern Ireland can be considered in two parts. One part, lying nearer to Belfast, is predominantly Unionist. Another part, of about equal size but with a smaller population, lies farther from Belfast and is predominantly Nationalist. This latter area was included as necessary hinterland for Belfast, which is a large port. In the whole province, the Nationalist minority is estimated at between 33 and 40 per cent.

To safeguard the rights of this minority, the British government included a provision for proportional representation in the provincial parliament of Northern Ireland. But this the Unionist majority soon repealed. For it they substituted a system of electoral districts so arranged that the very maximum of Unionist members would be elected. A relative of mine, who was a Unionist member of Parliament, once boasted to me about the skill with which this gerrymander had been carried out.

The Nationalists also complain that they are the victims of severe political and religious discrimination. It is not easy at this distance to verify all these charges. But a single reference to a speech by the Northern Prime Minister will serve as a sample of other public utterances by members of his government. The Northern Prime Minister said that it had been charged that a majority of the porters at the Northern Parliament House were Roman Catholics. He had investigated the religion of the porters, and could say that they were all Protestants except one, who, he added, was only temporarily employed. This is an example of how the Northern Government uses cultural and religious differences for political haymaking.

The reasoning of the Northern Unionists is something like this. The Unionists, who are Protestant, are loyal to Great Britain and to the Government of Northern Ireland. The Nationalists, who are Catholic, wish for union with Eire. Therefore, to be a Catholic is to be disloyal. The unsoundness of this position is revealed by asking whether anyone thinks that English Catholics are disloyal. But since a third or more of the population, including the Catholic Primate of Ireland, are looked upon as a subversive element, a serious political situation has developed. In view of all this it is surprising how well the two groups get on together except when provoked for political purposes.

Most unhappily, the Nationalists have been

championed in the North by the Irish Republican Army, now degenerated into a very small, secret, terrorist organization. Both Irish governments and all religious bodies, including the Catholic Church, have outlawed the I.R.A., and Mr. De Valera has dealt extremely harshly with its members when they have been caught in Eire. The Northern Government has done the same; and this in the eyes of some has cast a heroic glamour over the I.R.A.

At the same time, the I.R.A. considers itself at war with England. The American press last September carried accounts of how it harbored German agents and showed hostility to American forces in Northern Ireland. The affairs of Hugh McAteer, Chief of Staff of the I.R.A., have been more recently reported. After a series of bombings in Belfast, the Under Secretary of the British Home Office asserted in the House of Commons that the I.R.A. was receiving arms and ammunition from the Axis. Shortly afterward, McAteer was arrested near the American base at Londonderry in a house full of explosives. Previously the I.R.A. had declared that the presence of American troops in Northern Ireland was an act of aggression, and announced that it would use any means to drive them out. McAteer got a long prison sentence but almost immediately escaped again. At the same time it must be remembered that the I.R.A. is a very small group indeed.

Such events incline Northern Unionists, very wrongly of course, to associate Roman Catholics in general with actions of this type despite the fact that most of the Nationalists are law-abiding. But the real reason for the hard feelings of the Unionists toward the Nationalists is that the Unionists are terribly afraid. In a united Ireland they would be a very small minority indeed, and they imagine that they would be entirely at the mercy of a majority of hostile Catholics.

My experience of Eire does little to bear out this fear. There seems to be no real religious discrimination among the Catholics of the South. The most striking example of this was the election of Dr. Douglas Hyde, a Protestant of the old landlord class, to be the first president of Eire. Indeed Dr. Hyde, though a Protestant, was elected unanimously by his Catholic fellow citizens, because his nomination was so popular that no one troubled to oppose him. Consequently it may be guessed that should the Northern Unionists some day be absorbed into Eire, their fate would not be so terrible as they imagine.

It may also be asked what attitude is taken in England toward the Northern Government and its alleged deviations from the Four Freedoms. Eng-

lish people who follow Irish affairs look with suspicion on Belfast. This suspicion is publicly voiced by such a responsible paper as the *Manchester Guardian* and by the English writer, Captain Henry Harrison.

There is indeed good reason to think that De Valera and Chamberlain were coming to an arrangement about the North in 1938, when public opinion was upset by a series of bombings in England by the I.R.A. This action shows clearly what harm that organization can do to its own cause. Another thing should be remembered about the Northern Unionists — especially the politicians. The Nationalists complain that these people are neither English nor Irish, but just a special local kind of reactionary. Certainly this sort of extreme conservatism no longer has political importance in England.

The attitude of the British government to Northern Ireland has been one of non-intervention. Some have complained bitterly about this, but the government has adhered to the view, which may in the end prove wise, of allowing Northern Ireland to find its own salvation. This is also Mr. De Valera's view.

At the same time a solution in Ireland is greatly to be hoped for. The Northern question is the last thing that prevents really friendly relations between Ireland and Britain. Some would remind me at this point of the annual subsidy of £3,000,000 regularly paid by London to Belfast and ask whether it is not intervention on the side of the North. In one sense it is, but since it is an established thing, it would be intervention against the North to withdraw it.

Before leaving Northern Ireland, I should like to comment on its part in the war. The Northern Irish live under exactly the same severe wartime regime as the people of England. A recent letter from a cousin in a strongly Unionist district said that two people out of three were either in uniform or in war work. This did not count the farmers, who naturally are war workers as much as anyone else. Since the district is an agricultural one, practically every person is engaged actively in the war effort.

Ireland — and especially Northern Ireland — has also made one outstanding contribution to the war: generalship. A Dublin paper, irked by the Irish censors' restrictions on references to Irishmen who are fighting in the war, published two lists of generals in the British Army, — and this was before Pearl Harbor, — headed respectively "Japanese" and "Northern Japanese." Among the "Northern Japanese" generals were such familiar names as Alexander and Montgomery.

3

ANOTHER Irish question has been that of the three ports retained by the British for naval purposes until 1938. I should say at once that no one wishes more than I that the United Nations might have been able to use these ports. But it may be worth while to give the reasons for the Irish refusal. In the first place, the Irish thought that the English over-emphasized the value of the ports. They also said that Eire was undefended against air attack, and turning the ports over to a belligerent would certainly mean attack by the Luftwaffe.

The complaint that Irish towns were undefended was connected with the refusal of the American and British governments to supply Eire with arms. In the dark days after Dunkirk, it looked as though Ireland as well as England might be invaded, and the Irish were frantically anxious to obtain weapons. They claimed, and with good reason, that if the Germans occupied Ireland, England's chance of survival would be greatly reduced, and the democratic cause in Europe would be in even worse peril. Hence they were annoyed, especially with the American government, for refusing to sell them arms even for cash, when we were lend-leasing quantities of the same material to England, for the Irish felt that their safety was equally important. This gave some substance to the claim that they could not defend the ports in the interval before the British could install adequate equipment. It also gave the false impression in some Irish quarters that Roosevelt and Churchill wanted to keep Ireland helpless so that the ports might be seized.

A further reason for refusing the ports was that to have them alone would not prove adequate to the British purpose. Overland transportation to them would be necessary, and this would mean that the British would have to control a large part of the Irish transportation system. If this happened, would it not mean another British occupation? And if that occurred, would the British ever go away?

This last question may not sound too serious to us, but it should be remembered that the Irish struggled very hard and very recently for their independence. We won our independence so long ago that we take it for granted. But for people who have newly achieved it, there is always a dreadful urgency about preserving it. What, for instance, would the Yankees of Boston have thought of the same proposition in 1800?

I think it is this very circumstance that has much to do with Irish neutrality — which would certainly disappear even if the ports were now handed over

to the United States. For the ability of the Irish to preserve their country as a little neutral island in a world conflict is for many of them a most important visible sign of that independence which they have wished for so long.

Since submarine sinkings are perhaps the principal bottleneck between us and victory, we realize the importance of Irish ports and airfields facing the Atlantic. But let us also admit that each of the United Nations is fighting primarily for its own protection. Eire believes for good reasons that her best means of protection is neutrality.

Mr. De Valera in his original statement on neutrality said that the Irish should look to their own country first. This may not sound very heroic in 1943, but it does sound very much like ourselves in 1939. Mr. De Valera has also publicly promised that the Irish would never allow their country to be used as a base against England. He sees perfectly clearly that the future of the two islands is closely linked, and has many times in recent years expressed his desire to let bygones be bygones and his interest in friendly relations with England. Hence it would be a great mistake to imagine that nothing but dislike of the British lay at the root of Irish neutrality. Also it should not be forgotten that Irish homes were opened to thousands of English mothers and children during the blitz on England, and that at the same time there were many Irish doctors and nurses in London caring for victims of the German raids.

Hence other reasons than simple dislike of the British must be found. One is that Eire, being a country of only three million people and very slender resources, feels that she could do little to influence the course of the war. If she went in, she would invite the destruction of her few towns from the air and also invite possible invasion. This is perhaps less likely now, but it is only very recently that the danger has seemed less. We must not forget that Ireland is far nearer to Hitler than we are. She has already had some air raids and shipping losses.

Since the United States has not given her arms, and since England has been able to spare her only a few, she has lacked the means of self-defense against possible German attack. At the same time Dr. Goebbels has had very little success in Ireland, and the majority of the Irish hope for victory by the United Nations. But because of their situation, the majority also believe implicitly in neutrality, and it is plank No. 1 in every political platform.

Another reason for not entering the war on the same side as England is that there does remain a limited group of extremists typified by the I.R.A., who cling to the idea of an independent republic.

A hatred of England is still prevalent among these people, and being reckless by nature they might instigate serious trouble for the government.

But Irish neutrality has, as might be expected, a special twist. An Irish friend wrote me after the Lend-Lease Act was passed: "We're neutral the same way that you are."

Ireland is too lacking in resources to do what we did by way of Lend-Lease, but the Irish people have spontaneously done something much more remarkable. About 150,000 Irishmen from Eire have left their neutral country to join the British forces. The equivalent proportion from our own population would be 4,500,000 Americans. Can we imagine any circumstance that would have prompted 4,500,000 Americans to enlist voluntarily in a foreign army — or in our own army, for that matter?

These Irish volunteers have not consciously gone out in an anti-Nazi crusade. Most of them are too young and adventure-loving to think like that. But they like the Germans so little that they will join the British forces in order to fight Nazis. At the same time, many of them, at least, continue to believe in Irish neutrality. They want to have a crack at the Germans without letting the Germans have a crack at Ireland.

Many of these Irishmen have distinguished themselves. Not long ago we heard about Paddy Finucane, the Irish hero of the RAF. Earlier in the war we learned of two of those epics of the sea that Britain always provides in time of crisis — the sinkings of the armed merchantmen *Jervis Bay* and *Rawalpindi*. Each of these merchant ships, armed only with small guns, was lost in a singlehanded attack on a German warship of vastly superior strength — the *Jervis Bay* against the German heavy cruiser *Admiral Hipper*, and the *Rawalpindi* against the pocket battleship *Deutschland*. The captains of both these British ships were Irishmen, and the commander of the *Jervis Bay*, Fogarty Fegen, was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross.

Another servant of the British Crown is Mr. Brendan Bracken, Minister for Information in Churchill's Cabinet. He is an Irish Catholic from Tipperary, and it is rather amusing to think of him as the chief exponent of what some have labeled "British propaganda."

So if we are impatient sometimes with Irish neutrality, let us try to understand the Irish point of view. And let us not forget Paddy Finucane and Fogarty Fegen and their 150,000 compatriots. Let us also remember that England and France were the only two countries to declare war on the Axis before they were attacked, and that Ireland has never had a Pearl Harbor.

THE CRUISE OF THE "FIDGET"

by LOUISE PIERSON

I

THE *Fidget* was our yacht. It wasn't really a yacht, but that's what Harold's uncle called it. He said if he'd known we were going to be such fools as to buy a yacht he'd never have endorsed our note at the bank for \$10,000. It was a thirty-seven-foot power boat with a six-foot beam and a self-bailing cockpit. It was painted black. The license numbers ran 16927 on one side of the bow and 72961 on the other. That was to fool the Coast Guard, because it had belonged to a bootlegger, and this was before Repeal.

My idea was that when we got to the Pause that Depresses about 4.00 P.M. Sunday we should be whirling merrily over the Sound and not notice it. It would be expensive but worth it.

First we rented the *Wild Duck*, a cabin cruiser. We saw the ad and went down to the boat yard at Stamford. The *Wild Duck* was all covered up with sailcloth. It didn't look very wild to me. It looked tubby.

"Will it really do ten knots?" I asked the man at the boat yard.

"Hell, no. Lucky if it does five. Lucky if the motor don't conk on you entirely," he said.

We tried to lure him on to tell us more about the *Wild Duck* but he wouldn't.

"When the Owner comes," he said darkly, "he'll tell you plenty."

The Owner drove up in a battered old station wagon, wearing a wild rose in the buttonhole of his sixty-dollar white linen suit. He turned out to be pretty snooty.

"You will want a bilge pump, of course," he said, wheeling like a cavalryman on my husband. Harold

had a far-off look in his eyes that indicated he was off the Bahamas giving cards and spades to Lipton.

"Oh, no," he said absently, "we won't need one."

"You will," said the Owner, looking at him disgustingly, "and I will supply it."

We thanked him.

"You will want awnings, of course," he went on firmly. We knew the answer.

"Of course," we chimed blithely.

"Then you," said the Owner, "can supply them."

"What is this, a game?" said my husband.

"I shall have to have references," said the Owner.

"I wouldn't rent the *Wild Duck* to anyone."

"You've got insurance, haven't you?" asked my husband.

"It's a feeling a man has for his boat," said the Owner, beating his chest. "You wouldn't understand it. Did you bring the check with you?"

Harold handed him the check.

"I see it's not certified," said the Owner, turning it over several times. "In that case I won't have the charter party till Wednesday."

"A party! That's darned nice," said Harold, coming to. He was raised on the Hudson.

"A charter party is the lease form," said the Owner coldly.

When it arrived, we found we had the *Wild Duck* F.O.B. Luden's, Stamford, and it cost plenty to launch it. We bribed the launchers to take it around and moor it in Greenwich.

The next day was Sunday. We loaded the children into the car with baskets of lunch and bathing suits. When we got to Greenwich it was dead low tide. We oozed out to the *Wild Duck*, which was lying dispiritedly on its side. The sun beat down relentlessly.

"We can polish the brightwork till the tide comes in," I suggested. I produced the polish and we polished and polished.

"For God's sake, whose idea was this boat anyway?" said Harold at four precisely. We were burned

LOUISE PIERSON was born in Quincy, Massachusetts, and educated at Simmons College. Her life has been an extraordinary series of ups and downs, but they have never weakened her tough-minded love of America. For its infectious laughter, the *Atlantic* is publishing two chapters from her autobiography, *Roughly Speaking*, which Simon and Schuster will bring out this June — a remarkable book for a grandmother to write.

bright red, and apparently Greenwich is the last place in the geography the tide comes into.

We oozed back through the mud and went home. Before we got home a terrific thunderstorm came up. About eleven that night we got a phone call from the Owner.

"The *Wild Duck* broke up on the rocks. You didn't moor it properly," he said. "I should never have let you have it anyway. I am returning the check."

"Thank God," said everybody.

2

BUT I wasn't discouraged. I got *Motor Boat* and *Yachting* and I combed the ads in the *New York Times* and I found the *Fidget*. For \$750 she was ours.

"The motor ain't so hot," said the man at the boat yard at Portchester; "could do with a little tinkering."

It was a four-cylinder Palmer.

"Let's let Ed put it in shape," said Harold. Ed was our chauffeur.

I was horrified. "Half the fun," I assured him, "is working on your boat yourself."

"If the other half isn't any better than that, count me out," he said.

The motor took quite a lot of tinkering. When we finally got it going, the only original part left was the flywheel. There was a good deal of mahogany and copper to be polished.

Everybody got to dreading Sunday.

"Keep your courage up. We'll have it in the water before long," I assured them. I described our trips across the sound with the salt breeze blowing through our hair, the cool salt spray arching from our bows, and egged them on to paint it. "The *Fidget* can do sixteen knots. We'll zip over the Sound," I told them.

It looked pretty when we got it in the water at Portchester. It was long and slim and sinister. We bought three hundred feet of anchor rope and a new anchor.

"For God's sake, are you going to anchor in the middle of the Atlantic?" asked the man at the boat yard. But my husband said he thought we should have plenty. We bought a little gasoline stove and lots of cans of things. The children got quite pepped up about it.

The next Sunday, we left Millwood with sweaters and coats and blankets and supplies enough for Peary. The tide was high and when we got near the shore the children shouted. It was going to be won-

derful. We rowed out to the *Fidget* and stowed our duffel. Then we rowed back and forth for two hours with can after can of gasoline. Finally I pulled up the anchor, and the children helped me coil the rope.

Then Harold turned over the engine. Not a peep. He turned it over again. After the first hour, I took turns with him. The tide slowly went out. The sun rose higher and higher in the heavens. At last we slogged through the mud back to shore.

"Now," said my husband, "are you willing to have Ed fix it?"

"Well, it wouldn't do any harm to have him look at it," I admitted weakly.

Ed allowed as how it was the damndest bunch of junk he ever saw but he'd do what he could with it.

Ed fixed the *Fidget* and the *Fidget* fixed Sundays. The children went right out after breakfast Sundays and disappeared for fear they would have to go out in it. They didn't play the radio or fight or whimper. Sundays were fine.

"What I want to do with the *Fidget* now," I said to Harold, "is take a trip in it. I see that Eugene O'Neill is reviving *The Emperor Jones* at Provincetown. Maybe we could actually see him and congratulate him."

"If we get to Provincetown in the *Fidget*," said my husband, "he should do the congratulating."

The children said count them out.

"I think you must have taken leave of your senses," my mother wrote, "to take a trip in that boat when you have five little children."

"Let's take Ed," said my husband.

But I didn't want to take Ed. I wanted it to be romantic.

"I'm surprised you want to take Ed," I said to my husband, "when to hear you tell it, you practically took Peronne singlehanded." We didn't take Ed.

3

WE SET out from Portchester about five o'clock in the afternoon of August 1. There was a brisk east wind blowing, and the Sound was choppy. Off Stamford, the motor went dead. The *Fidget* settled comfortably into the trough of the waves, slapping back and forth sideways. Harold started spinning the flywheel. The motor was located right at the entrance to the cabin, with no headroom. Harold cranked. The *Fidget* threw him against one side of the cabin. He cranked again and it threw him against the other. Large welts rose on his forehead and his ears looked as if he'd been in a prize fight.

Suddenly there was the comforting roar of a

motor. But it wasn't ours. It was Vincent Astor's. A long racy craft with Vincent Astor at the wheel, in a double-breasted blue jacket, flew by us. As we watched, a jet-black cloud of smoke issued from her exhaust. Harold sprang angrily to his feet.

"He's giving us the razzberry," he said, "and I don't blame him. If I had an axe I'd chop this bunch of junk to pieces."

He started cranking again, but it was dark when we got started.

I was pilot.

"What are those lights?" I kept asking. There seemed to be lights in every direction. The mail-order map described the lighthouses and their signals, but cars on shore can do the same thing. I was afraid we'd end up on the Post Road.

"I think we ought to anchor pretty soon," I said. We cruised along awhile, and I saw several small boats outlined in the lights from the houses.

"We must be just off Milford. That's thirty miles on our way. Drop anchor," I said. Harold dropped it.

I decided to sleep on deck. It was a lovely evening.

"How different everything feels just a few miles out on the water," I said dreamily. I had a sense of the great open spaces. It was just as I thought it would be.

When I awoke I was surprised. We had anchored right outside the boathouse at Portchester.

"Let's go ashore and get a good breakfast at the lunch wagon," said Harold hopefully. But I wouldn't. I cooked it all on the gasoline stove and we set out again.

The Palmer did all right after it got its second wind. Only it shook the boat from stem to stern, and the gasoline fumes were so strong even gulls flew away from us.

"I wish we had bought a yawl," I said, "with an auxiliary motor."

I didn't want to tell Harold, but I didn't know whether I could stand a week of it.

In the middle of the morning, we really reached Milford and put in for gasoline. We'd used twenty-two gallons. About the middle of the afternoon we saw a city.

"What is it?" asked Harold. I consulted the map for all kinds of signs, but the map seemed pretty sketchy.

"It's New Haven," I said finally.

"O.K.," said Harold. "We'll spend the night there. I could do with a little shut-eye."

I *thought* it was New Haven, but I had never approached New Haven any way but along Route 1,

and it looked kind of funny. We zinged into the harbor hell-bent for election.

"Which side of this red buoy?" asked Harold suddenly.

I looked at the map of New Haven Harbor. There wasn't any red buoy. I turned desperately to the index.

"Which side?" he yelled.

"Right," I said. I had to say something.

There was a grinding crash and our propeller dangled listlessly.

"There," said Harold, "now you've done it."

A trim little motorboat whizzed out from shore and threw us a rope. It was a marine ambulance chaser.

"You hit the only rock in New London Harbor," the skipper said. He towed us over to the New London Ship and Engine Company. Our crankshaft was bent. It would take them three days to fix it and it would be seventy-five dollars.

"We'd better run up the Thames a little and see how the motor is acting," said Harold when we got under way again. It was breezy and he didn't want it to quit outside. He said we'd stop and start a few times.

It would have been all right if I hadn't kept getting mixed up with reverse.

"If you're going to put it in reverse," said Harold, "haul up on the dink rope. Otherwise it slacks and winds around the propeller."

I kept thinking I wasn't putting it in reverse. When the rope wound around the propeller, Harold had to dive over with the potato knife in his teeth and cut it loose. Then we had to rig up a new rope. It was cold, and after it happened three times he got pretty mad.

"Let's get out of here even if I do get my head bashed in cranking the Palmer. It's better than drowning with a knife in your teeth," he said.

Off Point Judith we ran into a storm. Seventy-five-foot tugs were laying to. We went right through it, though, because we had a self-bailing cockpit. That night we anchored in Buzzards Bay.

The wind and tide were with us in the morning, and we went through the Canal like a bat out of hell. But about halfway to Provincetown the motor quit and it was almost dark when we got it going again.

"Now, for Pete's sake, take the flashlight and read up on Provincetown Light and get us inside it," said my husband. "If we miss Provincetown, the next stop's Portugal."

As we neared Provincetown a terrific wind came up. I kept thinking I saw Provincetown Light and

then I didn't. But I didn't tell Harold. I was afraid he would get discouraged. Fortunately, outside Provincetown we picked up a Portuguese quahog dragger homeward bound.

"Follow the dragger," I screamed to Harold above the wind. The dragger was making about twelve knots and we were making sixteen. We would shoot up on her starboard bow and she would veer away from us. Then we would dart back and shoot up on her leeward side. The Portuguese got pretty mad.

"What are you trying to do, sink us?" they yelled. But something had gone funny with the Palmer, and we couldn't cut our speed.

Suddenly the water got quiet and lights from shore shot out at us.

"God Almighty," shouted the men on the dragger, "look out what you're doing!"

"Shut her off," I yelled to Harold. We were shooting through the whole Provincetown fishing fleet lying at anchor dark as pitch.

We dropped anchor right where we were and, without taking off our clothes, fell into a deep sleep. When we woke up, the sun was setting and the *Fidget* was lying about half a mile out from shore on her side. The tide had gone out.

"Get up," I said to Harold, "or we'll miss Eugene O'Neill and *The Emperor Jones*."

I put on my knickerbockers and slung my sneakers and stockings around my neck. My feet were bleeding from mussel shells when we got to shore. I got my sneakers on so that we could enter the theater respectably, but during the performance I took them off and couldn't get them on again.

"Come on," said Harold, as we emerged from the theater, "let's get back to the boat."

"Let's stop in this little ice-cream place and have some ice cream," I said.

There was only one other customer in the store. He had on old dirty white ducks and no necktie. He was sitting at a little oilcloth-topped table attacking a double scoop of vanilla. It was Eugene O'Neill.

"Look," I said to Harold. He took me by the arm and dragged me out of the store.

"You cannot congratulate Eugene O'Neill," said Harold, "in knickerbockers and bare feet."

When we got to the beach, we saw the *Fidget* bobbing gayly at anchor half a mile away. We stripped and tied our clothes around our necks and swam and swam and swam. The tide had come in.

Next morning we set out for Boston. I thought I knew Boston Harbor, but it had changed.

"I thought you were born and brought up in this

backwash of civilization," said Harold bitterly as we narrowly missed two ledges of rock.

He got so mad he wouldn't get out of the way of ocean liners and big freighters. He said it said in the book we had the right of way. I said we knew we did, but the liners didn't. What good would it do if we were right when all people found were a few floating fragments? When we crossed right under a freighter's nose I went down into the cabin and shut my eyes and stopped my ears so that I couldn't hear the terrific blast from the boat whistle.

Harold got quite cheerful. "If you've had enough," he said, "we might as well start for the Cape Cod Canal."

4

It was almost dusk when we got to the Canal, and I never saw so many lights in my life. We cruised up and down trying to get our bearings. Then a fog came up.

"We'd better make a run for it before it gets so foggy we can't see where we're going," I said. "That must be the entrance between the red and green light."

We shot for the center full speed and came within a hairbreadth of crashing into a high stone wall.

"We'll anchor, and you and I will take turns blowing our little foghorn," Harold said.

He began paying out rope.

"Seems to take all we've got," he said. "I never realized the shore of Plymouth Bay went off so deep."

The fog was pea soup by now. We couldn't see our hands before our face. All around us, on every side, boats were whistling, horns were blowing. I blew the foghorn for a while. Then Harold blew it. Then we fell asleep.

When I waked up I saw a black wall in front of me. The wall was moving. It was a freighter brushing by. We had anchored spang in the channel of the Cape Cod Canal.

We stopped in at Wickford to see my sister, and nobody ever forgot our visit. Something happened to the motor right off the bathing beach and it let go with seven quarts of coal-black oil. Nobody in Wickford could go in bathing for two weeks.

When we ran into New Haven Harbor we could hardly find a place to anchor. The New York Yacht Club was there. As our sinister black craft slithered swiftly in and out among the naval "four hundred" it attracted a good deal of earnest attention.

"The *Fidget* looks pretty crummy alongside the *Corsair*," said Harold. "But why the binoculars? Do they think we're pirates?"

I had no sooner started cooking dinner than people from the big yachts started shouting to us.

"Hi, how's everything?" they yelled.

"Fine," we yelled back.

"Imagine. Those guys are human," said Harold.

Two slick mahogany launches from two of the finest yachts shot out and circled around us. One of them pulled up alongside.

"How about two cases of Golden Wedding?" said the skipper. "Money no object."

"Listen," said Harold to me. "Let's get the hell out of here."

It was when we got off Stratford that we noticed the awful calm. The sea was translucent and great schools of fish drifted by. The sky was black. Overhead white clouds of gulls circled, darting at the schools of fish. It had been hot, but now a sharp

coolness pierced the air. We ran like a hare to get in shelter of the breakwater, but before we got there the storm broke. The rain came down in sheets, and the wind blew so we couldn't stand up against it. The water poured into the cockpit from every direction. But the little Palmer chugged along. Finally, a rainbow came out.

When we made Portchester it was almost midnight. We were dirty and soaked to the skin. We telephoned for Ed to drive over for us.

"I hope you won't hold this trip against me," I said to Harold, as we sank back luxuriously against the cushions. "After all, you always said you liked roughing it."

He put his arm around me. "I had a wonderful time, honest," he said. "I wouldn't have missed it for the world." I almost believed him.



WORKING AROUND THE CLOCK

by PAUL and FAITH PIGORS

I

THE operation of war industries around the clock throughout the week is necessary as a war measure. But multiple shifts have upset daily routines for masses of industrial workers and have presented new problems to the community. Since we are members of the same community, and many of us hope soon to qualify for the industrial front, these new conditions and problems are of immediate and practical concern to all of us. What have the new work schedules done to daily living patterns?

First there is the question of what constitutes a day or a week. In American civilization the normal pattern for the day is: work, recreation, sleep. For the week it is: work, recreation, rest — and for many people, worship. Work begins on Monday and pauses on Saturday. By Thursday morning a hard-pressed worker in a normal week can encourage himself with the thought that he is "over the hump."

PAUL PIGORS is Associate Professor of Economics in the Industrial Relations Section at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. With his wife as coauthor, he has carried on thoroughgoing studies of multiple-shift administration and of women in industry.

But how are we to reconcile the new work units with customary units of time? What determines the beginning of a "season" — the date, the thermometer, the "social calendar," or a peak production load? Can essentials still be made in six days, or must the work span for people in industry be lengthened to seven days?

Should there be any end to their week, a "week-end"? Or are work spells to be punctuated by different amounts of time off on a day or days determined by rotation? Some of these cycles are so complex that workers cannot calculate whether their time off coincides with the traditional week-end by any surer method than the old guessing game — this week, next week, sometime, never. In some cases, management hands the worker a printed chart on which he can read the dates of his time off throughout the year, but this is scarcely a natural method of anticipating the week-end.

The central difficulty is that workers live in two communities that are run on different time schedules. The home community operates on the assumption that a working week always ends on Saturday, and that everyone has Sunday off. In

factories, workers had become used to having both Saturday and Sunday off until the 48-hour week was reimposed because of war demands and an increasing shortage of manpower. The longer work week, which in critical areas may soon be set at 52 hours, inflicts penalty payments on management and — except in a two-shift setup — deprives the worker of his free Saturday. Saturday work was naturally resented when it was again imposed. Penalty rates reflect the general objection to week-end overtime and the particular resentment against Sunday work.

In continuous operation, late shifts so distort the worker's day that he may fairly ask what we mean by "a day." Is it a work spell of 8, 10, or 12 hours, a span of daylight, or the 24 hours that divide Monday from Tuesday on the calendar? Take the example of the third-shift worker in a plant where the "graveyard" shift starts at midnight. In plant terms, his is the third shift on Monday, but actually he is working during the first eight hours of Tuesday morning. The difference between a work-day and the normal conception of daytime is revealed in his phrase: "I have to begin the day by going to bed." In spite of the reversal of sleep and work caused by his shift assignment, a "day" to him is still the traditional one, even though it does not now coincide with his working day or begin at the hour when he wakes from sleep.

Some variation in stopping and starting time is accepted as inevitable, though starting time is correlated with social prestige. If you have to punch the clock at 6.00 A. M., you automatically are lower in the social scale than if you report for work at 9.00. The later starting time for office workers bestows on them, vicariously, part of management's prestige. Since the boss's secretary works for the boss, she naturally works on practically the same schedule as the boss. Even in normal times, some executives push themselves and their staffs so hard that they have less time off than the average industrial worker. But for executives the rewards of work are great both financially and spiritually, and their secretaries often share in the interest of the work. On the whole, except during emergencies or under high-powered executives, office staffs live and work on a humanly agreeable schedule.

The men and women at the machines, however, work for the machines. The week that determines the shape of their lives is one of 168 hours in which, for production purposes, all days and hours are regarded as interchangeable units. But is it enough to concede that a man's day should include recreation and sleep, as well as work, if these activities are scheduled at such a time and in such an order that

they interfere with each other and other people interfere with them? Can a man really profit by recreation all by himself in the morning and before work? Surely a day off on Monday is not of much use to a family man, because he is only in his wife's way unless he turns to at the washing machine.

Work in the evening is doubly uncongenial because "everyone else is having fun." And work at night, sleep by day, is an exhausting program for many people who cannot adjust psychologically or physiologically to either part of it. Yet if management tries to be fair, by rapidly rotating uncongenial shift assignments, the health and social life of all workers suffer from the constantly required readjustments.

The day shift is the only one that allows continuance of a normal living pattern; consequently it is the most popular even though work is usually harder than on either of the late shifts, because the day shift is the period of major production. The normal pressure of this shift is increased if an insufficiently serviced night shift is added. In one plant, the repair crew during single-shift operations could easily cope with the work that piled up during the day. When the night shift was added, the inexperienced new workers turned out more defective work than either of the other crews, but were assigned no repairmen. The day repair crew was now confronted with more than twice the amount of work it had been doing before. Despite their best efforts, the men were falling cumulatively behind, and their foreman was losing sleep at night because the problem was beyond his power to solve.

The interrelation of shifts makes more trouble for the late shifts than for the day crew because most decisions are based on first-shift considerations. Furthermore, few executives or personnel men have ever worked on late shifts. They do not know accurately the results of their decisions for late-shift workers. Yet adequate planning of multiple shifts can only be based on a factual knowledge of each.

This is evident even in regard to such a simple matter as shift-change timing. If not controlled by the production process, should it be determined by the season, by traffic loads, or by such purely social considerations as recreation? If the day shift starts as late as 9.00 A. M., the effect on traffic loads may be good, and workers do not have to get up in the winter darkness. On the other hand, the afternoon is spoiled for the first-shift crew, and the second crew, while having more free time in the afternoon, gets home from work in the small hours of the morning. But if the first shift starts at 6.00, the day crew has the disadvantage of having to get

up in the dark to counterbalance the advantage of a free afternoon. The second crew then gets home at a reasonable hour at night, but must work all afternoon.

2

THE second shift is usually one of less pressure than the first, and therefore inside the plant is more agreeable to easygoing workers. As a production shift, it occupies a position midway between the other two. It may have a fair representation of day-shift services, both technical (repairmen, engineers to assist with blueprints, and others) and human (cafeteria, first aid, personnel consultations). Even if all these services do not cover the whole period of the second shift, the workers are not left to their own devices so much or so long as the night crew. There is, however, considerable loss of contact with the "front office," since top executives leave at about the time the second crew arrives.

But the unique characteristic of the second shift that makes it the most unpopular of the three is that it is scheduled to include the whole period that is naturally and traditionally given over to recreation. Whether it lasts from 4.00 to midnight, or only from 2.00 to 10.00, the evening, properly speaking, is gone by the time the second crew is free. Some people do attempt recreation after work on the second shift, but it is always at the expense of sleep, and is more costly in physical terms than recreation for day workers. Most employees on second-shift schedules acknowledge that recreation is out.

The degree of dislike occasioned by the necessary realignment depends on particular needs for synchronizing one's activities with the normal daily rhythm of other people's lives. Aside from recreation, eating and sleeping are thrown out of line with normal habits. This dislocation may be slight on an early shift or considerable on a late schedule. For instance, if the day shift is from 6.00 to 2.00, second-shift workers (on a 2.00 to 10.00 schedule) may enjoy a normal family dinner at noon and only slightly readjust their sleeping habits.

But if the day-shift start is postponed till 8.00 or even 9.00, so that the afternoon shift cannot begin until 4.00 or 5.00 P. M., a major dislocation is produced in the lives of the second crew. The workers now have to live on a schedule difficult of adjustment for any individual and practically impossible to synchronize with the rhythm of normal family life. They must sleep in the morning (the noisiest time of day in most houses and neighborhoods) while everyone else gets up and goes out. They

want breakfast about 10.00 A. M., shortly before the family dinner must be prepared and when a woman is usually busy with housework, bathing the baby, or marketing.

The man of the house then begins his day with leisure (if he can get away with it), or the young worker finds himself at liberty to amuse himself, usually in solitude, if he can get into the mood. He doesn't want to eat at noon with the family, but needs a well-balanced meal at about 2.00 P. M., when his wife might otherwise have a quiet moment to sit down to the family mending. Shortly afterward he goes to work, just as "everyone else" is getting ready to knock off, and works till midnight, having "supper" or "lunch" somewhere in the middle of the shift. When he gets home all the others have gone to bed, or should have, since they must get up at the usual time in the morning. If he is to eat after work, he may "grab a bite" on the way home, get himself a cold snack from the icebox, or keep his wife or some other obliging person out of bed to cook a meal for him — always assuming that he is not too tired to eat at all.

This topsy-turvy existence is very hard on all but the most solitary and independent persons, since the day begins with leisure and ends with work. Dinner, not breakfast, comes before work, and breakfast comes after work, before he goes to bed — which he never does on the same day as that on which he got up (since he gets out of bed at 9.00 or 10.00 A. M. and is not ready for sleep again until about 2.00 the next morning).

The question of meals for the second-shift worker is one not only of sociability and convenience for himself and his family, but more acutely of health. Specific regimens differ according to specific shift timings, but the difficult decision for every second-shift worker is when to have dinner or the big meal of the day. If he has it before going to work, he is likely to feel sick or lethargic during work. Mid-shift time is a still more impractical choice and most people are too tired after second-shift work to benefit by a large meal, even if they can get it at that hour. This, incidentally, is one of the many indications that the timing of second-shift work makes it more tiring than day work even when work demands are less. Day workers often eat a heavy meal an hour or so after work and thrive on it. One second-shift worker, on being questioned about the timing of his meals, expressed his feelings with bitterness when he said: "Brother, on the second shift you just *don't* eat."

Trying as the physical demands may be, it is the loss of evening freedom that is most generally disliked. If work is not exhausting, we are in the

mood to enjoy ourselves at the day's end. Many people feel that evening is the only time when they are really free to live. It is generally assumed that only younger workers suffer from the loss of their evenings, but our research indicates that many older workers want their "beer with the boys" and their games of poker or billiards quite as much as when they were younger.

Even ambitious workers who prefer to spend their leisure in study, with a view to job advancement or self-improvement, find obstacles in second-shift schedules. Evening is not the best time for education, but it is the usual time, and adult education programs still seem to be scheduled for that time of day. Even foreman-training programs generally take place in the evening and are not likely to be transferred to the morning when the second-shift worker is free. Other educational schedules could and perhaps will be set up, but until they are, the difficulty of obtaining further training, education, and recognition constitutes a real obstacle to advancement for second-shift workers.

Fortunately, however, individual differences work both ways in regard to acceptance of specific circumstances. Some workers prefer the second shift to the first because of its slower pace. A few prefer it because of the timing of leisure outside the plant. Although this is usually its most disagreeable feature, special temperaments and interests may make it into an advantage. A case in point was that of a composer who decided to capitalize on his mechanical ability and serve his country by going into war work. He chose the second shift because it allowed him three hours in the morning (the best time of day for creative work) to devote to music before he went to the plant.

But probably the great majority of "contented" second-shift workers are those who merely tolerate the schedule because they do not expect much fun out of life anyway. Many instances of this attitude were encountered in our research, especially among older workers who had learned that life is not all beer and skittles. If week-end work is not required, recreation is not absolutely ruled out and workers make the best of rather disagreeable schedules without thinking too much about it.

Interviews show that acceptance of shift assignments depends on the temperament and interests of the workers, conditions in the plant (including the congeniality of work-mates), associations outside the plant, and expectations of the duration of the assignment. On fixed assignments, workers have a greater incentive for adjustment than on rotating schedules where adaptation seems scarcely worth while in view of the frequent changes.

But whatever and whenever adjustments are needed, success depends to a great extent on the intellectual and emotional maturity of the individual and the advice he receives. Realistically to assess a new situation and successfully to reshape a living pattern are no mean feats. They are the acid tests of intelligence and a genuine philosophy of life. But these processes are not normally even attempted by persons whose experience has led them to think as little as possible about the probability of reshaping their lives nearer to the heart's desire. The worker's need for counsel in adjusting to multiple-shift schedules is a perpetual challenge to the personnel manager, who must demonstrate that management is genuinely concerned with the problems that present such difficulties to workers.

3

THE night shift is unique in that it calls, not for adjustment, but reversal of the normal timing in working, sleeping, and eating. Where the second-shift worker suffers the annoyance of finding that his morning is other people's afternoon, the night worker's life is completely reversed by having his day turned into night. Not everyone can make the necessary physical and psychological adjustments, and the situation as to work efficiency in the plant is usually worse than on either of the other shifts.

The drawbacks of night work are obvious, and in many plants a pay differential is offered as compensation. In addition, some firms offer greater security of job tenure — as, for instance, a year's contract for night work. When no such contract is offered, the situation of the night crew is insecure. Workers know that contraction of operations usually means that the night shift will be the first to go. And since seniority is a primary factor in layoff, and the night shift is commonly manned by short-service workers, they have a double expectation of being laid off. Opportunities for promotion are also fewest on the night shift, since the line of contact with management stops at the level of the foreman. The various technical services are, for obvious reasons, scanty. Some of them are not needed at night, or only so occasionally that it seems too expensive to provide them.

In deciding these matters, do executives ask themselves: What is a complete shift setup? The same question should be asked in relation to non-technical services. In many plants, for instance, there is little or no service at night from nurses or first-aid attendants, although accidents are peculiarly likely to occur at night if there are numbers of new workers

on the shift. Washroom attendants and sweepers are not necessary from a technical viewpoint, but such services make a difference to workers, especially women, and are regarded by them as symptomatic of management's attitude. Another difficult question is that of cafeteria service. This is seldom provided at night, and certainly could not be offered on the same basis as it is during the day, when there are so many more people in the plant. All such matters could best be decided by worker-management committees that could ask and answer such questions as: What is needed? What is wanted? What can be done?

In physiological terms, night work is the most costly for the average person, and daytime sleep is the crux of the problem. It is interfered with by radios in adjoining apartments, children at play, daytime traffic, peddlers, hurdy-gurdy men, and all the other neighborhood noise-makers. As one worker said: "It's hard to live a night-shift life in a day-shift neighborhood." The night worker's reversed view of life causes him to applaud anything that subdues or muffles daytime activity, and leads to the often expressed wish: "Gee, I hope it rains today."

Another major obstacle of daytime sleep is indigestion. A few doctors, nutritionists, and other experts have considerable knowledge about food for night workers, but this knowledge has not, in most cases, penetrated to the family kitchen and lunch box, where it is needed. There are opportunities for service here by both personnel men and foremen who can gather information and initiate experiments. In one chemical plant, workers themselves were carrying on experiments under the guidance of a fellow worker who had previously been a short-order cook in a diner. Cans of soup were lowered on a string into the steaming caldrons of acid that the workers tended, and even small chickens, potatoes, and pork chops were baked in the free corner of a drying oven. The motto of this volunteer cook was: "The bigger and hotter the meal, the better." All the workers were enthusiastic about the addition of hot food to their 2.00 A. M. lunches, though it is to be doubted whether management would wholeheartedly have shared their pleasure in the methods by which it was prepared.

Physiologically night work is arduous, but socially it is not so disagreeable as the second shift. It is, however, more trying than is commonly supposed, for even on a late-shift schedule the evening is not perfectly "free" for the night worker. And on an early schedule, when work begins at 10.00 P. M. for instance, his evening is cut short, the amount of curtailment depending in part on how long it takes

him to reach the plant. To people who value evening gayety, a shift scheduled to start at 10.00 P. M. appears an intolerable infringement of precious liberties. Even when the shift starts at midnight, so that most of the evening is free, parties are "just getting going" at 10.30 or 11.00, especially on Saturday.

Nor is the evening spoiled only for those who wish to go out for their recreation. Evening at home can be very pleasant, and its distinctive charm lies in relaxation. But of what use is a "free" evening to a person who suffers from "commuter's nerves"? One worker had voluntarily accepted a third-shift assignment from 11.00 P. M. to 7.00 A. M. He did not seem to think himself ill-used, but only because he had ceased to expect much from life. As he lived six miles from work and buses ran only every half hour, he felt he must catch the 9.45 bus or run the risk of being late for work. He was unusually conscientious and felt keenly his responsibilities as "second man on the shift" (unofficial assistant foreman). When asked about his evening's recreation prior to leaving for work, he replied: "Oh, I just poke around the house" — scarcely an exhilarating program of recreation. From other remarks it appeared that all evening he had one eye on the clock and could not really settle down to anything.

Special feelings about night work arise from the interlocking of home and work situations and run the gamut from cheerful acceptance to hearty dislike. The present trend toward the employment of women to supplement the nation's manpower is introducing too many new problems to discuss here, but the hazards of night work for mothers of young children cannot be passed over without mention. When mothers work at night they are actually holding down two jobs, an undertaking that is always recognized as hazardous for men. Homemakers are listed as persons of "no occupation" and are supposed by men to pass their days in playing with the children and toying with laborsaving devices. How far this is from the truth can be testified to by any man who ever tried temporarily to substitute for a woman who takes entire care of her house and children.

Women themselves are to blame, perhaps, if they allow their enthusiasm to run away with their common sense and sign on for night work. But personnel men and supervisors should know more than they commonly do about home conditions and whether the women they employ are getting adequate sleep by day. One night foreman expressed surprise and disgust that the high incentive payments offered on his shift were not more effective in increasing pro-

duction. "The men bull through for the money, but the women just say 'What the hell' and go to sleep on the shift." Although these women had evidently signed up for night work because of the extra money offered, their fatigue was such that they were unable to earn it.

4

THE most general cure-all for the ills of multiple shift workers is rotation. Schedules vary as to the length of the work and rest units, and the rapidity with which workers move from one shift to the next. In practice, this method has many drawbacks and, like other innovations, produces new problems of its own. In making out charts, management is concerned chiefly with the spaces allotted to work, but since to most industrial employees the values of life are not mainly realized while making a living, the hours that are most important to workers are those in the spaces allotted to free time.

What does free time mean to a worker? What is it free from and what is it free for? It is certainly not empty time, nor is it free from certain necessities. The mere fact that management "makes no demands" between clock-punchings does not mean that the worker's time is his to do what he likes with it. He is still bound, even by work requirements, to allow time, ranging from ten minutes to two hours, for travel to and from the plant on every working day. The physical claims of eating and sleeping further whittle away his free time, and for a worker whose life includes family, friends, community and religious interests there may be so much competition for his "free" time that he scants the demands of health.

The values of free time and the acceptability of work are determined not only by their respective amounts and their proportion to each other, but also by their unity, regularity, and timing in relation to physical and mental sets and other people's activities. For instance, work is hardest and most uncongenial when "everyone else is having fun"; when normal bodily activity is lowest; when it comes unexpectedly; and when it is not in consecutive units with time off at the end. Conversely, work is most acceptable when "everyone else is working"; when one feels most vigorous; when one is mentally set for it.

Similarly, time off is most valuable after work, at the end of the day, toward the end of the week, in an unbroken span, and after payday. The possibility of evening recreation on Monday through Friday and daytime freedom on Saturday and Sunday, every week, makes the day assignment on a fixed

schedule the obvious choice for most people. Free time is of less or minimal value before work, at the beginning of the day or week, after an overtiring work spell, in short and unanticipated sections, and before payday. These drawbacks arise from abnormal, or alternating timing of work spells. Monday morning is a poor time to "paint the town red"; and a free evening before work is partly spoiled by such job requirements as promptness and alertness.

Industrial workers need satisfactory recreation to counterbalance the monotony or pressure of their work. Without going high-brow as to "worth-while" forms of recreation, what are the essential ingredients? Chiefly, that you can let yourself go; you are mentally set for it; you are not too tired to enjoy it; and you and your family or friends can anticipate it as a regular and frequent event. The night worker, the second-shift worker, and anyone on a rapidly rotating schedule miss out on some or all of these points. Yet if any of these conditions are lacking, recreation is not possible in the full sense of the word. If all of them are lacking, recreation is impossible. And not only recreation but all social and family life, and any constructive form of leisure occupation is ruled out by schedules that prevent regularity of living and cause undue fatigue. But since these are the activities that make life worth living, can we be satisfied with schedules that preclude them for thousands of people?

The technicians and executives who have evolved the present schedules are still experimenting to achieve greater efficiency. There are no abler men in our community. If they can see the whole picture, they can surely work out schedules that will allow workers to live a productive and integrated life both inside and outside the plant. But if top management is to understand workers they must depend on personnel men with real vision who are willing and able to concentrate on the vital aspects of their task.

There is a crying need in industry not only for more personnel work but chiefly for better personnel work. There is too much waste motion even now in setting up game rooms, teaming up soft-ball leagues, and arranging for occasional festivities. Every available iota of energy and thought should be expended on issues that are central to daily life instead of being dissipated on side issues. Constantly renewed insight will enable executives to attain a measure of foresight, to assess present trends and to build for the future. They must maintain the experimental approach to these problems epitomized in the question of a great American philosopher: "In view of this, what next?"



Cow Pasture Golf

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THE term "cow pasture golf" has almost vanished from memory, so long has it been since the turf of any American golf course was clipped by ruminants. Powerful five-unit tractor mowers have ironed out the fairways, chugging little machines have manicured the greens, power-driven machines have trimmed the rough. Machinery, gasoline, and manpower have been required in large quantities, and at a high price. Confronted with a shortage of all three, at any price, we are told that many golf clubs will have to close up and let their expensive fairways go back to hay — a completely unmarketable commodity these days. It is a gloomy picture, especially for the middle-aged men among us who rely on the game to keep us fit.

But many a man of my generation can remember when we played cow pasture golf quite literally, and enjoyed it. There were certain drawbacks, to be sure. But the advantages far outweighed them. In the '90's I was one of a group who rented a pasture from a farmer not far from Boston, and laid out thereon a nine-hole course. The greens were placed in natural hollows where the turf did not burn, and were fenced around with two strands of wire on driven stakes. This kept the cows off — theoretically. If you hit a wire on your approach, you could try again without loss. One man, with a four-blade mower, kept the greens cut. The rest of the course was mowed by the cows.

As our greens took such a small area out of pasture, the farmer charged a ridiculously low rent and threw in the harness room of his barn for a clubhouse and the family pump for bar and washroom. Our annual dues were five dollars. The best ball cost thirty-five cents. Anybody who paid more

than two dollars for even a wooden club was putting on airs. And the first National Women's Amateur was played on that course, though then the cows may have yielded, at least temporarily, to a horse-drawn mower.

It was in the '90's, too, that I used to go out to what must have been one of the first municipal courses in the United States, at Franklin Park, Boston. Caddies on such a course were then almost unknown, and the small boys' participation consisted either of jeering at the players or hiding



behind a bush down the fairway and making off with any balls which came their way. I seem to recall that these links then boasted a flock of sheep, under the guidance of a shepherd. In fact, I see them plainly, but of course what I see may be the sheep which used to crop the west meadow in Central Park.

2

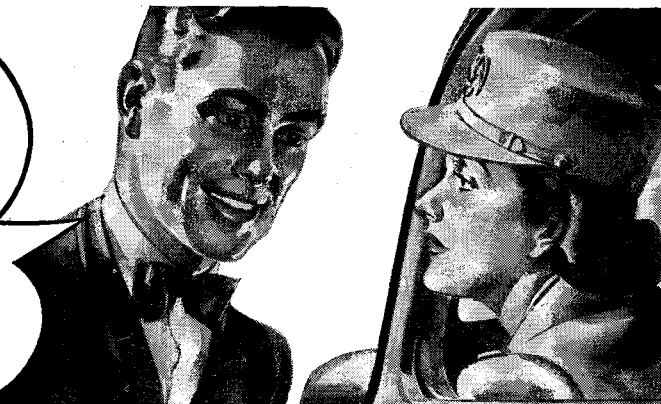
By the time I joined the Westchester Golf Club shortly after the turn of the century, both cows and sheep were out of the golfing picture, but our clubhouse was a dilapidated old country mansion, our lockers were pegs along the walls of the bare chambers, and the dues were so low that even newspaper reporters could pay them. We reached the club by the Third Avenue El, a trolley, and then a half-mile walk. And we had fun.

Since those incredibly simple days I have spent fifteen years of my life and thousands of other people's dollars as chairman of first one and then another greens committee, and then fifteen more years enjoying the luxury of pecking fault at my successors. I have seen the demand for luxury in clubhouse appointments and facilities steadily increase beyond all reasonable requirements of the

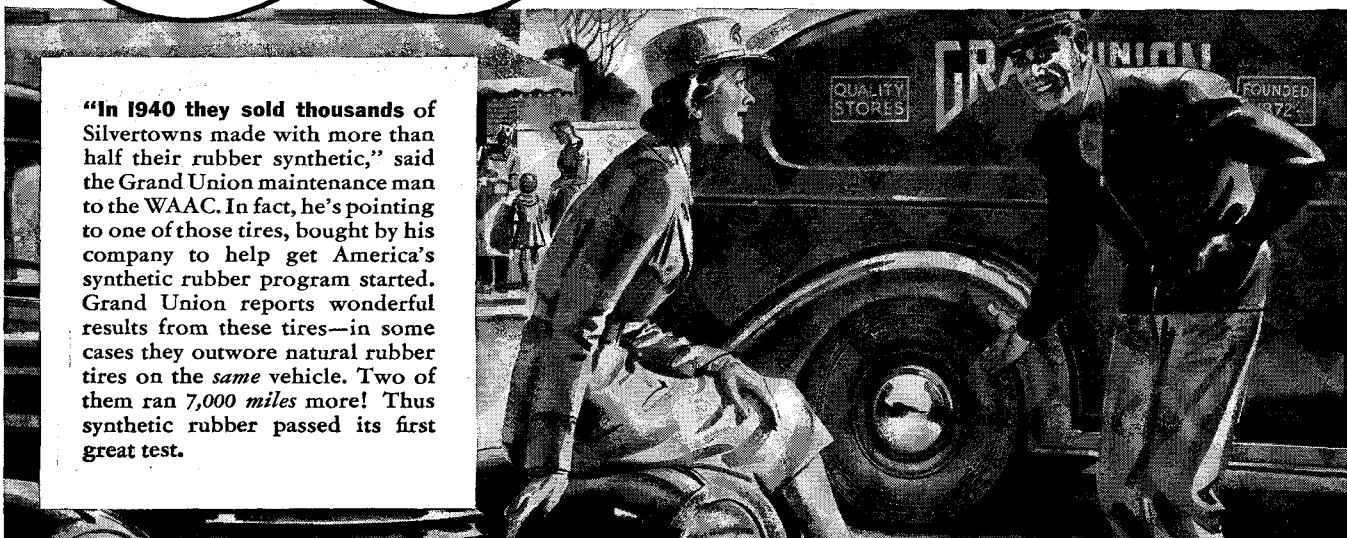
A native American golfer, WALTER PRICHARD EATON has been following the flight of the lovely white ball for going on half a century. He has played on courses mowed by cows and by sheep, and even tells us that one Southern course of national reputation is planning to try geese. In which case a topped drive might result in a roast goose for Sunday dinner.

Incidentally, Mr. Eaton in his spare time is an author, a dramatic critic, and a professor in the Department of Drama at Yale University.

*LOOK, OFFICER... I'VE BEEN
RIDING ON B.F. GOODRICH
TIRES MADE WITH SYNTHETIC
RUBBER MORE THAN TWO YEARS*



"In 1940 they sold thousands of Silvertowns made with more than half their rubber synthetic," said the Grand Union maintenance man to the WAAC. In fact, he's pointing to one of those tires, bought by his company to help get America's synthetic rubber program started. Grand Union reports wonderful results from these tires—in some cases they outwore natural rubber tires on the *same* vehicle. Two of them ran 7,000 miles more! Thus synthetic rubber passed its first great test.



The Army rides on synthetic rubber. Today, B. F. Goodrich is making tires for combat vehicles with *proven* synthetic. Fuel tanks and fuel lines, too. Already we are overcoming Germany's head start in synthetic rubber. But there still isn't enough for you. The Army and Navy need all the rubber they can get.

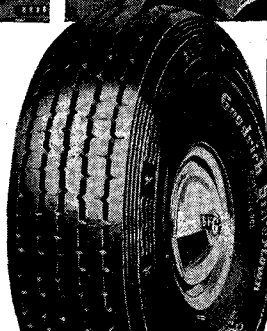


Delivery guaranteed in 194? We can't say when your new car will be ready. But we can say that its tires will probably be made wholly, or partly, from synthetic rubber. And smart motorists will look for the best where they always have looked . . . to B. F. Goodrich, the company that *pioneered* American synthetic rubber.



**A few of the many companies that bought
Ameripol tires in 1940 and 1941:**

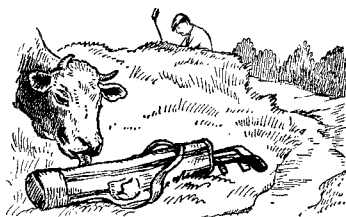
AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO. . . . AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC. . . . AMERICAN CAN CO. . . . BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD . . . THE BORDEN CO. . . . J. I. CASE CO. . . . GULF OIL CORPORATION . . . GEO. A. HORMEL & CO. . . . INGERSOLL-RAND CO. . . . KELLOGG COMPANY . . . NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM . . . NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO. . . . PHILLIPS PETROLEUM CO. . . . PET MILK SALES CORP. . . . RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY . . . SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO. . . . STANDARD BRANDS, INC. . . . SWIFT & COMPANY . . . WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO. . . . and many other important companies in communities from coast to coast.



In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

game. And I have seen the cost of course maintenance increase to what we in the '90's would have considered astronomical figures.

For this there are many reasons. One is the modern ball and club, which necessitate increased length up to 1500 yards — or nearly a mile of added fairway. Another is the competition among clubs. Another is the influence of so-called "golf architects" who work out ideal holes on paper and then construct them at great expense, often regardless of the natural terrain. They build up target greens cleverly guarded by abysmal traps, which are undoubtedly very sporting to play but which call for elaborate water systems to maintain the turf, and staffs of men to care for the traps.



The power machinery to mow the courses costs thousands of dollars, requires constant expert care, burns up quantities of fuel, and makes no manure. There must be trailers, too, to haul sand and fertilizer. An eighteen-hole course which meets modern standards in design and upkeep and which can be maintained for \$20,000 a year, irrespective of clubhouse maintenance, is probably a rarity. As far back as 1916 it cost us over \$12,000 a year to keep up a course of less than 6000 yards, on river-bottom soil that needed no water system and little fertilization.

Boiled down to essentials, the predicament in which golf clubs find themselves today is caused by the conversion of the clubhouses, on the one hand, into elaborate country clubs having nothing to do with golf, and the conversion of the natural terrain, on the other hand, into artificial tees and greens and hazards which require expensive maintenance. Such clubs can only be supported in periods of plentiful labor and financial prosperity. So now we must wail, and wring our hands, and wistfully watch the rust corrode our matched irons.

3

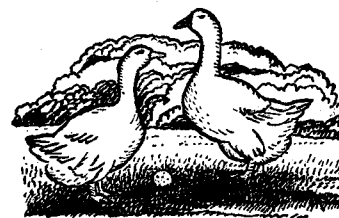
Nonsense. All we have to do is to buy a flock of sheep. They know that already in England

I used to play on a course cropped by sheep, and not in Scotland or England, but Vermont. The course was along one shore of a beautiful lake, and

from the other shore rose the noble pyramid of Ascutney. Each of the nine greens had two cups, so that you played back from another set of tees to the starting point with quite different problems. The terrain was uneven, with steep slopes and gulleys, and there were no artificial hazards but the sheep, and they seldom bothered. The turf was excellent and tight. And there was no rough! Sheep make no distinctions. Unless you pulled into the lake, you could always find your ball.

Do I hear sniffs of derision? Not, I am sure, from anyone who ever enjoyed the hospitality of that private course in Vermont; but no doubt from those who have shot for the eighth green at the Yale Golf Club, with its forty-foot-deep trap to the left, or who have hopped from oasis to oasis of fairway amid the Sahara of sand at Pine Valley, or climbed the hill amid the bunkers on the superb long sixth at Hob Nob, or delicately tapped a putt fifty feet over almost any expanse of rolled and manicured creeping bent. What, say the sniffers, if the sheep leave a hoof print to spoil your lie? What if the greens are too slow or uneven to make perfect putting possible? What if, in the absence of rough, the man who slices has as good a chance as you?

My answer is that you, Mr. Sniffer, are probably the man who slices, and in your heart you'd be extremely happy to find that you didn't have to lose three strokes three feet off the fairway. My answer is that actually it wouldn't make enough difference in your score to be detected by a certified public accountant, even if you got six bad lies. My answer is that nobody's putting was ever perfect on any



green, not even Walter Travis's, and you aren't Walter Travis. You can count on the fingers of one hand all the rounds you've ever played in which you took thirty-six putts or less, and you'd actually do better on a slow green which you could hold with your approach. You are no Bobby Jones.

You are not even a member of the Yale golf team, and you can't lash out a drive three hundred yards. You can't get over those traps to the left, so the hole is opened wide for your second shot. (A clever man, that golf architect!) No, you have to keep to the right, and play your second shot over an artificial Grand Canyon and land it on a postage stamp, if you hope to putt for a three. Once, in

1931, you did just that, and got delusions of grandeur. But to this day you don't know how you did it.

You are merely one of the great majority who pay the bills and keep up the courses so that the slashing youngsters can boast of playing a 450-yard hole with a drive and a number 7, and so that the pros will give your course their haughty approval, and maybe so that tournaments can be played there (in which case you'll be kept off the links for their duration). You don't have so much fun as you used to when holes were shorter, golf was simpler, and you didn't live a subterranean existence in sand traps. And now you've got to give it all up because there are no men to rake out your footprints, or run the power mowers, or patch the elaborate tees,



or manicure the target greens; and no gasoline for the machines if the men were available; and no week-end revenue from transients and house guests, either, to help foot the bills. Silly, isn't it?

It certainly is when a flock of sheep, an ancient shepherd, and a good dog would keep the course going. Not well enough to please the slashing youngsters — who won't be there. Not well enough to please the professionals, who have become publicity boosters for winter resorts rather than teachers. Not well enough to attract the tournament crowd — for which you should be thankful. But well enough to keep your course open and give you wholesome sport and exercise and tide your club over until peace and prosperity come again, and again the greens can be made too difficult for you to hold with your approaches and the traps too soft with sand for you to blast out of.

4

In England, where a sheep is not so much of a curiosity as here, many courses are now kept going by cropping. Clubhouse maintenance was never so much of a problem there. An American visitor to Westward Ho! often mistook the clubhouse for the professional's shop. But so far, on the home front, we have heard of few recourses to sheep. Curiously enough, though, the Augusta National planned in the spring to experiment with geese, which are sup-

posed to thrive on grazing and not to mind hot weather. If geese once saved Rome, why not a golf club? But somehow we prefer sheep in the landscape, and would feel more certain of their efficiency as mowers.

Perhaps we shouldn't mention the landscape, since the best courses generally look as if a fleet of bombers had just strafed God's green acres, and men are generally seen preserving the destruction. The late Ring Lardner was once trying to explode out of a deep crater on Long Island. He had made ten attempts and paused for his niblick to cool, when his opponent, peering over the rim, remarked, "You'd better come out now, Ring. They'll think you work here."

A year of erosion and perhaps a little seed scattered in the traps (by night if need be) might restore some semblance of nature to many a course, and the unhappy golfer would not be mistaken for a workman. Time can heal many scars, even those made in the landscape by a golf architect.

We have said nothing about shearing the sheep, but obviously the wool is a source of potential revenue to the club. As for the excess meat stock, if some way can be found to distribute it to members without ration cards — say as a stock dividend — there should be no difficulty about resignations. And how about goose eggs? But these are minor details. The point is that golf can be played, and played with great enjoyment, on sheep-cropped turf, and in the process the game can be given back for a time to the great army of duffers who, whether they confess it or not, find most modern courses too difficult for real satisfaction and too expensive for a reasonable apportionment of their incomes.



Hats Are Fun

By DAVID McCORD

Hats Are Fun This Spring — Advt.

*Hats are fun!
Read and run —
Show me one!
Hats are fun?
Who has done
That to a hat?*

Where are we at:
Hats are fun?
 Gone is the bun,
 Gone the brow:
 What now?
Hats are fun,

And bangs begun
 When hats were sad
 (Or what was bad
 In swirl or curl)
 Become the girl,
 Now hats are fun.

We used to shun
 Eugénies, felts,
 And hats like welts.
 Later they made
 A lovely trade
 Of little mats



Like hats.
 Other springs,
 Other things:
 The snood, the snare,
 Netted hair.
 We swore. I swear

They've gone for fair.
 We have instead
 The hatted head:
 The WAVE'S, the WAAC'S,
 With little plaques;
 The visored lass

I often pass;
 The kerchiefed crop,
 The pillbox top . . .
 The old beret,
 Monty's way.
 I say — I've said —

O heart of lead:
 Be light, be bright,
 See what's in sight!
 In shade, in sun,
 Till wars are won:
 Hats, be fun!



Our Allies

By CHRISTINE LOWELL

OUR allies are having a profound influence on our lives today and will exert more than a little influence on our lives in the future, but I did not wait until the 1940's to feel — and show — the influence they exercised over my own waistline.

Always a voracious reader, I succumbed in the twenties to the charm of the light English novel. Of course, *Jane Eyre*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Vanity Fair*, *Oliver Twist* I had known practically from childhood. But E. F. Benson with his *Queen Lucia* and his *Miss Mapp*, devastating creatures, whetted my desire for almost any book presented in an English setting.

What was wrong about that? Nothing so far as *you* are concerned; you are a person of character. But the years have shown me that I am nothing more nor less than a plastic victim of suggestive influence. My friends watched the results but they did not guess that English authors were the cause.

Their remarks ran something like this: —

"How well you are looking. Do you know, I believe you have gained at least ten pounds since I saw you last year."

As I never could be compared to a rail, — far less, with my five feet, to a beanstalk, — all this meant that I was fast turning into the feminine counterpart of that man lately celebrated at the Stage Door Canteens as Mr. Five by Five.

England had played me false. For I defy you to pick up one of those delightful English novels of the late twenties and not meet a neat little maid bearing a tray of crumpets and jam, raisin cake and tea, before you turn to the seventh chapter. This is the time *you* would sit calmly on, turning the pages one after the other. Not I. Automatically, I would lay down the book — just for a moment — and quite

An inveterate reader whose sympathies are in the right place, CHRISTINE LOWELL has been closely identified with the *Atlantic* through three vigorous decades.

FOUND:

THOUSANDS OF TONS OF BRASS!

IN one of Buick's busy plants, large calibre shell cases are now being built of *steel* instead of hard-to-get *brass*.

Coming from the line by the thousands, these cases mean an important saving in a highly critical material.

But, you may ask, doesn't this simply mean that our already-burdened steel-producing facilities have to turn out just that much more steel?

The answer is—not at all! Through careful redesign and development of new methods on other of our war jobs, Buick has effected important savings in steel too.

These are more than enough to

offset a load on the steel mills that might have been involved in this switch from one material to another.

It is very much like finding several million pounds of brass every year—not by accident, but in reward for a patient, careful process that goes on constantly in Buick plants.

We're *always* looking for ways to save materials of any kind. Even a fraction of a pound per piece produced is not too little to get our prompt attention.

Such care pays, as this instance proves. It makes all materials stretch—and there is no better way of making sure our fighting men get plenty of what they need to win.



war goods
**WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM**



BUICK DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unconsciously head for refreshment. I would match Lady Isobel and her guests, mouthful for mouthful, drink for drink, although at eleven o'clock at night my crumpets would probably turn into hearty sandwiches, and the cups of tea into glasses of rich, creamy milk. Keep that up and see how your frocks will fit you!

But with the coming of the thirties I turned my allegiance from England to Russia. No more for me the Hunt Breakfast, A Stroll Down the Garden Path, or a pleasant cozy chat with the Vicar. My Accent of Living in the Flesh became Accent of Living in the Spirit.

Russia — there was an ally for you.

But if, as the Bible reminds us, I could not add a cubit to my stature, at least my new-found friends succeeded in stripping many pounds off my well-rounded figure. I read with ever increasing interest of the fight the Russians were making, with all the attendant sacrifices, for their Five-Year Plan, then their Ten-Year Plan. I followed Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Walter Duranty, Eugene Lyons, William Henry Chamberlin, Fannina Halle. I even followed the White Russians on their sad journeys away from their beloved Fatherland. Remember Mrs. Platov in *The Children* — “But Mother was not hungry because, if one would believe her word, she had eaten while preparing food.”

No seeking of late-hour trays after realizing the fare of these peoples. Still, regardless of any possible danger of a return to that figure of Five by Five, let us look forward to that day, and may it be soon, that England once again with abundance in her midst may spell temptation with the words: “Do join me for tea.” And may it be that best of all meals, an English High Tea, with the table groaning, and the crumpets dripping — just dripping — with butter.

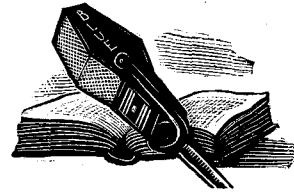


Golden Mean

By WITTER BYNNER

Higher profits, higher wages
Have been sought by many sages:
Higher costs and higher prices
Are the consequent devices.

Why should not some clever dunce
Settle the whole thing for once
And resolve the money riddle
At some reason in the middle?



Laughter on the Air

By “THE LISTENER”

THERE are several ways to empty a Hall of Entertainment. One is the smell of smoke. Another is a Lecture. Most purgent of the lectures is the Lecture on the Sense of Humor. A trained comedian practicing his trade will hold his audience as long as he likes. When they wrote Artemus Ward to play one hundred nights at the opera house in Virginia City they asked him what he would take. He wired back “Brandy and Soda” and a fat fee. For telling seasoned gags to a hard, cheerful capacity-house of miners and tarts for two hours a night he earned and was paid his princely fee in silver. If, instead of hosing down his audience with tried material, he had undertaken a Lecture on the subject of What Is Funny, he would have been shot, and his murderer would have spent eight months in the local jug. Eight months, Mark Twain said, was the maximum sentence. So if you want to empty the auditorium, just dissect humor, or One Man’s Meat.

Take Carlyle. Not a bad writer. Not bad reading, either, until he says: —

“True humor springs not more from the head than from the heart; it is not contempt, its essence is love; it issues not in laughter, but in still smiles, which lie far deeper. It is a sort of inverse sublimity, exalting, as it were, into our affections what is below us, while sublimity draws down into our affections what is above us.”

Oh.

Try that on your radio audience.

Take Carlyle, as we said. Free. Or take Max Eastman. One afternoon he was chewing a pencil, and planchette wrote on the paper before him the words “The . . . Enjoyment . . . of . . . Laughter.” Ha, he said mirthlessly. Taking the pencil out of his mouth he wrote one of the longer and duller books. It tried to take the Sense of Humor apart. It even contained a macabre passage telling what made Chaplin’s pantomime funny. And how is your inverse sublimity?

So, Dear Reader, avoid all books, lectures, and

We shall have more about radio from time to time from THE LISTENER, behind whose modest pseudonym is a well-known authority in that field.

Invisible G-MAN

The Story of Super-Sleuths of War Production

★

WHEN the FBI gets on the trail of a potential saboteur, tracks him down, and catches him before he can do any damage—that's front-page news! Yet there are a few score unsung sleuths doing this kind of work—all day and every day—in America's war factories. This is their story.

They are the million-volt X-ray units developed by G-E scientists just in time to go to work, all-out, in war production.

The saboteurs they catch are flaws and blow-holes—unintentional, of course—in big castings for war machinery. The kind of mistakes that *will* turn up occasionally, no matter *how* careful and skillful

the foundry worker. But serious all the same.

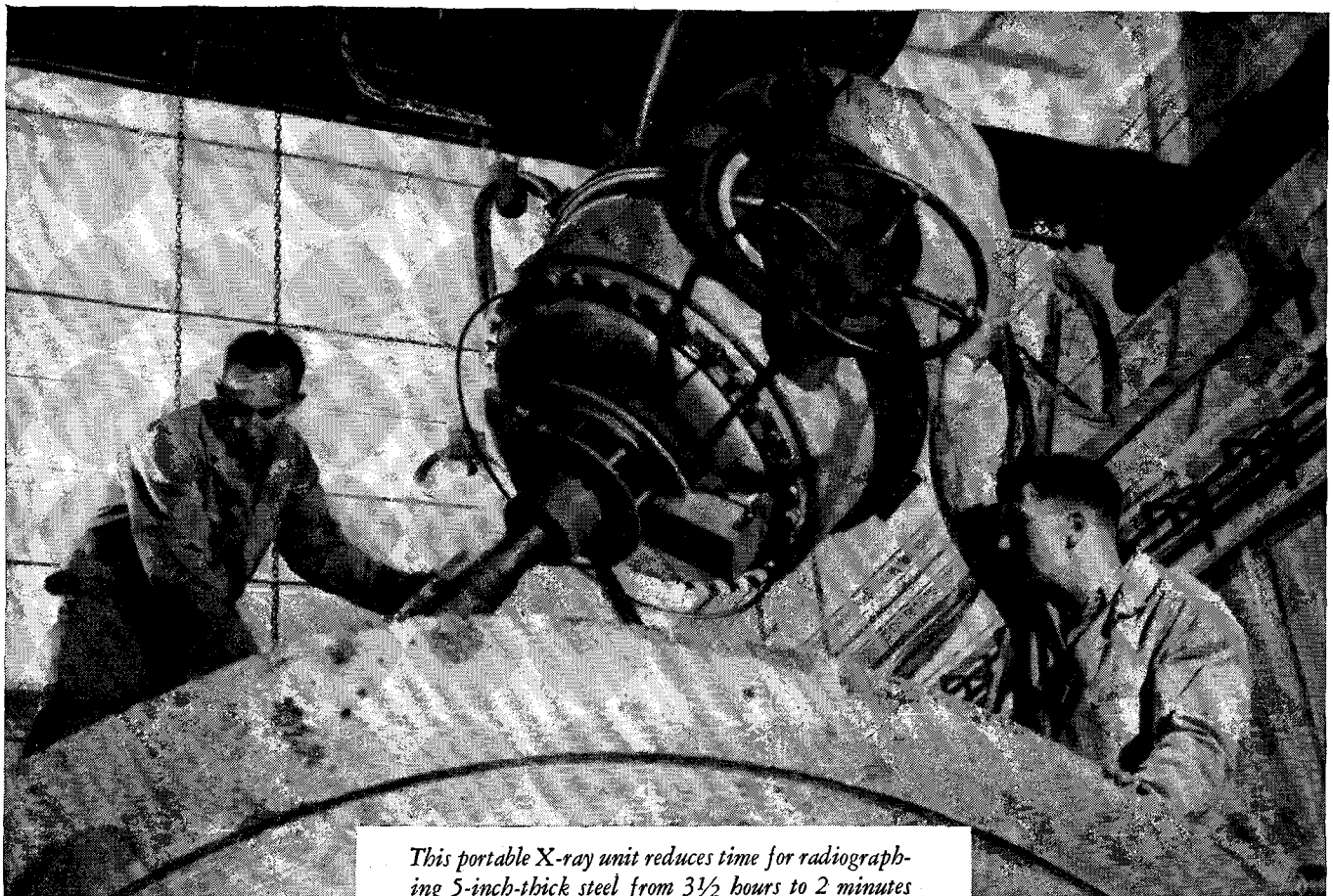
The worst of it is, they usually don't turn up soon enough. Buried in the middle of six or eight inches of hard steel—it's tough luck when they're discovered only after priceless hours of expert machining have gone into the job. And if the part is almost ready to ship, and the last cut of the tool runs into a flaw—then it's tougher!

That's just one calamity the million-volt X-ray keeps from happening. It pours out rays like those from radium, and a lot more plentiful. They pass right through the thick metal; in minutes they show up defects before a stroke of work has

been done. Anything that isn't perfect goes back to be melted over—literally liquidated!

It would take a catalog to list all the other war jobs these X-ray units are doing, and violate the rules of military secrecy as well. But we have them because G-E scientists and engineers have been exercising their ingenuity and perseverance on the subject of electronics for years. And they've only scratched the surface.

After the war this same ingenuity and perseverance will bear fruit in things to make peacetime living better. Which is why this promising field of electronics will bear watching! *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*



This portable X-ray unit reduces time for radiographing 5-inch-thick steel from 3½ hours to 2 minutes

GENERAL  ELECTRIC
952-459C1

RESEARCH AND ENGINEERING KEEP GENERAL ELECTRIC YEARS AHEAD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unillustrated discussions of humor. Avoid all traffic with humor except the McCoy. Avoid especially written and printed commentaries like this one.

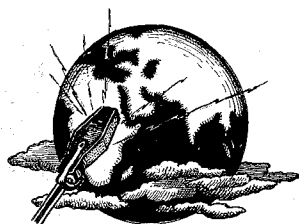
2

Now, will those who have decided to remain in the room please turn on the radio?

In an earlier scolding, we noted that a great many other people beside ourselves, totaling some thirty million American families, listen to the radio too. We know that what they like and do not like is measured with a certain degree of reliability.

What do you suppose they like?

They like laughs. They like laughs best of all, war or peace, summer or winter, wet or dry.



Of the most popular programs on the air, the majority base on comedy. A noteworthy exception is the Lux radio theater, but it does not bar humor. Not classified as comedy are the various quiz affairs, though they are always tragicomic, depending on how superior you feel or how much you crave an Encyc. Brit. or a tube of Mollé. Up there on the shoulders of Mount Whitney, among the vastly popular radio programs, you will find that the American public at this moment likes best of all the crisp drollery-in-adversity of Mr. Fibber McGee and his goodwife Molly. "Not funny, McGee!" has become an ominous and prophetic national password.

Mr. Benny, Mr. Hope, Mr. Allen, Mr. Crosby, Mr. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Burns, the Messrs. Bergen and McCarthy, Mr. Skelton, Miss Brice, Master H. Aldrich and his father and mother, Mr. Marx (G.), Mr. Jolson and his leafy friend Mr. Woolley, Mr. Cantor, Mr. and Mrs. Ace, Mr. Gardner — or must we go on? — amass a total of active and rollicking listening which would have brought an envying and understanding smile to the faces of Editor Lowell, Editor Perry, Editor Howells and his correspondent Sam Clemens. Oddly enough, however, the humor which these radio masters dispense causes the moralists, the sociologists, the low-radio-rating professors, and the self-appointed analysts of radio to View With Alarm.

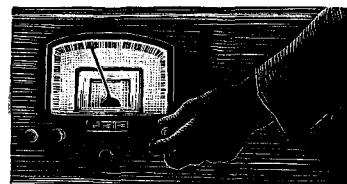
The fact is that radio has endowed the words of

good nature with a force generally unmanageable by the jockeys of printed text written in the traditional cadence. The laughs written for the radio are mostly not written by the lads anointed by the Book-of-the-Month Club. The writer of "Vic and Sade" has broken more dates with publishers and syndicates and movie scouts than a writing man could conjure in his prettiest trance, and because why? Because all he wants to do is to be let alone to write a good daily "Vic and Sade." That it happens to be as neat and savory human nature and native humor as anything ever set down on paper may be his purpose or his superstition, but there the fact is.

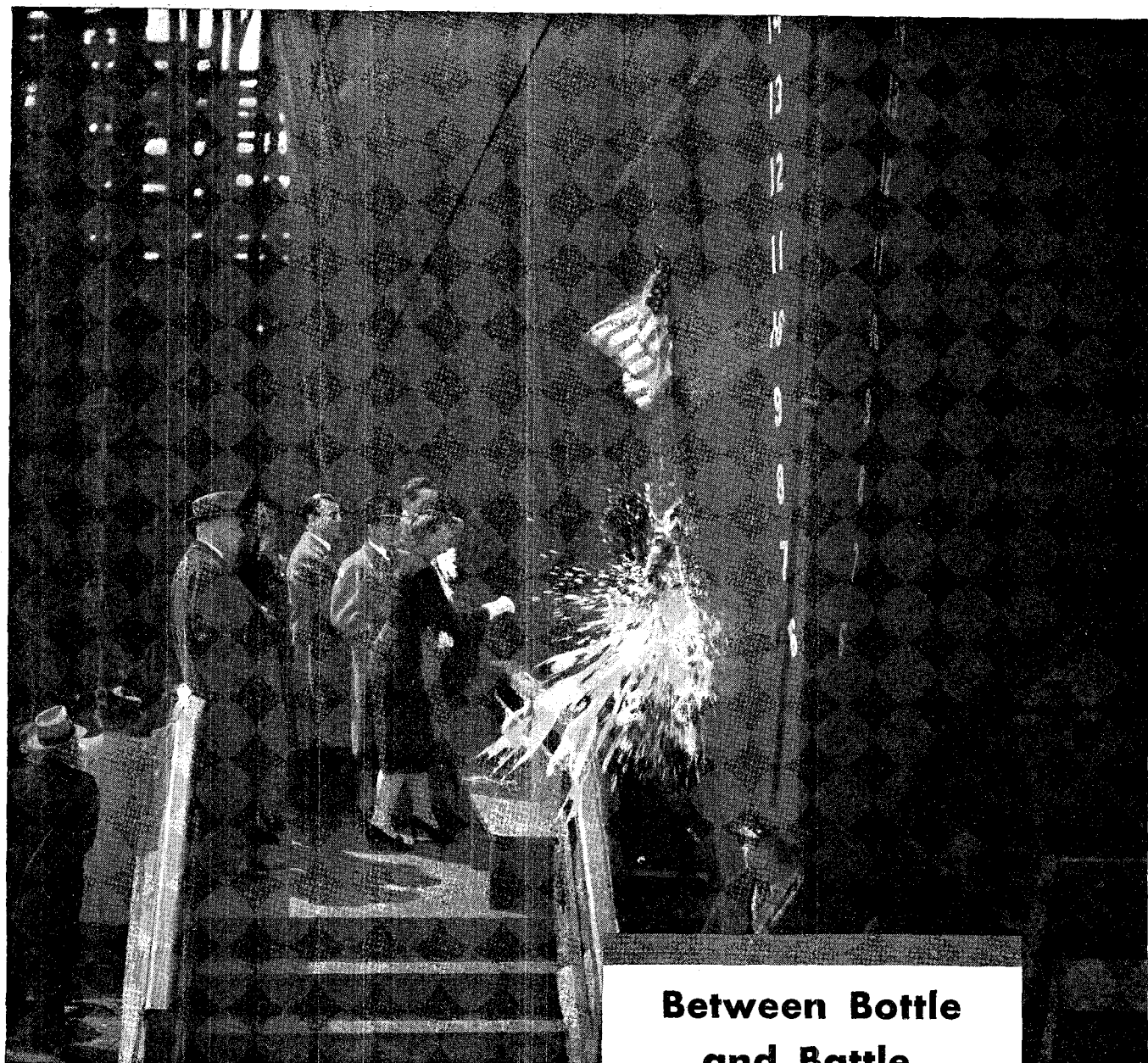
The material written for Mr. Benny, who in 17 minutes of the 10,080 in each week refreshes the confidence of some thirty-five million American people in him as a generous slow-wit and tightwad, and as the fortunate friend of a man named Rochester, is transcribed weekly from the well-tailored cuffs of two hard-working ex-movie catastrophe-men named Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin, who are not named William Cullen Morrow and Edward Everett Beloin.

The material for Mr. Fred Allen is finally written lock, stock, and barrel by Mr. Fred Allen. The stand-up gags that issue from the muzzle of Mr. Hope as from a 50 mm. machine gun are processed on a conveyor line of typewriters whose owners' names are not on the peg-in board of the Century Association. Where Mr. Skelton's jokes are dug up is not known to this listener. But you and I have been around attics and we have our suspicions.

Attics. That is a clew. Humor is ageless, maybe? Sure. Some kinds. For instance, accidents — to other people. And fantastic exaggerations that



make dreams come true and nightmares run away. And slips of the tongue. But Shakespeare's clowns are not funny today, McGee. Artemus Ward is hard to take today, for today most people spell less badly. There was no recent radio rush for Dere Mable, because the public had moved on to Private Hargrove. Radio moves on, forward, side-wise, or backward with each new day. Radio popularity (which means only what most of the public likes best) is no greater than the personality projected by the voice through the air into the ear. No radio personality is greater than his material.



Between Bottle and Battle

Everything's set for the launching. Champagne bottle and charming sponsor. Witnesses intently looking on. The sponsor breaks the bottle on the bow. A new ship is named! She slides down the ways. She hits the water. A new ship is launched!

Nearly 800 ships were launched, last year! Twice that many will be launched this year! *But what follows launching?*

Ships launched are just ships launched. Nothing more. Just so much inanimate steel in still water. *No good to anybody*, until *somebody* puts life into them. Puts men into them, who can make them quiver from stem to stern with purpose. Sail them out of still water, across surging seas, on their

battle-missions. Unless *somebody* can do this, we could build ships to kingdom come, and have *just ships launched*.

But *somebody* does. A lot of *somebodies*. Private ship operators who understand, think, talk, and live ships.

These private ship operators put life into ships, and put them to work. They have for decades. What they are doing now is the story of what happens *between bottle and battle*.

They were ready, at war's beginning. With equipment. With trained personnel. With *experience*, that time alone can give. They didn't have to throw away any dies, and make new ones. *They didn't have to stop for any plant conversion*.

Our Government stated its need, and they took over. As new ships slid down the ways, they took the inanimate steel and *animated* it. Making *ships launched* into *ships sailing*, and with time saved *when time was so precious*. *They did this, and are doing it now*.

The result? Today, this Nation is transporting more men and equipment overseas than ever before in history!

MATSON is one of these ship operators who took over, providing its part of the vital story of what happens *between bottle and battle*.

Matson Line *
TO Hawaii • NEW ZEALAND • AUSTRALIA VIA SAMOA • FIJI



OPERATING OUR FLEET AND A GROWING FLEET OF LIBERTY SHIPS TO WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

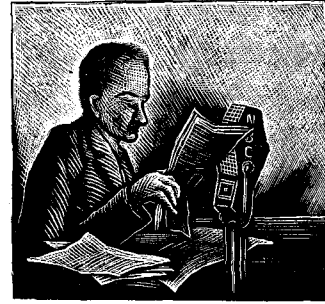
No radio material is more acceptable than the currency of its idiom.

Now go away into a corner with that little cat's cradle of advice-to-young authors and see if you can untangle it. If you can, and if you can write, you can please even more people than Mr. Clemens did, and you will become rich, and the government will take it away from you.

Parenthesis: Please, Mr. Ringgold Lardner, will you help us out with the artists, too? Will you please come back and talk to Mr. Victor Borge, and Mr. Allen, and Miss Brice, and to all the unbilled boys and girls in places like Niles, Michigan, who appear on local stations that "nobody" (not even Mr. Hooper or Mr. Crossley or Mr. Gallup) hears, and who are putting out good humor for cakes and fan mail — and just tell them they're doing all right? Mr. Woolcott, and Mr. White (E. B.), and Mr. Benchley, and Mr. Tarkington, and Mr. Durante, will you not also please help furnish and guide them? They are your people. Mr. George Bingham, of the *Hogwallow Kentuckian*, won't you please help Mr. Robert Burns — who could so readily be as great a hillbilly as his namesake instead of a pale Will Rogers? And Mr. Rogers, will you please hire a Hall of Entertainment and lecture to five hundred small-town newspaper editors and radio station managers and tell them in your own words about the humor that makes us all laugh even in the dentist's chair? Thank you all, gentlemen. End parenthesis.

In conclusion, let us report that we have just been going up and down the roster of the best-selling books, and we cannot find that books of humor, or humorous books, or whatever you call them, are any great shakes in the cash poll of the tastes of the American people. Last week *My Life in a Putty Knife Factory* and *Private Hargrove* were still in the running but they were not selling to a degree that would indicate massive reading. Thousands, yes. Millions, no. And yet a good average comedy headliner on the air plays to ten, fifteen, twenty million American people a week. They cannot see his baggy breeches, nor his red nose, and when he falls downstairs a technician crushes a berry box in his hands, and that is all. No pictures. No description. No adverbs. Above all, no extra words — or the Hall of Entertainment will be promptly cleared because the American people tune him out.

Something pretty shocking seems to have happened in our time. Can it be that the best humorous writing, which is to say the most popular current echo of true American humor, is being written for the *radio*?



How to Be a Radio Announcer

By PAUL HOLLISTER

Now that you are going to be a radio announcer it is time, Junior, that you learned how to talk right. For if you do not learn how to talk, Junior, you can quickly make a failure of yourself, especially in pronunciation, especially in English, and especially in the matter of proper nouns — especially names of places.

There is no better place to start to learn how to pronounce the names of places than in England, where the mother tongue herself came from. And there is no better authority to ask than the late Mr. A. Lloyd James, sometime University Reader in Phonetics at the School of Oriental Studies in London (lon-don), England. He put it all into a book for the guidance of announcers of the British Broadcasting Corporation, or BBC, or brit-tish brode-cahsting cawpaw-ray-shun.

So here we are in dear old Cholmondeley in Cheshire — the starting point of all traditional British circum-phonetics, which, as everybody has long known, is called chumly.

Do you realize, Junior, that we are now hardly a stone's throw from Cholmondeston? And how would you pronounce Cholmondeston? You are quite correct. *Chomson is correct!* The same rule applies here as that which compresses our own city of Minneapolis into murlap. Chomson, murlap; two syllables each, neither one particularly derivative.

You may be called upon any day now to report, on the air, that "enemy activity was observed last night from Chaddlehanger to Catcleugh," and unless you are forearmed you will make a proper mess of the news. So let us go over Chaddlehanger first. How do you pronounce Chaddlehanger? If you're a literalist you pronounce it chaddlehanger,

Piqued, or perhaps stung, by what "The Listener" has said about broadcasting in an earlier issue, PAUL HOLLISTER, Vice President of CBS, rises with what seems to us a very sound argument.

After the War is over...
SEE SAN FRANCISCO



Some day the news will flash around the world that the United Nations' victory is won... the War is over!

Glorious release for you and all America... and a time of promise. America at peace will seem more beautiful than ever. You will want to see it all.

The sun will point an enticing way for your first journey—a Victory Vacation, if you will—over sweeping roads through the wonderful West, to San Francisco.

You may know that San Francisco was never a village, that it sprang into being in the Gold Rush Days, and that it is romantic and storied. Still you will hardly be prepared for it.

Your heart will leap when you see the city's towered hills, rising from the bay to form a pastel-tinted rampart for the great Pacific harbor and its shipping. There are the record bridges... the islands... the Golden Gate...

Your San Francisco days and nights will be filled with adventures, as you explore the hills, waterfront, Chinatown, Latin Quarter, Golden Gate Park... enjoy the sprightly metropolitan scenes and debonair shops, seek out delightful eating places in story-book quarters, dine and dance in famous night clubs and hotels...

San Francisco is a seaport-city of contrasts. Old St. Mary's Church, for instance, built in 1854, is on the edge of Chinatown (see picture above). Its red brick and iron work came around the Horn, its granite from China. It is one of a thousand sights.

And close to San Francisco are many places you will want to see: Yosemite National Park; Lake Tahoe, "Sea of the Sky"; the quaint old mining towns the Forty-Niners built; the Big Trees and the tall Redwoods; volcanic Mt. Lassen, and Shasta Dam; the lovely resorts on Monterey Bay.

All this is something to look forward to, for after the War is won.

San Francisco today is virtually the West Coast capital of America at war, and we are not inviting merely pleasure-seekers now. You are busy too.

However, it may give you relaxation just to think about and plan your Victory Vacation. So send today for your free copy of our 48-page illustrated booklet, and a large picture-map of California. Mail the coupon now.

CALIFORNIANS INC.

Dept. 2306, 703 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

Please send me your free illustrated booklet, "The Chapter in Your Life entitled San Francisco," and the free picture-map of California. Thank you.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

but if you aren't you just call it challinger, the "g" being hard as in chaddlehanger or saddlebag. Catcleugh (Northumb.), however, does not become catcall, catkin, or glowworm, but catcluff, with an optional switch to catcleef if you are in the mood, which is pronounced mood.

Or take Launceston, in Cornwall. If you were to follow the chaddlehanger line, you would naturally call it lawn-sess-tun, as in Cirencester, or syrensester or sissiter, but nature here in Cornwall has provided a crossroads at which you may stop, finger in mouth, and take your choice of four directions, any one of which will leave your American radio audience well out on the limb. Launceston you may call laanston, laanson, lawnsen, or (to lapse into the musical idiom) lavvant, a nickname for a town in Sussex known as Lavant.



Cornwall, in fact, is full of jolly booby-traps. There is Poughill, which by all the laws of Pough-keepsie ought to be poe-ill or pugle. But is it? It is in fact poffill and puffill, but if you move over to Poughill in Devonshire the old home town is powill, a good deal like William, or Thin Man, or Vive La Loy.

And another thing, Junior, before we go any further. You know there is a great deal of talk about improving the relations between our country and England. You know that nothing uprouses our 100 per cent scorn much more readily than to hear a visitor (pronounced cousin from overseas) refer in all familiarity to A-hya as Oheeo. Well, get a load of Trottisciffe in Kent. How would you feel if you pulled up at the right (pronounced left) side of the road in Kent and asked civilly which way to Trottisciffe, and the burgher gave you the leering-mute treatment? For Trottisciffe is spoken as trossly — just as San Antonio, Texas, is sanchez, as Newton Lower Falls, Mass., is nossly, and as Anniston, Alabama, is pronounced exactly like Tudeley (Kent) or toodly. So just know that whatever you are doing is for the jernt advancement of two nations who speak the same tongue, and never the twain shall etc.

There are still plenty of people west of Elkhart (Ind.) who call Worcester (Mass.) wurr-ses-ter and

Gloucester glah-ses-ter, and it drives the natives of woosta and glosta bats when they hear it. The natives of Dover (N. H.) still have enough A-gas to drive to Exeter once in a while, but it is either exta or ex'ta or ex-a-ta. But when you land on the name Uttoxeter (Staffordshire), pick your landing. The odds are four to one against you if you clamber through the obvious ut-tox-e-ter and say here am I. For the more used, and mischievous, and knowing versions of the name are yewtoxeter, uxeter, uxter, and utcheter. Thus Wednesfield is not only wensfield (as in wensday for Wednesday) but also wedgefefeld.

Weston Bampfylde in Somersetshire is weston bamfeeld — a pronunciation not so far apfyld from the spfelling, after all. Greenwich you know of old (in spite of the New Haven brakeman who calls it green-witch) as grinnidge, grinnich, and grennich; Bromwich you know, or can fumble out, as brommich, brummidge, brommidge, or brummich; but what's going to happen to you in Cwmtillery or Cwm if you start calling them crummitch instead of coom-till-airy or coom? Coom-till-airy I-yay, I-yay, coom-till-airy I ya-a-ay; I don't care what be-Cwms of me. . . .

The general pronunciation of English place names is logical, phonetic, and proper, and with the help of a couple of irregular verbs and three days' rations you will have no trouble in finding your way to Belaugh, which is beelaa, beelaw, beelo, beeloo — or to Boggart Hole Clough in Lancashire. The Boggart is naturally boggart. The Hole is hole. The Clough is cluff, and you cannot get trousers with coughs on them any more.

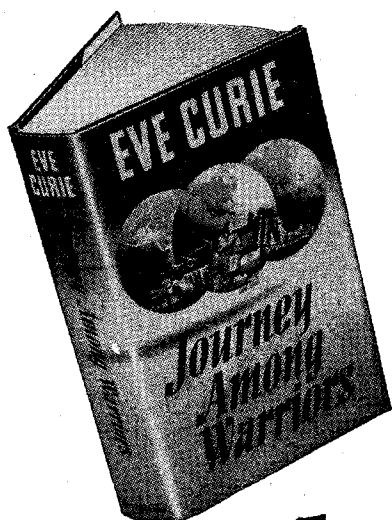
And so, as we leave our friends in Easton Mauduit and Ebbw Vale, in Erewash and Exeat, in Eype and Farrington Gurney and Faugh or faff or faaf, in Fernyhalgh or furnyhuff and Figheledean or fyledeen, in Greenhalgh or greenhawls and in Kingston Bagpuize, let us just remember this, Junior: —

They certainly got some strange customs, but one thing you will admit — they never serve a pictorial women's-magazine salad in a birdbath before a meal, the way they do practically every place west of Nyack and most aggressively in California.



EVE CURIE

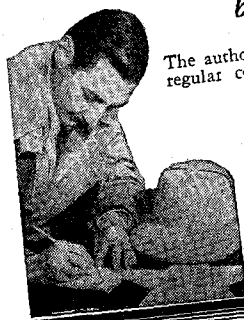
makes an inspiring
report from the far-
flung frontiers of
freedom...



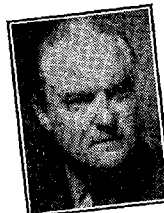
“Eve Curie has made the most far-flung trip of any woman correspondent. Her *Journey Among Warriors* anticipated Mr. Willkie's and in the nature of things it is a good deal more personal. Her lovely French presence was an open sesame in the Near East. She saw unmistakably the new stirrings of nationalism in Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, Egypt, Persia, India, and China—the old countries waking up from their sleep. She watched what she calls 'the poker game of Islam.' She measured the prestige and influence of France as a force of civilization. Her prose portraits are swift, adroit, and very telling: General Catroux; Felix Eboué, the very French Governor of Tchad and a colored man; de Gaulle; the young Shah of Iran; Olga Lepeshinskaya, the ballerina; and Major General Vlasov—she catches these colorful individuals as naturally as she does the RAF pilots with whom she jokes. Her chapters on Russia are among the very best. She visited the front, saw the German prisoners and dead, talked to villagers who had survived the Nazi brutality, and rediscovered that only a country that has withstood an invasion really knows what war is.” —EDWARD WEEKS, *The Atlantic Monthly*. \$3.50

Journey Among Warriors

MEN IN MOTION by Henry J. Taylor



The author of the best-selling *Time Runs Out* and regular commentator over WJZ writes brilliantly of such apparently unrelated subjects as the Grand Strategy of the United Nations in North Africa . . . the way in which camels are used to remove mines from the Suez Canal . . . how the Prime Minister of Turkey kept Von Papen from getting armament chrome . . . why the traditional German believes the war is already lost—and succeeds in relating them not only to each other but to the problems of every-day America. \$3.00



THE SHOCK OF RECOGNITION

The Development of American Literature
in the United States Recorded by the
Men Who Made It

Edited by Edmund Wilson

A stimulating collection of essays, memoirs, letters, etc., which show the opinions of the great American writers on each other; from James Russell Lowell's *Fable for Critics* to H. L. Mencken's essay on Theodore Dreiser. 1,300 pages. \$5.00

At your bookseller's
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

INDIGO

A Novel of India

by CHRISTINE WESTON

SYNOPSIS: A novel of life in an Indian garrison town, Amritpore, this story centers in the household of Madame de St. Remy, a French widow who owns and operates an indigo factory. She despises the English colony, particularly eccentric old Mrs. Lyttleton, who has befriended Madame's dark-haired son, young Jacques de St. Remy. Jacques has an intimate of his own age, Hardy, a sensitive young Hindu. To break up these friendships, his mother sends Jacques off to school in the Indian uplands. There he chums up with a schoolmate, John Macbeth, and falls in love with John's pretty cousin, Bertie Wood. While hunting with Colonel Macbeth and John, Jacques is wounded and loses his left hand. But in spite of his mother, he clings to his new friends, as he does to Mrs. Lyttleton and to Hardy, who has been studying in England.

18

ON THE eve of his departure for England the Civil Engineer of Amritpore, Mr. Wall, drove between the sandstone pillars of Mrs. Lyttleton's compound and drew up under the porch. His groom led the tonga away towards the stables, and Wall went up the steps to greet his old friend. She took his hand and stared into his face. "I can't believe that this is the last time I shall see you."

"Look here, I'm only going on furlough, you know!"

They sat as usual on Mrs. Lyttleton's verandah under the menagerie of stuffed heads. Wall poured himself a brandy from the decanters which waited beside his chair, and played with a glass eye which had popped out from a moldering socket above him.

"Well," said Mrs. Lyttleton, the sense of parting hanging over her like a cloud. "Can it be two years since we said good-bye to Hardy, and you longed to go with him?"

"I was born in a small civil station called Unao, in the United Provinces of India," writes CHRISTINE WESTON. "My father was of French extraction, my mother English. Both families had been in India for several generations — my father's family as indigo planters, my mother's in the Army.

"We were a large family and grew up in a happy state of anarchy. Our winters were spent on the Plains, our summers in the Hills. We got along well with Indians of all castes and creeds because my father's sympathies and his profession of officer in the Imperial Police, and later of barrister, brought us all into unusually close communion. But we lived very simply — riding, hunting, walking in the most beautiful country imaginable, the lower Himalayas. The most important thing was our love for a land which we regarded as home, and for the natives of that land."

"Two years. Hardy and I shall probably pass each other in the Mediterranean."

"Perhaps for you," she murmured, "England will constitute a rebirth."

Two years ago he would have kindled at the prospect; today he shrugged.

"Yes — to get away will be a sort of rebirth. I'm tired." He broke off, then finished on an odd note of anger: "I'm fed up!"

This was obvious, and she was sorry, but she had heard too many rumors about him to venture even a friendly question, so she changed the subject by inquiring for news of Jacques.

"I understand this is his last year at St. Matthew's," Wall said. "Do you think they'll make a monk out of him?"

She shook her head. "To be fair, I don't think they ever intended that."

"If not, it is only because Madame has other plans." The glass eye slipped from his fingers and fell in a corner, where it lay balefully glaring. "She will bring him back to Amritpore and set him to work in the factory, which he loathes. In due time she will import a meek little wife for him, from her so aristocratic France. You remember we once believed that he would rebel? But I wonder what chance he has now, with that crippled hand? Oh, I think we can rest assured that Madame will attend to everything."

There was a brief silence, then she conjectured aloud: "I wonder, though, whether Jacques will stand up."

"Can't see that it signifies whether he does."

"It will signify for him, if not for us. Oh, I know you've accused me of reading too much importance into minor matters, but I think Jacques's struggle is important. Whenever I see youth break with the past, I know that the future must feel the shock."

Wall smiled skeptically, but she persisted. "I can't help wondering about these children. It would have been a different story if they had all stayed in their own country. But in India they will be on trial — as we are."

"On trial?"

"Oh, I know you've never felt, as I have, this sense of being on trial — not only for our shortcomings as rulers, but for our capacities as human beings."

Wall frowned. He disliked the turn which the conversation had taken. He enjoyed Mrs. Lyttleton's wit, her malice and her penetration, just so long as she confined herself to more or less airy and personal affairs; but he had a horror of the controversial soul-searching to which she was occasionally given. By cutting herself off from most of her own kind she had come to question and to criticize them more and more from the Indian standpoint — a dangerous and futile attitude, saved from downright iniquity only by virtue of her age and prestige.

19

As NIGHT fell, out from the obscurity burst the frogs' voices. Wall could imagine the countless pallid throats swelling in chorus, and a sense of suffocation came upon him, for there seemed no respite from the country's fecundity, no crevice that was not occupied by some musician-snout, some fixed eye, some coiled spring of venom, or a fistful of feathers cheeping with appalling lust. Vivid with brandy, he conjured up visions of home, of England's antique serenity, and the effort brought him to the brink of revelation: he no longer felt alone and spectral, but part of the solid structure of a tried and merciful whole.

Mrs. Lyttleton broke the spell: "Where is that boy with the lamps?"

The deliquescent light which bathed the garden stopped short at the verandah steps. "Jalal!" screamed Mrs. Lyttleton in the sudden fury of autocracy neglected. "*Butti jalao* — Light the lamps!"

There was no answer except from the frogs.

She peered at Wall through the gloom. "I'm so sorry. He thought we were talking, and decided

not to disturb us. But the lights, the lights! It's getting as dark as pitch."

"Do sit down. I'm not hungry, and this is the last time we shall talk together."

"I shall dock his pay!"

"You won't. You know you won't. You have never punished him and that's what's the matter with him. It's what's the matter with all of them."

She realized that her guest was drunk. "I'll go and find Jalal," she murmured. "I shan't be a minute."

But Wall had risen, suddenly tall in the shadows. "Don't move. I'll go. I know my way."

There was something ominous about him, and she hesitated.

"Don't worry — I'll find him."

Mrs. Lyttleton experienced the sudden helpless fear which assails old people, for she had caught the strain of temper in his voice and she knew that tone, having heard it often enough in her long life — a cold, dry tone like a sword drawn from its sheath.

"Aubrey —"

But he walked across the verandah and disappeared into the darkened drawing room. She heard his feet on the matting, heard him bump into a chair, then knew that he had entered the dining room beyond. She fumbled for her cigarettes, assuring herself that she was an old fool to be anxious about Jalal, who was either drunk in some remote nook or alert enough to see the sahib coming, and to bolt.

In the meantime Wall felt his way through the almost pitch-black rooms to the verandah where dishes were washed and lamps trimmed. Beyond it stretched an untidy compound and a line of servants' quarters where a light or two glimmered. At sight of them his formless temper flared into rage. He had always detested Mrs. Lyttleton's servants who, to him, epitomized all that was typical in the native character: inertia, instability, filth. He'd settle them!

He started across the verandah and immediately fell over a large bundle which lay in the shadow of a meat-safe. The bundle was Jalal, snoring in the happy oblivion of his favorite drug. Wall, in falling, cracked his elbow on a corner of the meat-safe and a white heat exploded inside him. Pulling himself together, he kicked the supine figure twice with the precise, weighted kick of an athlete. Jalal groaned and rolled sluggishly over on his side; he did not waken but lay snoring on a changed note with his feet drawn up like a trussed fowl.

Wall turned away and shouted into the gloom for his syce to fetch the tonga, and when a faint

answering shout reached him he made his way back to the front verandah. "I found your servant, but he's so stuffed with opium I doubt very much whether you will get any dinner — or any breakfast, for that matter."

"Did you try to wake him?"

"I gave him a couple of kicks, but he merely snored."

"You kicked him?"

"Not hard enough, apparently."

They heard the jingle of harness and watched the soft beam from the carriage lamps bloom on the puddles. Mrs. Lyttleton felt sad that they should part on a discordant note, but Wall was silent, staring into the obscurity where rain was beginning to fall once more. The queer violence of a few minutes ago had calmed him, his blood flowed coolly, evenly, and he felt an extraordinary sense of generosity and well-being.

The tonga drove up under the porch and his coachman leaped out and ran to the horses' heads.

Mrs. Lyttleton put out her hand and said in a firm voice: "Well, Aubrey!"

He took her dry, wrinkled fingers and kissed the many rings on them.

"Au revoir!"

"Yes," she murmured, smiling. "Au revoir."

20

COME in, come in!" cried Ganpat Rai, catching sight of his Moslem friend behind the bamboo screen. "Come in, Abdul Salim!"

"I see you are busy. I can wait."

"Wait, then, in the drawing room. I shall join you in a moment."

Salim retired, stepping cautiously among an array of shoes outside Ganpat Rai's study. Within, clients were squatting on the floor round the barrister's impressive English desk, and Salim could hear their droning voices punctuated by the nasal interruptions of Ganpat Rai's clerk taking down depositions.

He wandered down the verandah to the drawing room with its muddle of English and native furnishings — a muddle for which he had no particular fondness since he had become a convert to the new school of Swadeshi and would not permit foreign things in his house. But here were altogether too many brass and teakwood tables with cane settees and a Chippendale mirror, too many photographs in ornate frames — photographs of Hardy on the successive stages of his sojourn in England: Hardy standing before a low stone house

in the uncertain English sunlight; Hardy on horseback with a row of little willow trees behind him; Hardy taller, stronger, in flannels and the striped cap of his school.

Hardy, every inch the pukka sahib! thought Salim, smiling. Then, as he examined a recent portrait of Ganpat Rai, in barrister's gown and the curled wig and notched collar of the high courts, something hot and unhappy flowed upward from his heart. It was not because he grudged his friend anything; yet how resist a sense of envy and injustice? True, a diploma from the Muslim College at Aligarh and an M.A. from Calcutta University were not to be despised, but they were *not* Balliol and the Inner Temple.

Salim thought of his own sons, young men with superior ambitions occupying inferior government positions. As the Mohammedan brooded on his pet grudge he paused before the mirror and examined his features: bearded, black-eyed, the hair under his fez heavily streaked with gray. Salim's forefathers had been officers in the court of the last Mogul, a fact which he found hard to forget and inconvenient to remember.

He picked up yesterday's *Pioneer* and skimmed through a dispatch on the fighting in South Africa. Amazing how the English survived defeat after defeat: they must possess inexhaustible veins.

Ganpat Rai appeared in the door. "Which do you prefer, the garden or the house? Both are yours."

The garden was damp and full of ants; Salim preferred the house. Free from European eyes, they sat on cushions on the floor and a servant brought them *pan supari* and cigarettes.

Salim said: "I came to thank you for sending me the Khwaja case, though I hoped that you would have come in on it with me."

"What need? You have far greater skill than I in handling these police prosecutions."

"You mean I understand the methods of the subordinate police!"

Ganpat Rai glanced at him. "You sound as if something has occurred to shake you, my friend."

The other's high Semitic nostril quivered. "You would insist that it is a slight thing and beneath my notice."

"Tell me and let me judge for myself." As he spoke Ganpat Rai leaned against the wall, tucking one leg under him, and Salim folded his arms across his chest. Both men were in native dress and their postures were extraordinarily indicative: the Hindu all repose, seeing things at a distance; the Mohammedan all passion and defiance.

Salim said: "Then you have not heard that judgment was delivered, yesterday, on the Khwaja case?"

"I have heard nothing."

"Well, that *badzat* Jones, in his summing up, chose to indulge in sarcasm at my expense. 'Mr. Abdul Salim,' said he," — here the Mohammedan veered into a passable Oxford drawl, — "'has seen fit to inject political considerations into this case; considerations which the court — to say the least — finds bewildering, and — to say the worst — irrelevant!'"

"Ah!" Ganpat Rai was frowning. "Case dismissed?"

"Dismissed."

There was a disturbance in the verandah and they watched a mob of clients drift down the steps and across the drive towards the gates. The light changed subtly. A servant came in and rolled up the screens, opening the doors to a full tide of freshness. When he had gone Ganpat Rai inquired gently: "You attribute the judgment not to your own but to Jones's political bias?"

"Allah! Isn't it obvious?"

To the Hindu, what was obvious was his friend's readiness to seize upon what, in this instance, was not obvious at all. Salim shrugged with affected unconcern. "What matter? Jones is an ignoramus."

Ganpat Rai nodded soothingly. "Perhaps he will be transferred."

"Would to God some miracle might transfer every mother's son of them to Jehannum!"

The other smiled involuntarily. "Ah, yes, to make room for a Mahmud of Ghazni or some other great Mohammedan conqueror of India?"

Salim gazed at him thoughtfully. "Why not?" When his friend remained silent the Mohammedan burst out: "Allah! How tired I am of them all! You do not see it, you do not feel it! But we are like sheep, we are slaves, forever obeying, salaaming, fawning!"

Ganpat Rai sat sad-eyed, like one of his own Bhakti saints, for he knew very well that in Amritpore there were many, Hindus and Mohammedans, who shared Salim's feelings; men with grievances festering like bamboo slivers in their flesh, honest men with the everlasting human dream flowing in their veins.

Salim regained his composure. "We see things differently. I have not your forbearance, for I cannot believe that in life changes occur of themselves. Nothing comes of itself but sickness."

Presently Ganpat Rai offered his guest another cigarette and attempted, with a lawyer's skill, to

divert the conversation into less dangerous channels. Had Salim by any chance heard the story of Ramdatta's attempt to bribe the new Superintendent of Police? The money-lender sent an emissary with an offering of mangoes, several of which had been cunningly opened and gold coins inserted in place of the big center seed.

But it seemed that the Englishman had received some inkling of what to expect. A humorist in his way, he received Ramdatta's man with a great show of geniality, admired the mangoes, and then regretfully explained that he was himself unable to eat the fruit, which gave him diarrhea. However, since it was out of the question to return such a gift, he would presume to share credit with Ramdatta in an act of charity. And sending his orderly to round up a group of itinerant beggars, the Policeman distributed the fruit among them.

The story delighted Salim; and talking of Ramdatta, did Ganpat Rai know that Madame de St. Remy was up to her ears in debt to the money-lender? This was mere gossip but plausible enough. The world, always excepting poor Madame, knew that indigo was done for; yet last year she put another three hundred acres to indigo while her foreman openly stated that they could no longer dispose of what they had on hand.

Ganpat Rai looked serious. "So she is borrowing from that *gid* — that vulture?"

"Birds of a feather. But let her ruin herself. If it were not indigo it would be something else. The country is a treasure house for these people — not for us! By the way, I met your friend Wall's successor the other day."

"How did he impress you?"

"You should know by now that your English friends do not impress me — they depress me." He gave the other a sidelong glance. "Since we gossip, what do you happen to know about the death of old Mrs. Lyttleton's servant, the disreputable Jalal?"

"No more than that he died of a fall."

"I hear whispers that he was beaten to death."

"By Mrs. Lyttleton?" Ganpat Rai laughed.

"Feroze, the assistant surgeon, is my cousin, as you know. He was present at the autopsy and he tells me that Jalal's spleen was ruptured by what looked like a sharp blow. Feroze assures me that it could not possibly have been self-inflicted."

Ganpat Rai gazed at his friend. "I know that Jalal was a co-religionist of yours. Can that be the reason for your concern?"

"It doesn't happen to be, in this case. But mysteries amuse me, especially when they implicate the English. Oh, I'm not suggesting that Mrs.

Lyttleton was in any way responsible, or even that she knows how it happened. However, there are certain points which fascinate me: Jalal was a stupid fellow; he had no enemies, nor was he athletically given to rushing about, inviting physical injury. Yet Feroze tells me emphatically that the spleen was ruptured — and he has seen malarial spleens in people who have been beaten or kicked.”

“Truly a mystery,” observed Ganpat Rai drily. But he felt an undefinable uneasiness; Salim was no fool and his little discoveries were often of a disquieting nature.

“Another thing,” continued the Mohammedan. “The night they found Jalal dead in Mrs. Lyttleton’s house, your friend Aubrey Wall was there. It was the evening before he left for Calcutta.”

He had the Hindu’s attention now, all of it. “Why on earth should Wall’s presence have any bearing on the case?”

Salim hesitated for a moment, then spoke with a certain bitterness: “I know that Wall is your friend, but he was never mine. Nor was he friendly to many whom he knew as well as he knew you, and who might be said to have as much claim as you on his kindness. He disliked me, and for a good reason — I disliked him. Perhaps for that reason I am better informed of his character than you could be, for I kept a little dossier on him ever since he came to Amritpore.”

“You spied on him?” The Hindu’s voice was suddenly hard.

“It was not necessary to spy. The English rarely descend to concealment — they are above that sort of thing. But I must say I think Wall was more indiscreet than most men. For instance, he had prostitutes brought into his house.”

“An indiscretion even in a lonely bachelor, I grant you!” And Ganpat Rai laughed.

“Don’t worry. It will all be charged up to our account.” He was back on his favorite ground and Ganpat Rai listened in despair. “Not enough white women to go around, so we must take what we can get — black, brown, or tea-colored! This beastly country, don’t you know, quite unfit for white men.”

“Oh, hush!” Ganpat Rai implored. He rose and walked noiselessly to the door, peered out, then came back. “Abdul Salim, sometimes I think you are quite mad.”

The Mohammedan looked at him somberly. “You love these people,” he said in a strange voice. “I wonder why? I have tried to see them through your eyes, but I can’t. There are more and more, every day, who feel as I feel.”

“I know that. I do not scorn your feelings — there is much in you that I admire and respect. But when you tell me that I love the English, you are right. I do love them. That is my excuse, my justification.”

The other’s eyes had a curious veiled expression like the bloom on grapes. “But they do not love you, Ganpat Rai.”

Ganpat Rai sighed. “Perhaps you are right. You are very subtle. But there is nothing very subtle about affection and gratitude. Aubrey Wall is my friend and I have eaten his salt. For two years his family have befriended my son. I cannot — I will not listen to you.”

Salim shrugged. “Then I shall say no more about his private life. Let us confine ourselves to his public actions. You know that he was hot-tempered and given to beating his servants? On the night of Jalal’s death he drove to Mrs. Lyttleton’s and sent his syce to the stables while he talked with Mrs. Lyttleton on the front verandah. Later, the syce was summoned to bring the tonga to the front of the house, and he tells me that Wall shouted to him from the back verandah — from the very place where Jalal was later found dead.”

“Is it on the strength of these flimsy details that you try to build up a case against Wall? Remember, you have yet to show cause.”

As the Hindu took up the cudgels, Salim smoked with an enigmatic air.

“Let us ignore, for the moment,” said Ganpat Rai, “the all-important why and wherefore and stick to your pretty little array of circumstantial evidence. I am familiar with the general plan of Mrs. Lyttleton’s house. The distance which separates the front verandah from the back is roughly a hundred feet. There are no doors, not even curtains in between — merely open arches. On your own showing there were but two people present that evening, Wall and Mrs. Lyttleton. Presumably there was not much noise going on, for they are quiet, well-bred persons. Had Wall for any reason whatsoever attacked Jalal, there must have been a scuffle or an outcry.

“Mrs. Lyttleton is notoriously lax and tolerant with her servants, and she would never have permitted anyone to lay a hand on Jalal. She told me, herself, everything that occurred that evening.

“The autopsy revealed that he was soaked in opium, and they arrived at the perfectly logical assumption that in his drugged state he had walked into some sharp object, like the corner of a table, and had driven it into his stomach. There never was any question of foul play. Why should there be?” He stared at his companion. “Come now,

confess that you are by nature suspicious! Any excuse to pin guilt on your special bugbears, the English."

The Mohammedan sneered. "After all, you are staking your argument entirely on the word of Mrs. Lyttleton."

"I would stake my life on it." Ganpat Rai rose, saying firmly: "Come, let us go into the garden."

Salim responded less to the command than to the tone, for he felt the emotion which troubled it, and it was always easier for him to respond to emotion than to cold logic. They went out, and the scent of damp earth rose against their faces, refreshing them. As they strolled between glossy hedges their separate suspicions and rivalries dissolved on the pale golden air, and they fell into easy talk of local affairs, of their work, of the South African war. When Salim asked for news of Hardy, Ganpat Rai took a letter from his breast pocket and handed it to him. Salim read it, smiling.

"What a beautiful hand! And what English! How splendid it will be to have him back." This was brought out fully and generously, and Ganpat Rai felt a warmth in his eyes. "Yes, I shall be glad to have him back. I have missed him."

They came to the end of their path and saw before them a sort of arbor, of which the walls were screens of the same blue stuff which served as backstops on the tennis court. From behind this screen came a sound of women's voices and the music of a sitar. Salim knew that purdah was a source of irritation to Ganpat Rai, who would have liked his sisters and aunts to come into the open like white women; but at first sound of those voices the Mohammedan averted his eyes, striving also to avert his ears. Ganpat Rai smiled. "The ladies have hovered on the brink of insanity ever since we got the cable saying Hardy would land in Bombay next month."

Salim said slowly: "He will miss his grandmother."

"Yes." And Ganpat Rai thought of the old woman who had died six months before. She had always declared that she would not see her grandson again, and in grief and remorse Ganpat Rai performed sraddha for her; he touched her forehead with the sacred mud of the river and walked seven times round her pyre with a blazing torch. Through the night and all through the next day the pyre burned, fed with oil and sandalwood.

"I wonder what changes we shall find in Hardy," mused Salim.

"I, too, wonder," said Ganpat Rai, and he saw form in the air before him the young, unforgotten face of his son.

ON THE day of the Coconut Festival, when men celebrate the abatement of the monsoon, Hardy landed at Bombay. No one met him, and for a little while he felt solitary and exalted as he stood on the Apollo Bunda among a mob of tongues and races, and stared at the ship which had brought him home. Passengers were still disembarking in tenders rowed by blue-trousered lascars; the ship itself stood at a distance, its reflections breaking and mending on a dirty sea.

Tall and slender, dressed in English clothes, he passed for a sunburned English boy as he stood there in a gale of voices and a rich profusion of smells. Wherever he turned he encountered the expressive stares of the East, where curiosity is frankly and swiftly satisfied. Touts and peddlers whined their enticements in his ear, Parsi gentlemen wearing shiny black hats stalked past, bent on large affairs, and his eye caught and retained the vision of a Parsi lady in a sari the color of a canary's wing.

Presently, not aware himself that his movements had adjusted themselves to the tempo of his own land, — a tempo which even in emergencies remains the tempo of leisure, — Hardy turned to make inquiries about his luggage, and found himself staring into the face of his father's servant, Krishna. For a moment they regarded each other silently, with grave attention. Then Krishna clasped his hands, thumbs against his breast, in the exquisite Hindu salutation which does not rely on contact or volubility. It was two years since Hardy had seen a human being weep for joy, and the sight of Krishna's tears loosed a sudden answering joy in his own breast.

"Ah, Krishnaji!"

"My lord!"

"But where is Bapu? Why did he not come to meet me?"

"He could not come, but he has sent thee letters." And Krishna went through an elaborate process of combing his shawls for the letters. One was from Jacques de St. Remy, the other from his father. Ganpat Rai explained that he had been detained by an important case, so he sent Krishna in his stead. The letter contained money and instructions for their journey to Amritpore.

While Hardy read his father's letter and listened to Krishna's welcoming monologue, he felt the pressure of an immense and increasing familiarity; it was in the air about him, in his ears and in his nostrils, but some instinct prompted him to fend it

off, to preserve a little longer the consciousness of his own identity and the uniqueness of men and places. It was in this wistful clinging to a mood that, after slight hesitation, he thrust Jacques's letter unopened into his pocket and said to the servant: "Let us go."

They completed arrangements for the disposal of Hardyal's luggage, then elbowed their way through a storm of humanity to the broad street behind the Bunda, where Krishna had a hired landau waiting. The coachman in a dirty pink turban saluted Hardyal with a flourish of his whip.

"Whither, Sahib?"

Sudden, irrepressible gayety poured through Hardyal. "I don't care. Just drive. Drive until I tell you to stop!"

He sat back on the lumpy cushions and sniffed the waterproof lining of the hood which sheltered them from the lingering blaze of an afternoon sun. The landau wheeled out from the pier and headed towards the city, where the tops of trees moved against a chaotic design of walls, arches, and domes. Hardyal had glimpses of the sea, of the outline of the Malabar Hills, and the sepia-colored earth of Bombay. And while Krishna talked of home and of family affairs, Hardyal engaged in the secret task of reviving much that had lain submerged in his memory. How often in his two years in England had he dreamed of this homecoming! But now the dream itself had claimed him.

The great streets opened before him as the landau threaded between other carriages, between ekkas and bullock carts and bicycles. He smelled the fading freshness of the sea as it lost itself in the city's spicy breath, and he knew that he had reached a stage in his life when to look back is to count experience as golden. A youth with long black hair and a hibiscus flower tucked behind one ear pedaled beside the carriage, eyeing him with eyes like a dove's and crying in birdlike tones. Krishna spat an imprecation and the youth, losing heart, veered off down a side street.

The landau moved northward through the center of the city, through the sprawling Crawford Market where Hardyal suddenly ordered the coachman to stop, so that Krishna might buy him *pan supari*. Leaning on his elbow, he watched as the shopman took one of the wet green leaves from a square of folded linen — watched him smear the leaf with lime and powdered betel-nut and fold it in a compact triangle to fit the human mouth. The taste of *pan* on his tongue brought a sort of intoxication to Hardyal; he chewed away quietly, dreamily, every pore in his body exclaiming its delight.

The coachman volunteered over his shoulder:

"The sahib-log who come to Bombay for the first time ask always to be taken to see the Towers of Silence on Malabar Hill."

Krishna interposed quickly. "That is no place to celebrate a homecoming! Let us wait and go instead to the Coconut Festival, down by the sea."

"We can do both, for we have plenty of time. I should like to see the Towers of Silence."

Krishna looked glum, for he was a good Hindu and the funeral customs of other people did not interest him; but this was his master's first day at home and he did not have the heart to demur. As they drove towards the outskirts of the city, past the great balconied houses of Bombay's rich Parsi merchants, Hardyal was thinking of a morning in Sussex when, over the breakfast table, he listened to Aubrey Wall's sisters argue about the Towers of Silence.

"It is where they keep the outcastes," insisted Miss Margaret, always the more forceful and the less accurate of the two. "I ought to know because I was reading about it just the other day."

"But Aubrey *told* me that the Towers are where they put their dead," Miss Bella contradicted her sister, with a flatness which for forty years had availed nothing. Both ladies had appealed to Hardyal: "Am I not right?" And he answered gravely: "When I am in Bombay I shall go myself and see, and I will write and tell you."

Rain had beautified those strange gardens on Malabar Hill where the Parsis' dokhmas rise under a massed shade of trees. As the landau stopped, Hardyal got out, noticing everywhere the droppings of vultures. Several of these feathered monsters stalked about in the sun, their wings drooping, an air about them that was not all bird. He examined the low roofless towers where the Parsis bring their dead for these birds to translate into eternity, and something of his young optimism faded when, continuing his glance upward, he saw in the soft blue sky a ceaseless wheeling flight of wings silvered a little by the sunlight.

"Yes," observed a voice in English, close beside him. "Barbarous, I call it!"

The speaker, a short, sallow man in shabby clothes and a stained yellow topi, appeared suddenly from behind a bed of cannas. Hardyal, who in his dealings with Englishmen had acquired something of their reserve, smiled noncommittally. The other smiled back, revealing a row of bad teeth. "Two thousand years of Christianity, two hundred years of civilized rule — and look at them!"

Which does he mean, wondered Hardyal — his teeth, the vultures, or the Towers? The other

elucidated by a wave of his arm. "I must say I'm disappointed. We're not even allowed to go into the bloody things."

"I don't think I'd care to," said Hardyal quickly. His voice caught the other's attention and he turned upon Hardyal an eye as seedy as everything else about him. "Oh, you wouldn't, wouldn't you?" The eye narrowed, concentrated. "I say — are you English, or what?"

The boy, always disconcerted by bad manners, remained silent, and after further point-blank staring the stranger shrugged. "Of course, I see! You do look so damnably English in that getup!"

22

THIS encounter was trivial, but it left a faint, troubled stir, a tiny whirlpool which required a larger disturbance for its eventual stilling. Hardyal decided to attend the festival that evening on the eastern shores of the city, and to put on Hindu dress for the first time in two years — a yearning which he had not felt that morning as he stood on the Apollo Bunda, when he struggled, instead, to preserve the unique sense of his own identity, not as Englishman or Hindu, but simply as Hardyal.

With Krishna he sauntered among the native shops, and bought a white dhoti and a muslin shirt fastened with silver studs, a flowered waistcoat, a cap of Kotah muslin, and sandals which rasped his feet after two years of English wool and leather. Krishna had hired a room in the respectable Hindu quarter, and here Hardyal bathed, and changed his clothes before a mirror which the servant held for him.

As he assumed the friendly garments Hardyal's limbs seemed to take on independent life. Memory gave a little gasp, and he remembered an afternoon in Amritpore when he and Jacques de St. Remy had exchanged their clothing. He stood motionless on the bare mud floor of the hired room, watching Krishna fold the discarded garments and lay them on a string charpoy. Above it on the wall crawled a little gray lizard, and from a mitered niche beside the window a crude and glossy picture of Varuna stared back at him — Varuna, god of the elements, his huge eyes beaming fire, his hair floating like a hatch of serpents.

Krishna said suddenly: "Here is the letter which you did not open."

It was Jacques's letter postmarked from Gambul, and as Hardyal examined the familiar handwriting he experienced once more the odd thrill which an unopened letter can bring, the small expectant

quake of wonder and excitement. A childish instinct to delay pleasure moved him to put the envelope back in his pocket. "I shall save it to read on the train."

They had commanded their original charioteer to drive them to the shore, and it was dusk when Hardyal stepped into the tremors and the marigold smells of a little street where lamps were glimmering behind ironwork grilles and bamboo blinds. The landau picked its way southward this time, skirting the docks and warehouses and the pointing fingers of mills. Swarms of people were pushing in the same direction and progress was slow, with a great racket of tikka-gharries, carriage bells, bicycles, the cries of touts and venders and sporadic yells which splintered on the brusque commands of city policemen. Hardyal gazed at the lights of Bombay.

The coachman drove through bystreets and disgraceful chawls in whose sudden convulsive darkness and rancid odors Hardyal's throat seemed automatically to close up. Beggars and lepers seeped from black crannies and staggered whining beside the wheels; children with old, miserly faces capered in slivers of light, crying for pennies. Shutters creaked, spit flew, and a conglomeration of mangy cats, descending from nowhere, struck the cobbles and exploded like firecrackers, shooting off into the hideous blackness. Hardyal, holding his nose, cried: "Why must you bring us by this route?"

"Why?" echoed the coachman in surprise. "Why not? It's a short cut, isn't it?"

But he stirred his browbeaten horse to a sprightlier gait, almost mowing down a knobby, noseless something upon whose half-human face the carriage lamp flung its ray momentarily.

At last they were free of the chawls and on the road towards the sea, with celebrating crowds billowing round them like foam. A drum rattled and a man's voice, a sweet high tenor, soared into a serene, expressionless sky. Hardyal had never seen the Coconut Festival. He thought: I must write about all this to Miss Bella and Miss Margaret; and he started to compose a long letter to these two friends, including them with himself in tonight's magic, conversing with them in small, lordly, expository gestures, his eyes glowing with warm and generous light.

Then the carriage lurched and slowed to a crawl as it ran abreast a perfect avalanche of humanity. Hardyal stood up, clinging to the little rail behind the driver's seat. Below was the shore, and the sea squirming in acres of moonlight which broke in shadows among the crowd. Driving through the city he had forgotten the moon, but now he saw it

hanging there in the sky between himself and Arabia; its cool radiance flowed over his hand, twinkled on the drop at the end of Krishna's nose, lingered for a second on the scrofulous ear of their tired horse.

They ordered the coachman to wait for them on this spot, for they must get back to the city in time to catch their train. Then Krishna followed Hardyal down the sands into the crowd which ebbed and flowed like the sea itself, a tide of dark limbs and glistening heads and sudden apparitional faces. Hardyal struggled to the water's edge and stood there with the sea nibbling at his feet. Moonlight slid like mercury over a surface covered with bobbing coconuts. Presently Krishna brought him one and Hardyal flung it with all his force, a prayer going out with it from his heart — a voiceless prayer which he left to the god to interpret. Half a day had passed since he stepped ashore on the Apollo Bunda and sent a final glance at the ship which had brought him home. Now exaltation seethed in him, a positive sense of well-being, of increase.

Beside him moaned and swayed other bodies; people brushed against him, he smelled them and felt them. A woman laughed and the sound trembled in his ear with the articulateness of a song, but when he turned to search for her he encountered a thousand faces and lost her voice in a hoarse murmur of invocation which poured from innumerable lips.

Something cool and white struck his thigh and fell to the ground, and as he stooped to pick up a garland of flowers, their scent rushed through his body, cutting off his breath. He held the garland and cast about him for its owner, but no one came to claim it, no one noticed him.

Hardyal caressed his flowers and smiled; he no longer thought of writing to his friends of this adventure, for he no longer saw them as essential to his mood. He stooped and laid his garland on the sea, watching it as minute by minute it stole away from him towards a serene further light.

Hardyal read Jacques's letter as the train carried him northward through the night, towards Nasik and Khandwa, on towards the gold fields of Indore. Folded in a Scotch traveling rug whose fringes tickled his chin, he swayed luxuriously with the motion of the train, while on the next berth Krishna slept rolled in blankets like a corpse, his snores drowned in the humming noise of the wheels.

"In ten days," wrote Jacques, "you will be in India! It doesn't seem possible that much should have happened since you went away; yet of course

things have happened to you as well as to me, I expect. Now that you are on your way home I find it awfully hard to write because when I start to think about things they suddenly become not so very much. This is one reason why I've never got a great deal out of reading books; words make time all queer.

"I wonder what you will think of Bertie. Sometimes it seems as if she had changed since I first knew her, then I wonder whether it is not just that I have become used to her. I must tell you, in strictest confidence, that I am going to marry Bertie in two or three years' time. We've decided.

"Have I told you that I have had my last year at St. Matthew's? I shan't sit for the Cambridge exams — what would be the use? Maman says I know enough as it is, so I shall be at Amritpore learning about the factory. Father Sebastien will go on giving me math and Latin, and I can get the rest out of reading, which I don't much like. (Except *The Count of Monte Cristo*.)

"There was some excitement in Amritpore the other day, and Maman wrote me about it. Police raided the house of Abdul Salim, the vakil. They were looking for seditious papers, because he'd been telling people to boycott foreign goods and to buy Swadeshi instead. The police didn't find anything very important in Salim's house, so they had to let him go, but now he's in trouble again because one of his relatives owed Ramdatta money, and when Ramdatta sent a man to collect it Salim was there, and he threw Ramdatta's man out of the house.

"Well, *à bientôt, mon cher!* JACQUES."

Hardyal finished the letter and lay for some minutes with the loose pages on his breast, feeling the urgent rhythm of the wheels as they rushed through the night. Then he rose and, standing precariously on the edge of his berth, pushed the baize cover over the ceiling light, plunging the compartment into a brownish gloom.

23

WHILE Madame de St. Remy was poring over her accounts and while Jacques, Macbeth, and Hardyal were playing tennis, Bertie Wood sat rather shyly among the ladies of Ganpat Rai's household in their zenana at the rear of the house. It was here that they spent their days, when they did not prefer the arbor at the end of the garden.

The zenana itself, comprising several large rooms and the inevitable verandah, opened on a courtyard with high walls and rows of custard-apple trees; in its center was a goldfish pool with a foun-

tain, and a plot of grass on which there grazed a tame antelope, its wicked horns capped with brass, a silver bell ringing at its throat. Suspended from the verandah ceiling was a huge basketwork cage filled with *lals*, tiny colored birds whose uninterrupted fluttering and twittering transformed the upper air into a little world of their own. Babies wearing silver amulets and little else stumbled or crawled everywhere or stood, finger in mouth, staring with enormous kohl-painted eyes at the stranger.

The ladies themselves — there must have been twenty of them — crouched on rugs or perched cross-legged on their enameled charpoys, a silver anklet or a beringed toe peeping from under the deckled edges of their saris. The atmosphere, new to Bertie, was redolent of a femininity which tinkled, rustled, whispered, giggled in a continuous minor orchestration, fanned by a faint breeze which moved from the courtyard into the house and emerged freighted with odors of sweet oil, warm flesh, and tinseled gauze. It kept rising against Bertie's face, strangely disturbing and exciting her, as she sat in the main chamber on a chair specially provided in her honor.

Bertie felt the liquid glances of the women absorbing every detail of her own person. Some returned her smile; others, overcome by shyness, turned aside their varnished heads and gave little deprecating tugs at their veils. They had, of course, seen other white women, but Bertie was the youngest ever to visit them and perhaps for that reason they vested her with a special glamour. Her Hindustani was still shaky, but she ventured on a few remarks which were received with an instantaneous, charming attention. How unlike us, she reflected, ruefully, as she remembered her own and her cousins' squeals of mirth when strangers mauled the King's English.

For Bertie, creature of the open air, the zenana was like walking straight into a dream. Draperies and screens fell behind her, shadows grew like forests in every corner, tinted and perfumed with intense personality. Demure figures emerged to greet her with little narrow hands touching vermilion-starred foreheads. She had a confused vision of flashing glass and metal, of fire spurting from the center of receding jewels, and the concentrated gaze of these mysterious denizens of a culture six thousand years old.

It was several minutes before Bertie could reconcile Ganpat Rai's female establishment with the rest of his household — with the barrister himself and with his charming son. Now she was

surrounded by a palpitating community of aunts and great-aunts, cousins, and the wives and sisters of cousins. She permitted herself to be touched, to be gazed upon, to be addressed in soft, exquisite Hindi to which she made overloud and inadequate replies. Ganpat Rai's aunt, a blue-eyed woman from Kashmir, who could speak English, touched Bertie's skirt and exclaimed: "Pure wool, yes?"

When Bertie nodded and smiled the others exploded in little cries of admiration and wonder. The aunt's strange blue gaze lingered on Bertie's face. "Husband? Married? Engaged?"

"I'm afraid I'm too young, yet!"

The aunt smiled, and instantaneous answering smiles flowered everywhere. "Too young? I was married when I was twelve. My daughters have all married. The youngest, fifteen, already has her first child."

"I think perhaps we're rather backward about such things," Bertie ventured. "But I shall marry sometime, of course."

The statement, translated, was received by a musical clashing of bangles and bracelets.

Mirana Bhai nodded approvingly. "I've been told that in past times in Belait it used to be with you as it has always been with us — folks married young and lived long. But no matter how long one may live, time is short. I have ten children," she added complacently. "Ten children and eighteen grandchildren."

There was another outburst of trills from the gauzy audience, and the aunt shifted her *pan* to the other cheek. "I suspect that in your country you waste much time. The best years are the years of one's youth. Yet I am told that among you there are many who wait until middle age, even until old age, before they take husbands. Many, I hear, never marry at all."

A moan of horror eddied through the room as Bertie corroborated this melancholy fact. Mirana Bhai looked at her keenly. "But you have a young, strong body and very beautiful breasts. What is it you are waiting for?"

Taken aback by the directness of the question, Bertie reddened; then, half laughing, she attempted an explanation while the others listened, fixing her with tender inquiring glances. Mirana Bhai shook her head. "Nay, I still have difficulty in understanding it. For if women will not bear children, they must assume some other burden. Would they be teachers and servants rather than mothers?"

Her sari, slipping from her head, revealed a coiffure varnished smooth with coconut oil, tasseled with colored thread which, passing behind her ears, supported a cluster of heavy silver earrings. She

continued with an air of authority: "As for us, we perform our duties better if we are not distracted by matters which, in the end, cannot possibly have greater importance. I understand these things, for I have heard much about them. Tell me, little one, wilt thou, also, wait until thou art an old black-toothed hag before thou bearest a child?"

Bertie laughed. "I don't know — I hope not!" But she felt heat in her face. In the brief ensuing silence she thought, confusedly: They live for this — for their dark, inscrutable men and their fruitlike children, for this hushed, dim existence.

Mirana Bhai rose suddenly. "Now we shall have tea. Do you like *hulwa*? Do you like *batasas*?"

Jacques had warned her not to refuse the hospitality with which she was bound to be showered, and for some time she had been aware of mysterious preparations going on in the background. Now, as Mirana Bhai clapped her hands, various curtains and screens shuddered and parted, and three female servants appeared carrying vast platters heaped with food. There was tea in a massive china teapot, there were Huntley and Palmer biscuits, sardines, and bowls and dishes of Hindu sweets, strewn with almonds and raisins, powdered with saffron.

The ladies all began to talk at once, teasing each other, shooting bold little questions at her, examining with passionate interest her net stockings and the French lace on her petticoat. They cried "Aré!" and "Wah wah!" at her feeble attempts at wit, and when finally she leaned back with a groan, insisting that she could not possibly consume another morsel, they fell upon her with wails of distress and urgent recommendations that she swallow just one more spoonful of this or another fragment of that.

Nature, coming to the rescue, supplied the essential note of sincerity, and she hiccuped. It was the magic sign, one which she would never have known how to render unaided; the platters were borne away to be distributed among the hand-maidens, and Mirana Bhai produced a box of Egyptian cigarettes, given her by Mrs. Lyttleton. Did Bertie know Mrs. Lyttleton? She was a great lady — a begum, indeed.

Yes, Bertie had met Mrs. Lyttleton; once here at Ganpat Rai's house, another time driving along Amritpore's dusty roads.

"A great lady," Mirana Bhai repeated, smoking luxuriously. "She understands us. She has been our good friend for many, many years."

The conversation went on sporadically, but for Bertie the air seemed to thicken, and she gazed longingly at the little courtyard where the antelope tossed its head and charged ferociously at a blowing

leaf. She felt suddenly sated, as much with food as with the overlaid atmosphere of the room. This, she felt, was the conversation of caged beings, the conversation of the little *lals* whose ceaseless flutterings and chirpings provided a diminuendo to a theme perversely tuned in the minor key.

When at last she rose to take her leave the ladies rose also in a great upsurge of gauze and tinsel, a climax of anklets and bangles dying away on a long-drawn sigh of farewell.

Mirana Bhai put her arm round Bertie. "You do not have to grope your way through all those dark rooms. Come, you may go through the courtyard into the garden, and join your friends."

In the verandah Bertie paused to admire the *lals*. "Isn't it a pity to keep them shut up like that?" she inquired, for something to say.

Mirana Bhai smiled. "Look again. You see, there are no doors. They are quite free to come and go as they wish." She put out her hand and a crimson tuft of feathers the size of a thimble alighted on her finger.

"See, he knows me. He sometimes takes sugar from my lips. There now, fly, little one, fly!"

The bird left her finger and fluttered back to join its companions in their cage. Mirana Bhai turned with a deepening smile to Bertie. "There are many more of them loose outdoors, but these know each other. They are happier living together like this."

As they walked across the courtyard to a heavy wooden door set in the wall among the custard-apples, Bertie felt that Mirana's words were not so much an observation as they were an intimation.

24

AS THE zenana gates closed behind her, Bertie found herself standing in an unfamiliar corner of Ganpat Rai's garden, from where she could see the river coiling between its muddy shores and the lambent sun poised on the edge of a plain already swathed in bluish haze. This, Hardy had told her, was the Hour of Cowdust, when cattle wander back to their pens, and smoke from cooking fires rises above mud roof tops under the mango trees.

The Hour of Cowdust, of homecoming, when men and beasts turn their heads towards some fragment of earth known to them for a thousand years! Behind her in the zenana, life persisted unchanged, a humid existence from which she was excluded. Bertie marveled how, in this enormous land, life fell in complex perfection; but it left her outside, and this sense of exclusion suddenly fright-

ened her, filled her with homesickness for a place and a state of mind which she had never experienced.

Three figures appeared in the path to her right — Hardy, Jacques, and Macbeth. They were in tennis flannels, and as Bertie walked to meet them she felt her tension increase — felt an inexplicable urge towards tears. But by now the light was going fast and no one noticed her strange distress.

"You've been ages," exclaimed Jacques. "Hanif has come to fetch us home."

He stood with his maimed left hand thrust into his pocket in a posture which had become habitual to him; Macbeth swung his racquet restlessly, his smile a mirage. Of them all, only Hardy seemed composed, his dark eyes staring at her through the gloom. "My father thought you must have decided to adopt *purdah nashin* yourself, Bertie!"

"Did I stay too long? I'm sorry —"

"Oh, no," Hardy reassured her. "My aunts will be pleased. They will pester you to come again, to come often."

"What was it like?" asked Macbeth. "Did they wear those nose-bag things they wear traveling?"

"They were all very kind, but I ate too much. Oh, my goodness, all that *hulwa*!"

Eager to take Jacques's arm, she took Hardy's and Macbeth's instead. They all moved together up the path between the glossy bushes. Jacques asked: "Would you like to live like that, Bertie?"

Fearing lest her reply hurt Hardy's feelings, Bertie hesitated, but he answered for her, forcibly: "Of course she wouldn't! My father and I disapprove of *purdah*, but my aunts have always lived like that and nothing will persuade them to change. Abdul Salim says that only a revolution will shatter our customs — and his."

"Would Salim like to start a revolution?" asked Macbeth. He lopped off a gardenia bud with his racquet.

"Oh, no, I don't think so. He was just talking." Hardy stooped and retrieved the flower, handing it to Bertie. The smell of the bruised petals caught her throat, and Hardy, feeling her hand tremble, glanced at her curiously. "Did the tea party make you sick, Bertie?"

She shook her head. "I feel rather cold, I don't

know why. Tell me, is Abdul Salim the tall man with a beard, who watched us play tennis?"

"That was he. The short one in European clothes is his cousin, Feroze, the assistant surgeon. They are our good friends."

"But what did Salim mean by revolution?" Bertie was making conversation, trying to get her emotions under control.

"Well, he has all manner of ideas." Hardy hesitated. "He believes that a country as ancient and hidebound as ours must have what he calls an internal upheaval. It is the only way to break down our absurd religious customs and to bring enlightenment."

"He sounds like a cutthroat," observed Macbeth, scornfully. "If he were in the army and talked like that he'd be jolly well shot."

"He is a good fellow," Hardy insisted. "I like him."

"But do you agree with him?" asked Bertie. Hardy fascinated her. Seeing him at first through Jacques's eyes, she had quickly learned to accept him on his own merits. Macbeth had struggled against the same attraction, but he too surrendered at last to Hardy's generous spirit, to admiration for his skill at games, to his gentle and lucid intelligence. "Not a bit like a native," Macbeth wrote to his father a few days after meeting the young Indian, and this dictum, this accolade, was to place Hardy in that select category of beings isolated much as a collector's specimen is isolated from its own and from every other species.

"Do I agree with Abdul Salim?" Hardy considered, frowning. "Perhaps, though I am not sure that I like his idea of revolution."

Hanif's voice reached them suddenly from the driveway: "For the love of God! It is already late, and I have waited an hour!"

Hardy walked with them to where Madame de St. Remy's phaeton waited. Bertie sat between her cousin and Jacques, and Hanif clambered up beside the driver.

"Thank you for coming," said Hardy. He put his hand on Macbeth's shoulder. "I'm going to practice my backhand until I've mastered it. And then, old boy — look out!"

(To be continued)

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR